July 7, 1956

THE NEW YORKER

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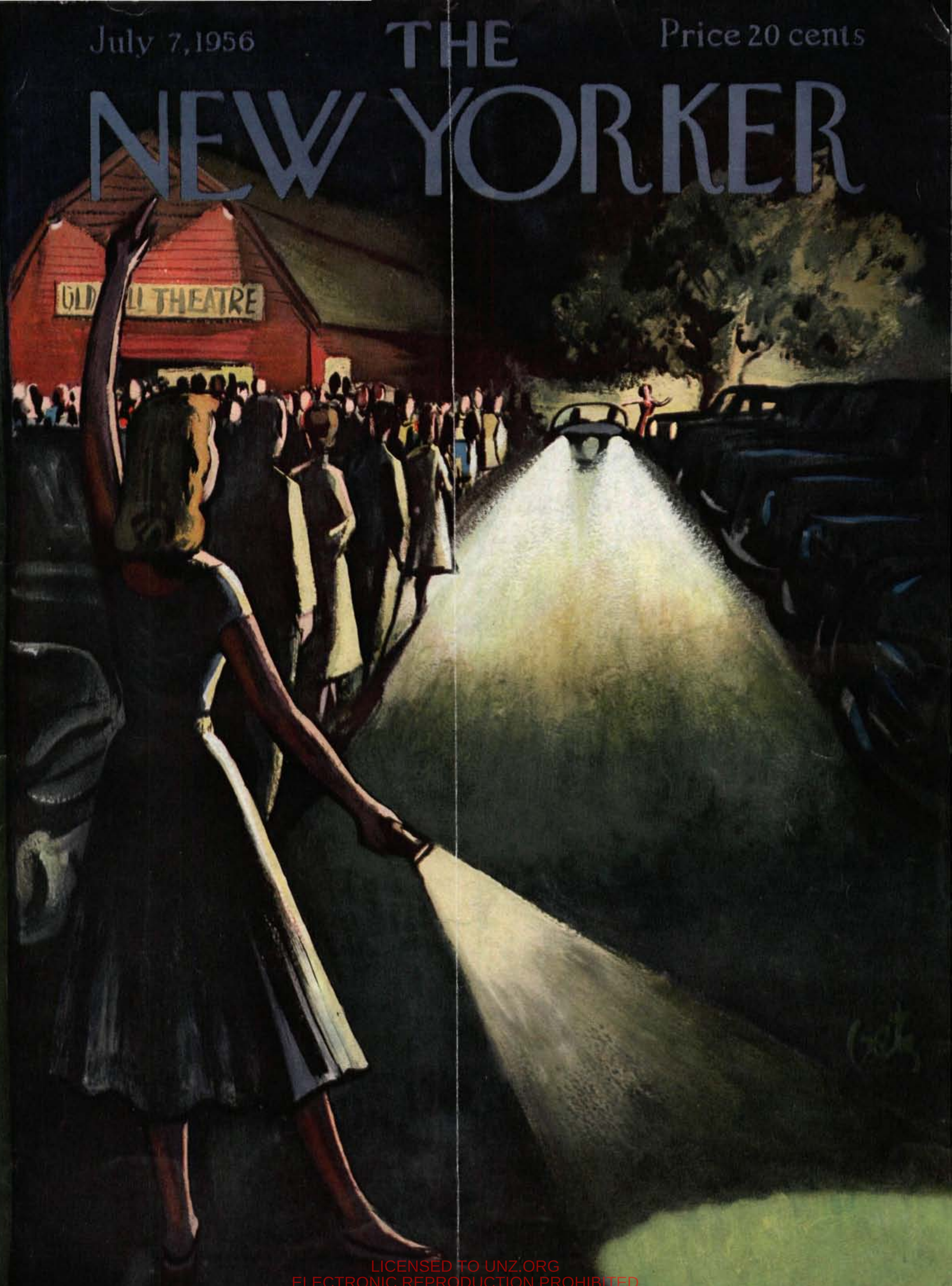
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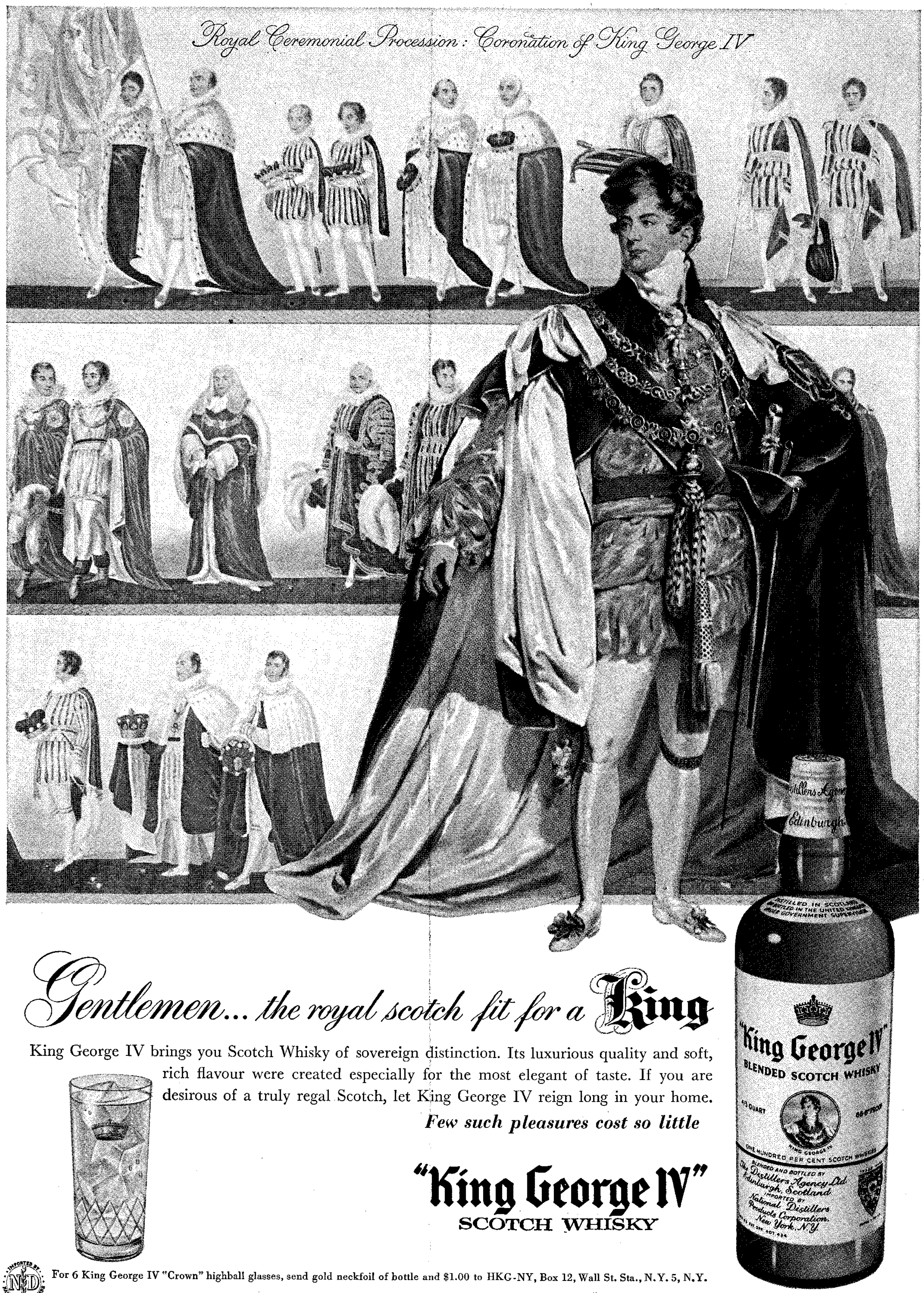
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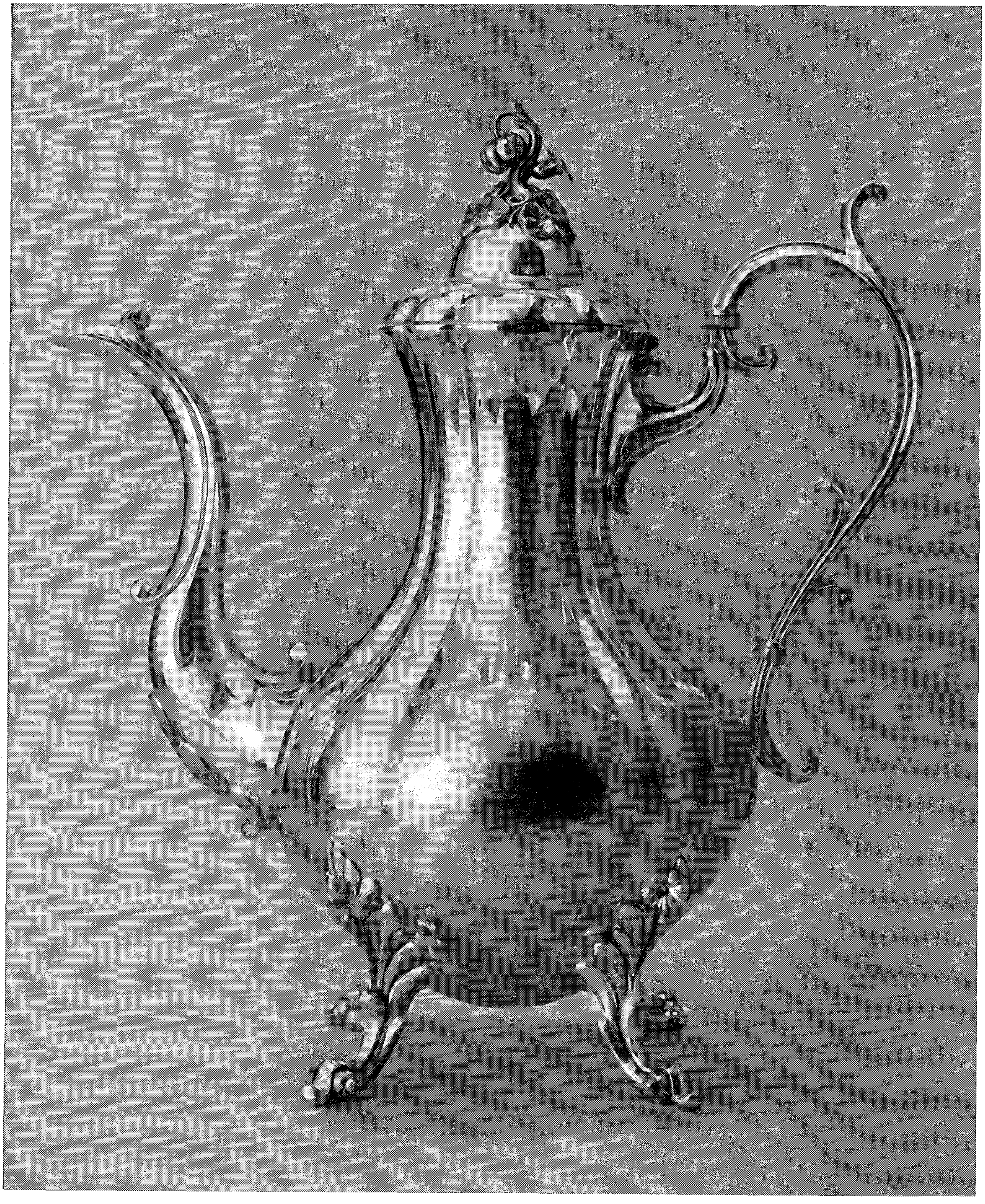

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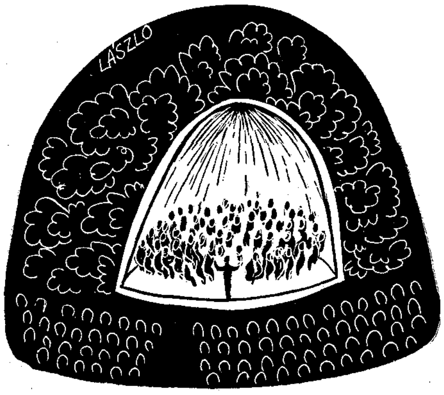

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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8	9	10	11	12	13	14

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Desk Set—Audrey Christie at present heads the cast in this rather thin comedy about automation or something, and Dorothy Blackburn, Don Briggs, and Elizabeth Wilson help her out. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, July 7.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—An extremely moving account of the life of a fourteen-year-old girl in hiding in Holland because of the Nazis. In this memorable drama by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, Susan Strasberg is marvellous as the young girl, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber, as her father and mother, are superlative, too. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fallen Angels—A revival of Noel Coward's 1925 exercise in bibulous drawing-room foolishness that becomes a very funny business when Nancy Walker cocks a snook at Coward's dialogue and reduces the affair to slapstick. She gets solid assistance from Margaret Phillips and Alice Pearce. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hatful of Rain—Vivian Blaine and Steven McQueen now have the leading roles in this not too expertly written melodrama, dealing with a drug addict and his upstanding wife, by Michael V. Gazzo. Frank Silvera and Henry Silva are also in the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Matchmaker—Thornton Wilder's knockabout comedy is very good indeed, and Ruth Gordon is most happily cast as its star. Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are among those whose matches are made. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Middle of the Night—Closed for two months; scheduled to reopen at the ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W., on Monday, Aug. 27.

No Time for Sergeants—Ira Levin's adaptation of Mac Hyman's novel about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force is one of the most hilarious low comedies you've ever seen. Andy Griffith is triumphant in his first New York appearance, and there are other exceptional jobs turned in by Myron McCormick (King Calder will fill in for him for two weeks starting Monday, July 9), Roddy McDowall, and Royal Beal. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?—George Axelrod's comedy about a Hollywood screenwriter who sells his soul for various rewards, including a blonde, is alternately quite funny and very silly. The accomplished cast includes Jayne Mansfield, Martin Gabel, and Walter Matthau. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Moves on Monday, July 9, to the Shubert, 44th St., W., CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**cat on a hot tin roof:** The Tennessee Williams play about a man who finds it very hard to get along in a hostile world. Currently with Marjorie Steele and Thomas Gomez. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **inherit the wind:** Closed for the summer; scheduled to reopen at the National Theatre, 41st St., W., on Friday, Sept. 14.

MUSICALS

Mr. Wonderful—Although Sammy Davis, Jr., demonstrates all kinds of talent in this elementary account of the career of a song-and-dance man, the show seems more suited to a night club than to the theatre. In the cast are Mr. Davis's father and uncle, as well as Jack Carter, Kay Medford, and Olga James. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Most Happy Fella—Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Mr. Loesser's music is good enough, but the whole thing is a little too diffuse to be entirely successful. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson are in the fine cast; Jo Mielziner designed the scenery and Motley the costumes; and Joseph Anthony is the director. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Fair Lady—Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music, have turned Shaw's "Pygmalion" into one of the most fascinating musicals ever to blow into town. Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Robert Coote; Oliver Smith and Cecil Beaton designed the sets and costumes, respectively; and Hanya Holm staged the dances. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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New Faces of '56—Leonard Sillman's latest revue is a generally pleasant item, and its leading performer, T. C. Jones—a female impersonator, of all things—is very comical as he portrays Miss Tallulah Bankhead in various moods. Among other diverting people on hand are Billie Hayes, Jane Connell, Johnny Haymer, John Reardon, Virginia Martin, and Bill McCutcheon. The songs, dances, and sketches are largely the work of June Carroll, Paul Lynde, Louis Botto, and Ronny Graham. The settings provided by Peter Larkin are charming and summery. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**damn yankees:** George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Gwen Verdon is a lady from Hell, Ray Walston her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **fanny:** Life on the Marseille waterfront, as interpreted by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan from a movie trilogy by Marcel Pagnol. Now with Lawrence Tibbett and Billy Gilbert. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **the pajama game:** Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Julie Wilson, and Neile Adams are among the garment workers. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"The Barber of Seville." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, July 10, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—"The Man with the Golden Arm," an adaptation by Jack Kirkland of Nelson Algren's novel. With Frederick O'Neal and Robert Loggia. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, July 29.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. Jason Robards, Jr., and Farrell Pelly head the cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Fourth Street Theatre—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," now with Clarence Derwent, Lori March, and Alfred Ryder. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—A play by Douglas S. Cramer, "Call of Duty." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—Guy Lombardo's water-borne revival of "Show Boat," with Paul Hartman, Hal LeRoy, Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, and the Lombardo orches-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Sunday, July 8: David Wayne in "The Ponder Heart." Tuesday through Sunday, July 10-15: Gertrude Berg in "The Solid Gold Cadillac." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, Saturdays at 6 and 9, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, July 7: "The Merry Widow." Starting Monday, July 9: "Plain and Fancy." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5:45 and 9:30.)

Camden—Through Saturday, July 7: Tallulah Bankhead in "Welcome, Darlings!," a new revue. Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: Lillian and Dorothy Gish in "The Chalk Garden." (Camden Hills Summer Theatre, Camden, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, July 7: "Castle in the Air." Wednesday through Saturday, July 11-14: "Tea and Sympathy." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 7: "The Solid Gold Cadillac." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: "Anniversary Waltz." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 7: "Song of Norway." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: "Kiss Me, Kate." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Monday, July 9: "The Tender Trap." Wednesday through Monday, July 11-16: "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!" (Cragsmoor Playhouse, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 7: Art Carney in "The Seven Year Itch." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: Barbara Baxley and Elaine Stritch in "Bus Stop." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 7: Hermione Gingold in "Sticks and Stones," a new revue. Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: A group of Ballet Theatre dancers headed by Nora Kaye and John Kriza. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, July 7: Beatrice Lillie and Fred Keating in a new show called "Beasop's Fables." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: Dolores Del Rio in "Anastasia." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, July 8: "The Seven Year Itch." Tuesday through Sunday, July 10-15: "Bus Stop." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, July 7: "The Tender Trap." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: Henry Morgan in "The Seven Year Itch." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, July 7: "The Desert Song." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: "Plain and Fancy." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Hyde Park—Through Saturday, July 7: Shepperd Strudwick in "Affairs of State." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: "The Two Mrs. Carrolls." (Hyde Park Playhouse, Hyde Park, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 7: "Bus Stop." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: Carol Bruce in "Anniversary Waltz." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, July 7: "Rigoletto." Wednesday through Saturday, July 11-14: "Rose-Marie." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

Lambertville—"Plain and Fancy." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Mahopac—Through Saturday, July 7: "Wonderful Town." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: "Paint Your Wagon." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 7: Mary Fickett in "Tea and Sympathy." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: Beatrice Lillie and Fred Keating in a new show called "Beasop's Fables." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

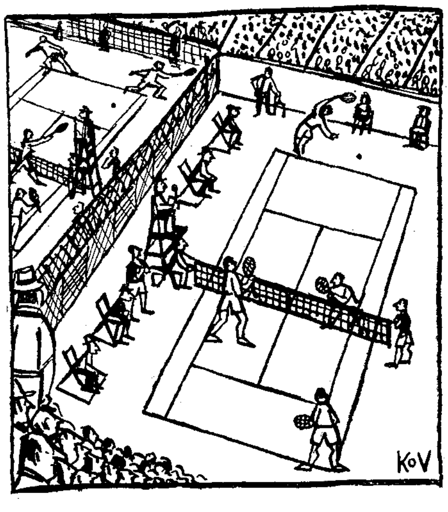
Millburn—Through Sunday, July 8: "Kismet." Starting Tuesday, July 10: "The Solid Gold Cadillac." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Monmouth—The American Savoyards in an eleven-week repertory. Through Saturday, July 7: "The Mikado." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: "Patience." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 7: Eddie Bracken in "The Seven Year Itch." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: "Anniversary Waltz." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, July 8: "Bad Seed." Tuesday through Sunday, July 10-15: "Tea and Sympathy." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 14: Mary Sinclair and Jerome Cowan in "Tea and Sympathy." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



Newport—Through Saturday, July 7: "The Fifth Season." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: Joan Blondell in "The Time of the Cuckoo." (Newport Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 7: Barbara Baxley and Elaine Stritch in "Bus Stop." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: Bert Parks in "You Never Know." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 8: "Bus Stop." Tuesday through Sunday, July 10-15: "Bad Seed." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 7: "Love Out of Town," a new play by William McCleery. Starting Wednesday, July 11: "Mrs. McThing." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, July 7: "The Great Divide." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: "The Gentle People." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, July 7: "The Seven Year Itch." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: Mary Fickett in "Tea and Sympathy." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, July 7: Lynn Bari in "Bad Seed." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: "Bus Stop." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 7: "The Grand Prize." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: "Anniversary Waltz." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 7: "Anastasia." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: "The Solid Gold Cadillac." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stratford—Nina Foch, Arnold Moss, and Kent Smith in "Measure for Measure": Thursday evening, July 5; Saturday matinée, July 7; Sunday evening, July 8; Wednesday evening, July 11; Friday evening, July 13; and Saturday evening, July 14. . . . ¶ Mildred Dunnock and John Emery in "King John": Friday evening, July 6; Saturday evening, July 7; Sunday matinée, July 8; Tuesday evening, July 10; Thursday evening, July 12; and Saturday matinée, July 14. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 3. For tickets, call WA 5-8070.)

Wallingford—Through Saturday, July 7: "The King and I." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: "Three Wishes for Jamie." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9:30.)

Westbury—Through Saturday, July 7: Johnny Desmond and Denise Darcel in "Pal Joey." Starting Monday, July 9: "Kismet." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 7: Bramwell Fletcher in "Posket's Family Skeleton." Monday through Saturday, July 9-14: "27 Wagons Full of Cotton" and "The Marriage Proposal," with Maureen Stapleton, Jules Munshin, and John Cassavetes. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CO 5-6161.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 8: "Tea and Sympathy." Tuesday through Sunday, July 10-15: "The Mousetrap." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 7: The Dokoudovsky-Stroganova Ballet, Myra Kinch, and Ruth St. Denis. Wednesday through Saturday, July 11-14: Sonia Arova and Job Sanders, Merce Cunningham and his company, and Carola Goya and Matteo. (Lee, Mass. Wednesday, July 11, at 9; Thursdays at 4; and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Chauncey Gray's veteran varsity opens up in the Embassy Club, one of our most elaborate town houses, at ten, along with a rumba band; the music before then is strictly for dining, not dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The biggest movie lot east of Coldwater Canyon, and one that TV will never be able to kill off. Dancing to Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the ornate Café Pierre. Except Sundays, Renato Rossini's guitar makes passionate Spanish noises during the interludes.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's band buzzes away, these warm evenings, in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A mountain resort with an unbeatable record for good weather and beautiful scenery. Lots of the scenery dances to the non-stop bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Horace Diaz's quartet provides music in the cocktail lounge, where there is dancing after nine. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—People who love to visit the town, but wouldn't live here if you etc., often use this country store as the entering wedge. Two jug-and-string bands alternate on the rostrum.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Girls and boys from Iowa State, Texas Tech, and the like trying to make good in the big city and frequently managing to. They perform at dinner and supper in a musical comedy vaguely concerning the fashion business. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra function for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof, cool and serene in its beautiful new summer dress, is a mild setting indeed for Ted Lewis, an evangelist who's been out on the Glory Road for quite a few years. His big band plays for him at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... ¶ From eight-thirty to one, in a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dancing to the music of Jozsi Ribari's band. Sundays, Mischa Borr's orchestra, which performs from eight to twelve, is the whole deal.

Note—The Rainbow Room, far above the madding crowd, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, along with a handful of canapés. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An extremely plush parlor wherein Paul Morse strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. John Kelley, Jr., is the Sunday driver.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The boys from Syracuse and the bloods from the Racquet Squad holding open house. At one end of it, Kurt Maier is on point duty at his piano from eight to ten and from eleven to the end. Closed Mondays. ... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' merry-go-round is not for those who wish to be alone. The salient features are a long bar, an Old Home Week *esprit*, and the hustle-and-bustle piano of the owner after six o'clock. Otis Clements, a sociable crew cut, is Mr. H.'s running mate at the piano Tuesdays through Fridays. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A loving and skillful off-Broadway restoration of some good old-timers (Bach and Chopin among them) by Herman Honigsberg, a Rumanian violinist, and Paul Schlesinger, a Viennese pianist, who are around from dinnertime on. Closed Sundays. ... **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Stella Brooks, whose lyrics make some of the deadly evils seem rather like virtues, is at work late in the evening, and Don Evans, a pianist who is well up on the principles and purposes of mood music, plays after seven. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish rodeo set forth here is all quite jolly, and rather a relief from the mambo. Dancing for the visitors, too. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays.... **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Jules Kuti, a switch-hitter, ambles from Blue Danube to North River piano in the bar of a bland, leisurely dining room. He begins at cocktail time and stays until after midnight. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.... **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Reconstruction has transformed this old haven, but the piano music—by Forrest Perrin—is the sort of thing to which the original settlers were accustomed. Mr. P. is on duty from six to eight and ten to two, except Sundays.... **LE PÉRIGORD**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): It's really the fancy bar of the Sherry-Netherland, with regional American cuisine, regional Manhattan clientele, and (except Sundays) regional Latin piano from dinner through supper.... **LITTLE BOHEMIA**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): From seven-thirty until early morning, there are musicians (now stationary, now peripatetic) whose bowings and scrapings provide the perfect seasoning for Wiener schnitzel and hot borsch. Closed Sundays.... **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music by the yard, the best of which comes from the industrious six-man band when it tackles an entire Lehár operetta; in other words, no place to read Krafft-Ebing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, Laurie Brewis, the London edition of the show-tune encyclopedia, is at the piano after eight. No music Mondays.... **CHEZ LUCIE**, 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-4604): Norbert Faconi's violin, abetted by three other soft-spoken musicians, one of whom is a zimbalonist, glides from table to table every evening but Sunday.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public playground for the younger set, where there's always a spate of casual piano, and now and then a song.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The lost-in-the-stars ballads of Lovey Powell, long an ornament of San Francisco night life, are small gems of understatement. Joey Carter is all in the spirit of simple-minded fun; the Wayfarers are all wrapped up in songs from the whole wide world. The proceedings are uplifted by the ardent pulsings of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the pianos of Bart Howard and Brooks Morton.... ¶ Except Sundays, Alex Fogarty does quiet cocktail and dinner piano in the lounge; the Lyons trio has the 2 to 4 A.M. stint.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Two noticeable voices are raised in song. One belongs to Maxine Sullivan, who can still make listening a pleasure; the other belongs to Johnny Mathis, a neophyte but skillful jazz singer. Milt Kamen, a real shy chap, makes his points (mostly humorous) gently. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Parody, not as a fine art but as a rough-and-ready one. Tony and Eddie, who play hob with other people's recordings, and Patricia Bright are the participants. Another guest is Felicia Sanders, whose songs of passion are apt to be tense and feline. The roster of midnight revellers also includes Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, manic musicians; Jimmie Daniels, an urbane balladeer; and Bruce Kirby, a utility comic. Closed Mondays.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The off-Broadway revue assembled by Julius Monk, a well-remembered *conférencier*, is operated by an excellent staff of junior executives (June Ericson, Dody Goodman, Gordon Connell, Gerry Matthews, all of whom have been on or near Broadway before) in one of the smallest cellars on record. The spirit is one of mockery; the words are to the wise. Piano duets by Murray Grand and Stan Keen are the backdrop. The rumble starts at ten-thirty, and keeps on going, Sundays excepted.... **BYLINE ROOM**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): One of the happiest of the season's class reunions is being staged by Mabel Mercer and Cy Walter, those postgraduate students of night life. Mr. Walter's brisk piano arabesques are available at dinner and supper; Miss Mercer's calm, persuasive projection of ballads that have extrasensory perception begins after the theatre. Sam Hamilton's pensive piano is on tap, too, from cocktails on. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been at the twin pianos these many years, there is also Penny Malone, who has the oddest brainstorms. Tuesday, July 10, Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, a pair of comic sprites, supplant Miss Malone. Sundays, the chief feature is ancient movies.... **CAMEO**, 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): The best of the varied sounds in this satin-lined chophouse come from the quartet topped by Buddy Greco, a fair-to-middling tenor but an astute new-school pianist. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Shock therapy by the wayward horn of the mighty Wild Bill Davison. He gets Solid South support from Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Bob Casey, and once in a while even from Mr. Condon. Dick Wellstood and Buzzy Drootin keep the intermissions piping hot. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest; Thursdays, Bud Freeman teams up with the Messrs. Wellstood and Drootin. Thursday, July 5, a number of the hands may be up at Newport. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Teddy Wilson looks and sounds exactly as he did in the pristine Benny Goodman days, which should be good enough for anyone. His trio, which has the ineffable Jo Jones on drums, starts around nine, and is spelled by Joe Castro's trio. The Newport jazz festival may claim Mr. W. on Saturday, July 7. Sundays, the floor is held by Jack Elliott and his new-era trio, who are all work, no byplay, and not in the least dull boys. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too.... **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): George Shearing's fivesome, full of high-calorie diatonics, and Julian Adderley's quintet, an impressive collection of comparative strangers, are filling the night with compulsively edifying music. Closed Mondays. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus here is provided

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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by some old-time Villagers. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, and Sonny White) sound like nighttime on Rampart Street, which is the way 52nd Street sounded in its vintage years. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Cecil Scott's All-Stars will take over for a week starting Monday, July 9. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays.... **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Good things—Marian McPartland, on piano, and Tal Farlow, on electronic guitar—in a fairly small package. Both are quietly but firmly dawn-of-tomorrow; both own and operate trios. They start at nine. The Farlows are off duty Sundays, the McPartlands Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the Juilliard stalwart, is the Steinway modernist from six to nine in the evening, except Sundays and Mondays, when he is there all night, and Saturdays, when he is off.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Friedrich Gulda's septet and Jeri Southern are going their separate ways on Thursday, July 5. Johnny Smith's quartet stays on. Next evening, Count Basie's ball-of-fire boys and his trenchant blues singer, Joe Williams, report for duty. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in bed.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Jutta Hipp, an earnest little girl, is busy proving that modern European piano and modern American ditto are sisters under the skin. Her trio (Edmund Thigpen, on drums, and Peter Ind, on bass, are her playmates) sets to at ten. Suzenne Fordham fills in the interstices at the keyboard from nine on. Monday is everyone's sabbath, and Miss Hipp may be up at Newport on Thursday, July 5.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A perilous night at sea, midway between Scylla and Charybdis. At one time or another, Ken Kersey, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins are almost certain to see action. The row begins at 1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, at 3:30 P.M. other days, and ends at 3 A.M.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): On Saturday, July 7, denizens of the grill will hear the law south of the Mason and Dixon Line laid down by Coleman Hawkins, Billy Butterfield, Buck Clayton, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Cliff Jackson, Sonny Greer, and Jimmy Rushing. Starting time is nine. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, July 6-7, the fire worshippers should include Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, Benny Morton, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Panama Francis, Willie the Lion Smith, and Russell Moore.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The changes of the guard (or vanguard) are sometimes made on short notice. Nevertheless, Gil Mellé's quartet should be arriving on Friday, July 6, and Sal Salvador's quartet on Friday, July 13. Closed Tuesdays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays.... **BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (WElls 1-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CONGERS, N.Y.**: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays.... **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays.... **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342).... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.**: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing; closed Mondays.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.**: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays.... **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558).... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.**: Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); dancing every evening....¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday.... **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); closed Mondays.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Stonehenge, on Route 7 (Idlewood 8-6511); piano every evening....¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays....¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill (Huntington 4-1371); closed Mondays.... **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000); closed Mondays.... **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.**: Tappan Hill (MEdford 1-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings.... **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday.... **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GEORGES BRAQUE—A review of his sculptural career, made up of fifteen bronzes, dating from 1939 to the present; through July 31. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

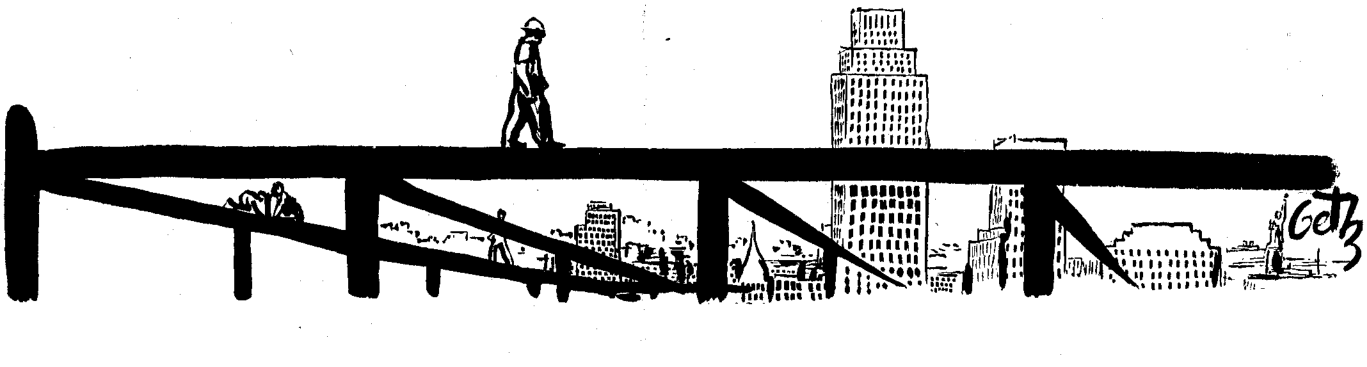
SCULPTURES—At the **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: One of a series of summer shows, which, as is customary here, run for a month each and consist of works exhibited during the past season. New works are added as they are completed. Through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)... **WELLONS**, 17 E. 64th St.: In an outdoor setting, pieces by thirty sculptors, including Lu Duble, Koren Der Harootian, and Jane Wasey; through July 31. (Weekdays, noon to 8.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 32 E. 65th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Julian Levi, Reuben Tam, and Oliver Andrews; through Aug. 10.... **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Figure compositions in oil by Raphael Soyer, Joseph Hirsch, Lily Harmon, and others; through July 31.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: William Chaiken, Stanley Twardowicz, Joseph Konzal, and other painters and sculptors; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Chen Chi, Gordon Grant, Molly Guion, and Edward Fenno Hoffman are on the list of contributors to a large display of water colors, oils, and sculptures; through Aug. 31.... **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 120 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Lamar Dodd, Arthur Osver, Victor Candell, Louise Nevelson, and other gallery members; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 5:30.)... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures by such twentieth-century artists as William Glackens, John Sloan, Louis Bouché, and John Heliker; through July 31.... **MELTZER**, 38 W. 57th St.: A selection of water colors (by Reginald Marsh, Charles Burchfield, and Hans Hofmann, to mention a few) that have been on a two-year tour of museums in France; through Oct. 1.... **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: A retrospective of the season, comprising oils, water colors, and sculptures by William Thon, Isabel Bishop, Arline Wingate, and others; through Aug. 31.... **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Ogden Pleissner, Leon Kroll, Childe Hassam, J. Alden Weir, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through July 27.... **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Oils predominate in "Highlights '55-'56," a survey of works, new or shown during the past year, by Charles Shaw, John von Wicht, Cornelis Ruhtenberg, and others; through July 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Mondays, 1 to 5:30.)... **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Alexander Brook, and Henry Varnum Poor are four of the participants in a showing of oils and water colors; through July 27.... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Charles Le Clair, Noel Davis, Ben Benn, and others regularly associated with the gallery, as well as such new people as Richard Roberts and Joseph Greenberg; through July 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5:30.)... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: This year's edition of the annual "Fact and Fantasy" presentation includes paintings and sculptures by Cameron Booth, Hale Woodruff, Manolo Pascual, and other members of the gallery group; through Aug. 24.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Canvases, chiefly, by Leonid, Kurt Seligmann, Francis Bacon, and others; through July 20.... **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings, together with twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures by, for instance, Karl Knaths, Marsden Hartley, Renoir, and Maldarelli; through Aug. 31.... **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: Paintings by contemporary American and French artists—Hedda Sterne, Atillio Salemme, Miró, and others—plus sculptures by Henri Laurens and Archipenko; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5:30.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—One painting each by Afro, Jacques Lipchitz, Pierre Soulages, and other moderns, in addition to a group of drawings by Paul Klee; through July 25. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

FRENCH GROUP SHOWS—At the **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Oils and water colors by Vlaminck, Dufy, Chagall, and others; through July 31.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Present-day French paintings from the gallery collection, including ex-



amples by Lorjou, Brayer, Mottet, and Chapelain-Midy, as well as drawings, predominantly French, dating from the fifteenth to the twentieth century; through Aug. 31.

Village Art Center, 39 Grove St.—The annual exhibition of works in various mediums by prize-winners in shows held at the Center during the past five years or so. The artists include Hy Mandel, Domenico Facci, and E. B. Savage. Through Friday, July 6. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—European paintings lent from eleven private collections; they date in point of time from the early Impressionists, and among the artists are Monet, Degas, Modigliani, Utrillo, and Braque. A group of modern sculptures rounds out the exhibit. Through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit and sale of a hundred and fifty drawings, chosen (with the emphasis on new talent) from thousands submitted by artists across the country; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Several paintings or sculptures apiece by a group of twelve Americans, mostly of the Abstract Expressionist school and including Sam Francis, Franz Kline, and Larry Rivers; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ "The Prints of Henri Matisse"—sixty etchings and lithographs, covering a period of more than fifty years, plus illustrated books, monotypes, and linoleum cuts; through Oct. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

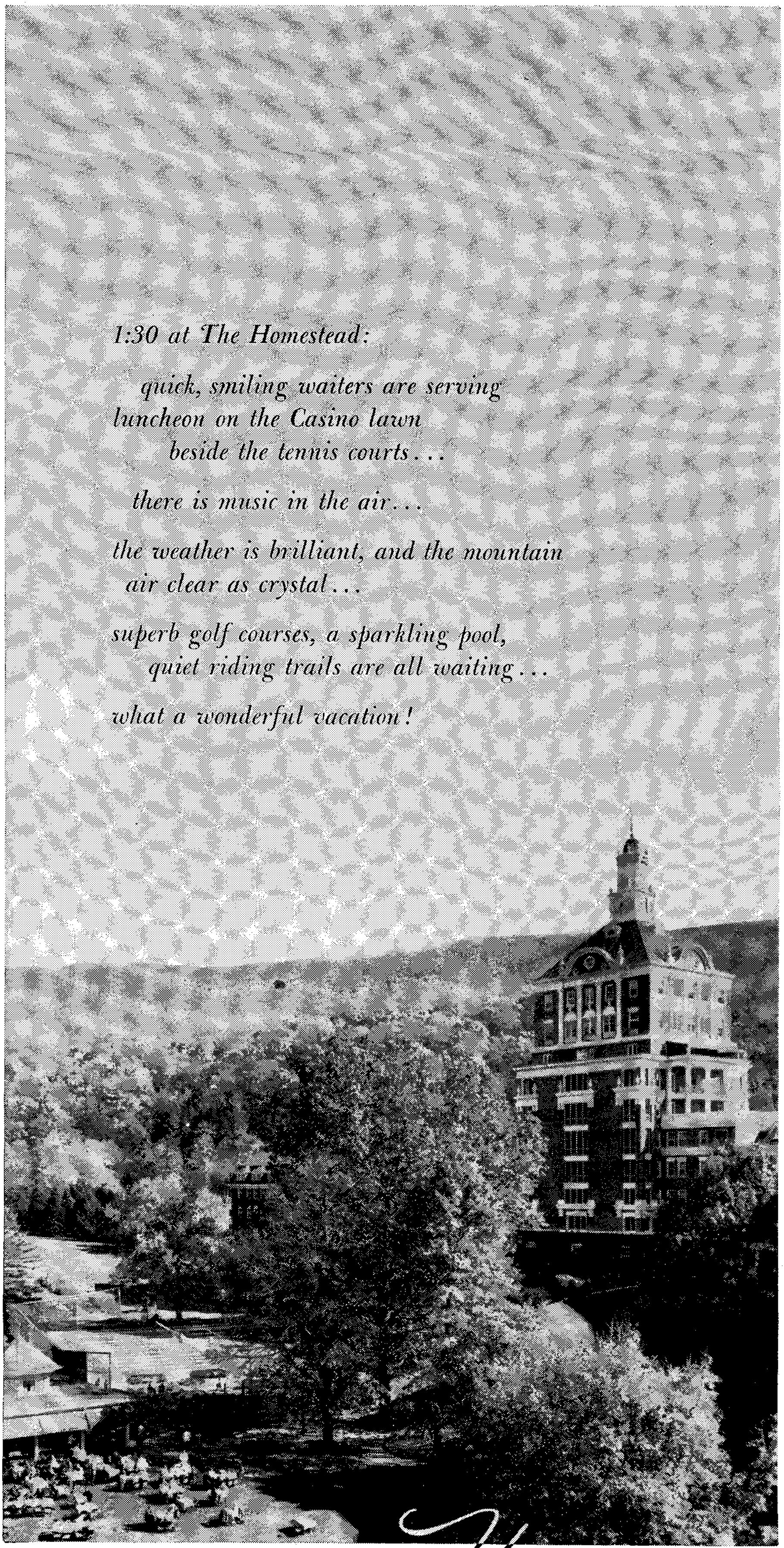
The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than forty objects of medieval art, acquired over the past year and a half, including a thirteenth-century silver-gilt reliquary statuette of St. Stephen and a fifteenth-century Hispano-Flemish altarpiece; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and drawings by Bruno Beran, depicting the life of the Jews of Morocco; through July 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A John Marin memorial exhibition of etchings, drawings, water colors, and oils, ranging in date from 1906 to 1953, the year he died; through July 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

MANCHESTER, VT. Southern Vermont Art Center: A mixed-mediums show by Vermont artists, including Luigi Lucioni, James F. Ashley, and Ogden Pleissner; through Sunday, July 8. (Daily, 10 to 9.) . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by George Luks (1867-1933); a memorial exhibition of ceramic sculptures by Carl Walters (1883-1955); and another of the yearly offerings of paintings, drawings, and sculptures, called "Americans of Our Times." Through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Center: The thirty-sixth annual national exhibition, containing works in oil, water color, tempera, and casein by Aldro Hibbard, Gordon Grant, Henry Gasser, and others; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Provincetown Art Association: Gerrit Hondius, Hans Hofmann, and Sol Wilson are among the participants in a showing of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints; through July 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 6 and 7 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: Jerri Ricci, Stow Wengenroth, and Umberto Romano are on the roster of artists for a display of oils, water colors, pastels, sculptures, graphic arts, and crafts; through Aug. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.) . . . **WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Woodstock Artists Association: "Art in Our Living," a presentation arranged by Edward Chavez, Ainslie Burke, and Arnold Blanch, with contributions by muralists, illustrators, and designers (industrial, home, textiles, jewelry); Saturday, July 7, through Thursday, July 12. . . . ¶ A memorial show of Kuniyoshi drawings done during his last years; starting Saturday, July 14. (Mondays through



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Fridays, 1 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30 and 7 to 9; Sundays, noon to 3.)

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 5: Howard Mitchell conducting, with Vivian Della Chiesa, soprano, and Richard Dyer-Bennet, tenor and guitarist. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7: Alfredo Antonini conducting a concert of Italian music, with Eileen Farrell and Beverly Sills, sopranos, and Richard Tucker, tenor. . . . ¶ Monday, July 9: Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Gershwin concert, with Leontyne Price, soprano; William Warfield, baritone; and Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 10: Alexander Smallens conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 11: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Joel Rosen, piano, and Marilyn Dubow, fourteen-year-old violinist. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 12: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Maria Tallchief, André Eglevsky, and eight other members of the New York City Ballet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14: The Stadium will be given over to a program of jazz by Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars and Dave Brubeck's quartet. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, July 28. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 17.) . . . ¶ Franz Bibo conducting the City Symphony Orchestra, with Joyce Flissler, violin. (Saturday, July 7, at 8:30.)

Carnegie Music and Dance Summer Festival—Saturday, July 7: Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14: The Duke of Iron and the Trinidad Steel Band in a calypso program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Evenings at 8:45. For information about tickets, call MU 6-9032.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 6, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Chamber Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Benny Goodman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8:30: Charles Munch directing the chamber orchestra, with the Yale Glee Club. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 2:30: Lukas Foss conducting the chamber orchestra and acting as piano soloist. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 11, at 8:30: Chamber music by Benny Goodman, clarinet, and the Boston Symphony String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 8:30: The chamber orchestra conducted by Boris Goldovsky and Pierre Luboshutz, who, along with Genia Nemenoff, will play Mozart concertos for one, two, and three pianos. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the chamber orchestra in an all-Bach program, with William Kroll, violin, and Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 15, at 2:30: Charles Munch directing the chamber orchestra and the Festival Chorus in a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion," with Adele Addison, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; David Lloyd, tenor; Mac Morgan and James Joyce, basses. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 12.)

Merryall Serenades—Eric Simon conducting an orchestra made up of members of the Boston Symphony. (Van Voorhis Bowl, New Milford, Conn. Thursday, July 5, at 8:30.)

American Jazz Festival—Thursday, July 5, at 8:30: Count Basie and his orchestra, Sarah Vaughan, the Modern Jazz Quartet, the Charles Mingus quintet, Eddie Condon, Wild Bill Davison, and, among others, Toshiko Akiyoshi and Jutta Hipp, a couple of lady pianists from over the seas. . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 2: Panel discussion. . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 8:30: Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars, Ella Fitzgerald, Dave Brubeck's quartet, Kai Winding, J. J. Johnson, the Jazz Messengers, Buck Clayton, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 2: Panel discussion, with music by Friedrich Gulda's septet, Phineas Newborn's quartet, and the Teddy Charles Tentet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8:30: Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Anita O'Day, Teddy Wilson, Jo Jones, Johnny Hodges, Chico Hamilton's quintet, and others. (Freebody Park, Newport, R.I.)

Empire State Music Festival—The Symphony of the Air—Thursday, July 5, and Saturday, July 7, at 8:30: Joseph Levine conducting, with a group of Ballet Theatre dancers headed by Nora Kaye and John Kriza. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 3:30: Carlos Chávez conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 11, at 8:30: Tibor Kozma conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 12, and Saturday, July 14, at 8:30: Heitor Villa-Lobos conducting, with Bernardo Segall, piano, and José Limón and his ballet company. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 15, at 3:30: Lukas Foss conducting; no soloists. (Ellenville, N.Y. For tickets, call CH 4-0728.)

Connecticut Pops—Gustave Haenschen conducting the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra, with Kay Armen, vocalist, and others. (Fairfield University Field, Fairfield, Conn. Friday, July 6, at 8:30.)

Castle Hill Concerts—Friday and Saturday, July 6-7: José Limón and his ballet company. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 13-14: Leontyne Price, soprano, and Shinichi Yuize, strumming on the koto. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

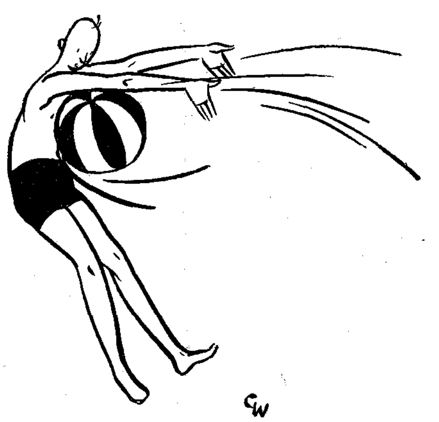
Chautauqua—The opening performances of the season by the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra—Friday, July 6, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 3: Walter Hendl conducting, with Jeaneane Dowis, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 10, at 8:30: Henry Aaron conducting, with Walter Hendl, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 11, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting, with Mischa Mischakoff, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting, with Howard Hanson, guest conductor, and Jeaneane Dowis, piano. (Amphitheatre, Chautauqua, N.Y.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Saturday, July 7, at 4: Pete Seeger, folk singer. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 8:40: Dave Brubeck's quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 4: Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist, and Trianita, flamenco dancer. (Lenox, Mass.)

Stony Brook Summer Music Festival—Saturday, July 7: Franz Allers conducting an orchestra in a program of Viennese music, with Laurel Hurley, soprano, and Davis Cunningham, tenor. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14: Skitch Henderson conducting an orchestra in a program of music from musical comedies, with Susanna Foster, soprano, and Warde Donovan, baritone. (Dogwood Hollow Amphitheatre, Stony Brook, L.I. Evenings at 8:30.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire String Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4.)

New Haven Pop Concerts—Frank Brieff conducting the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, with Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Yale Bowl, New Haven, Conn. Tuesday, July 10, at 8:15.)



SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Dodgers, Thursday, July 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, July 6, at 8; Saturday, July 7, at 2; and Sunday, July 8, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, July 12, at 2; Friday, July 13, at 8:15; and Saturday, July 14, at 2.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, July 6: Paoli Rosi vs. Joey Lopes, lightweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13: Joey Giambra vs. Rocky Castellani, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Invitation Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 5-8.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Father and Son Tournament. (Mountain Ridge Country Club, Caldwell, N.J. Friday, July 6.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Braidburn Country Club, Madison, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, July 12-14.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Rockville Country Club, Rockville Center, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, July 12-15.)

Horse Show—Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday and Sunday, July 7-8.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **BELMONT PARK:** Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, July 7, the day of the Saranac Handicap. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, July 9, through Saturday, Aug. 4. The Tremont, Monday, July 9, and the Edgemere Handicap, Saturday, July 14. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 8. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 7, and the Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 14. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 10:50, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Tennis—New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside, L.I. Saturday, July 7, through Sunday, July 15.) . . . ¶ New York State Women's Championships. (Pelham Country Club, Pelham. Monday through Saturday, July 9-14.) . . . ¶ Eastern Seniors' Clay Court Championships. (Seminole Club, Forest Hills. Saturday, July 14, through Sunday, July 22.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Tuesday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 25. . . . **HISTORIC TRACK,** Goshen: Thursday and Friday, July 5-6, at 2.

Yachting—Beverly Yacht Club Regatta. (Marion, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 13-14.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 14.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10 or 10:30 and at 2 or 2:30, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly

Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The summer show, "Mars," brings us up to date on our planetary neighbor—its surface features, its ups and downs, and so on. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, take place every *night* except Monday.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—yankees—At Yankee Stadium: July 15-22, Aug. 10-12, and Aug. 14-15. . . . **giants**—At the Polo Grounds: July 24-29 and July 31-Aug. 9. . . . **dodgers**—At Ebbets Field: July 24, July 26-30, Aug. 1-5, Aug. 10-12, and Aug. 14. . . . ¶ At Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City: July 25, July 31, Aug. 7, and Aug. 15.

Boxing—Tony Anthony vs. Tony Johnson, light-heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. July 20.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Morris County Golf Club, Convent, N.J. July 17-19.) . . ¶ P.G.A. National Championship. (Blue Hill Golf and Country Club, Canton, Mass. July 20-24.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying round for the U.S.G.A. Junior Championship. (Metropolis Country Club, White Plains. July 24.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. July 25-26.) . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Whippoorwill Club, Armonk. Aug. 1-4.) . . ¶ Tam O'Shanter Championships. (Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Niles, Ill. Aug. 2-5 and Aug. 9-12.) . . ¶ Sectional qualifying round for the U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. Aug. 7.) . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Junior Championship. (Taconic Golf Club, Williamstown, Mass. Aug. 8-11.) . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Beers Memorial Tournament. (Braidburn Country Club, Madison, N.J. Aug. 9.) . . . ¶ New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Dutchess Golf and Country Club, Poughkeepsie. Aug. 9-12.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Mixed Foursomes Championship. (Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, L.I. Aug. 15.)

Horse Shows—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 7-11.) . . ¶ Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Aug. 11.)

Racing—At **saratoga springs:** Aug. 6-Sept. 1. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Aug. 9-Oct. 6.

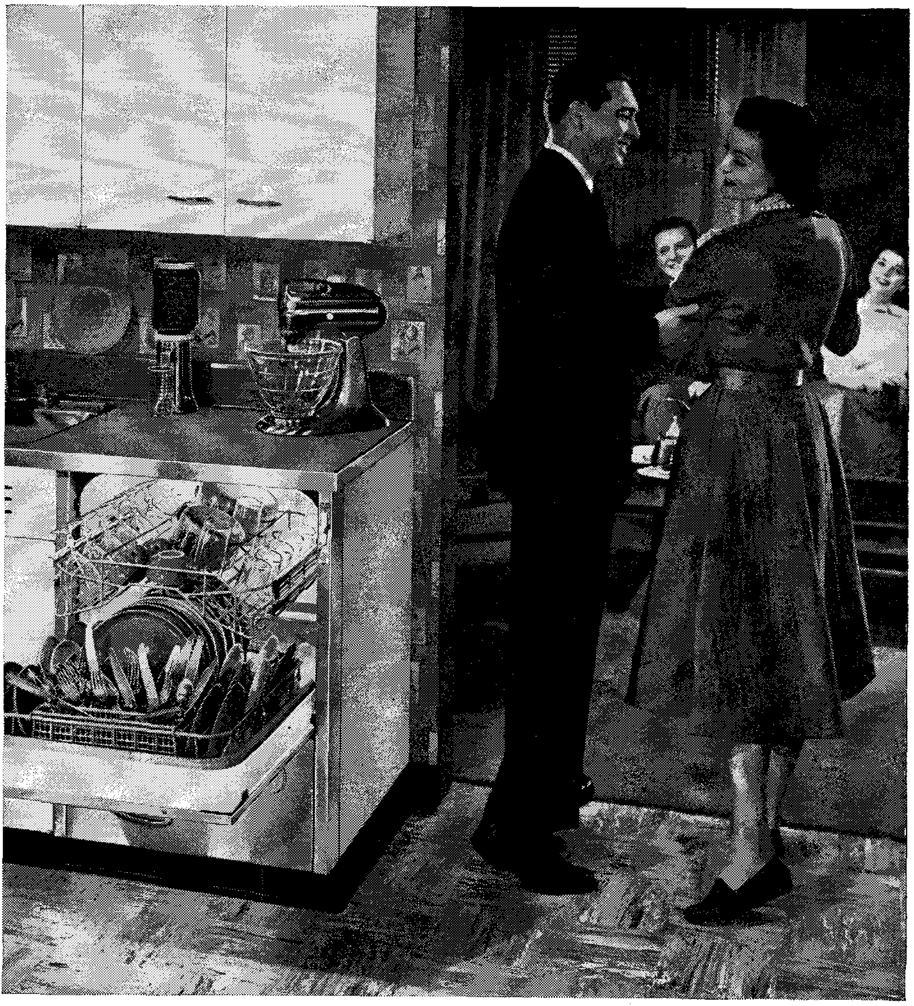
Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. July 31-Aug. 5.) . . . ¶ Davis Cup American Zone Final. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Aug. 3-5.) . . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Aug. 6-12.) . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Aug. 13-19.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Aug. 1-Nov. 30. . . . **good time park,** Goshen: Aug. 7-9. The Hambletonian, Aug. 8.

Yachting—Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. July 21-28.)

Music—The Lewisohn Stadium concerts will present, among others, Michael Rosenker, violin, July 17; Zino Francescatti, violin, July 19; Tossy Spivakovsky, violin, and Aldo Parisot, cello, July 23; and Alexander Uninsky, piano, July 25. . . . ¶ Connecticut Pops, Fairfield, Conn., July 20 and 28 and Aug. 3 and 17. . . . ¶ Castle Hill Concerts, Ipswich, Mass., every Friday and Saturday through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ Stony Brook Summer Music Festival, Stony Brook, L.I., July 21 and 28. . . . ¶ New Haven Pop Concerts, New Haven, Conn., July 24 and 31 and Aug. 14 and 28. . . . ¶ Pop concerts at the New York Coliseum, Aug. 10 and 11.

Other Dates—The Democratic National Convention will start on Aug. 13 in Chicago. . . . ¶ The Republican National Convention will start on Aug. 20 in San Francisco.



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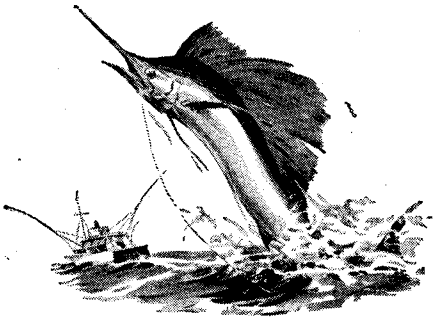

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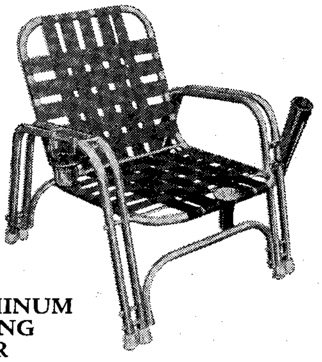

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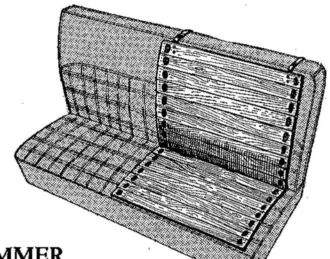

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

DIABOLIQUE—A French film, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, that gives an unsettling idea of what a man's wife and his mistress can do to him if they join forces in analyzing his weak points. All very good, until it falters at the end. In the cast are Vera Clouzot, as the wife; Simone Signoret, as the mistress; and Paul Meurisse, as the victim of their designs. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting July 6, tentative.)

OKLAHOMA!—Very large, very loud, and by no means as attractive as the original. The magniloquent figures most on view are Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, and Gene Nelson. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 11:30, 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL—In this French film adapted from a story by Jean-Paul Sartre, a Mexican town in the grip of a plague is examined with startling realism. By way of romance, the picture offers Michèle Morgan, as a recently widowed lady who is not long in finding a new admirer, and Gérard Philipe, as the admirer—a drunken doctor all full of guilt because of a couple of medical mishaps. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

THE ROSE TATTOO—An adaptation by Tennessee Williams of his own play, in which Anna Magnani is outstanding as an Italian woman, resident in Louisiana, who can't get her late husband out of her mind but manages to squeeze in a thought or two about a very much alive truck driver. Burt Lancaster plays the truck driver in solid, rowdy style. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 11.)

REVIVALS

A NOUS, LA LIBERTÉ (1932)—René Clair deals, to very good effect, with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 7.)

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE (1950)—Jewel thieves prowling around a Midwestern city. Directed by John Huston, and with Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe in the cast. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 10-11.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER (1941)—Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, and Anne Shirley in Stephen Vincent Benét's Faustian fable of New Hampshire in the eighteen-forties. Formerly called "All That Money Can Buy." (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 8-9.)

GENEVIEVE (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More enliven this English film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 10-11.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (1937)—Harry Baur as the composer. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—Ronald Colman and Margo in Shangri-La, where people live forever. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th; JU 6-4448.)

MIRACLE IN MILAN (1951)—An Italian comedy about a boy who turns the local shantytown into a popular residential area. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO (1941)—Life in the Casbah. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 7.)

THUNDER ROCK (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through July 7.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The last two programs in a series of films entitled "The Goldwyn Cycle"—Through July 8, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Up in Arms" (1944), with Danny Kaye and Dinah Shore. . . . ¶ Starting July 9, showings at 3: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1947), with Myrna Loy and Fredric March. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Proud and Profane," William Holden, Deborah Kerr.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Trapeze," Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Gina Lollobrigida.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Moby Dick," Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through July 11: "Brute Force," revival, Burt Lancaster; and "The Naked City," revival, Barry Fitzgerald.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Great Locomotive Chase," Fess Parker, Jeffrey Hunter.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Eddy Duchin Story," Tyrone Power, Kim Novak.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"That Certain Feeling," Bob Hope, Eva Marie Saint.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
OKLAHOMA!

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The King and I," Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner.

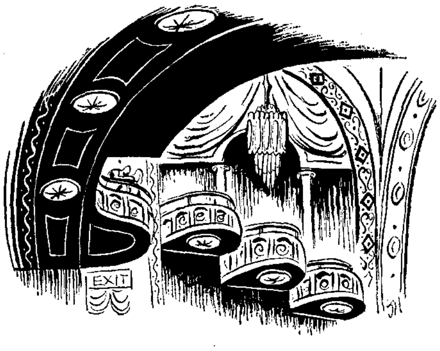
STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Somebody Up There Likes Me," Paul Newman, Pier Angeli.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through July 11: "The Catered Affair," Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Crowded Paradise," Hume Cronyn, Nancy Kelly.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Ladykillers," Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through July 10: "23 Paces to Baker Street," Van Johnson, Vera Miles; and "Thunderstorm," Carlos Thompson, Linda Christian.
From July 11: "Crime in the Streets," James Whitmore, John Cassavetes; and "The First Texan," Joel McCrea, Felicia Farr.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 10 (tentative): "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones.
From July 11 (tentative): "Lovers and Lollipops," Lori March, Gerald O'Loughlin; and "Patterns," Van Heflin, Everett Sloane.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through July 10: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day; and "A Lawless Street," Randolph Scott, Angela Lansbury.
From July 11: "Forbidden Planet," Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis; and "Thunder Over Arizona," Skip Homeier.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Gaby," Leslie Caron, John Kerr.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Moby Dick," Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 7: "23 Paces to Baker Street," Van Johnson, Vera Miles; and "Thunderstorm," Carlos Thompson, Linda Christian.
July 8-10: "The Rawhide Years," Tony Curtis, Colleen Miller; and "The Creature Walks Among Us," Jeff Morrow, Rex Reason.
From July 11: "Crime in the Streets," James Whitmore, John Cassavetes; and "The First Texan," Joel McCrea, Felicia Farr.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Rififi" (in French), Jean Servais. (Showings at 12, 2, 4, 6:05, 8:10, and 10:15. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Invitation to the Dance," Gene Kelly, Tamara Toumanova.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Madame Butterfly," with Japanese actors and Italian singers.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through July 7: "Adorable Creatures" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Martine Carol.
July 8-10: "While the City Sleeps," Dana Andrews, Ida Lupino; and "The Birds and the Bees," George Gobel, Mitzi Gaynor.
From July 11: "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 10 (tentative): "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones.
From July 11 (tentative): "Lovers and Lollipops," Lori March, Gerald O'Loughlin; and "Patterns," Van Heflin, Everett Sloane.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 11: "The Swan," Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through July 10: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day; and "A Lawless Street," Randolph Scott, Angela Lansbury.
From July 11: "Forbidden Planet," Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis; and "Thunder Over Arizona," Skip Homeier.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 11 (tentative): "Intermezzo," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through July 9: "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones.
From July 10: "The Revolt of Mamie Stover," Jane Russell, Richard Egan; and "Star in the Dust," John Agar, Mamie Van Doren.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 7 (tentative): "Adorable Creatures" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Martine Carol.
July 8-10 (tentative): "The Last Ten Days" (in German), Albin Skoda, Oskar Werner.
From July 11 (tentative): "Lovers and Lollipops," Lori March, Gerald O'Loughlin.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 7: "23 Paces to Baker Street," Van Johnson, Vera Miles; and "Thunderstorm," Carlos Thompson, Linda Christian.
July 8-10: "The Rawhide Years," Tony Curtis, Colleen Miller; and "The Creature Walks Among Us," Jeff Morrow, Rex Reason.
From July 11: "Crime in the Streets," James Whitmore, John Cassavetes; and "The First Texan," Joel McCrea, Felicia Farr.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 10: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day; and "A Lawless Street," Randolph Scott, Angela Lansbury.
From July 11: "Forbidden Planet," Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis; and "Thunder Over Arizona," Skip Homeier.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through July 7: **THUNDER ROCK**, revival; and "A Kid for Two Farthings," Celia Johnson, Diana Dors.
July 8-9: **THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER** (formerly called "All That Money Can Buy"), revival; and "Lady and the Tramp," revival, a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
July 10-11: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE**, revival; and **GENEVIEVE**, revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 10 (tentative): "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones.
From July 11 (tentative): "Lovers and Lollipops," Lori March, Gerald O'Loughlin.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
July 5 (tentative): "A Kid for Two Farthings," Celia Johnson, Diana Dors.
From July 6 (tentative): **DIABOLIQUE** (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 10: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day; and "A Lawless Street," Randolph Scott, Angela Lansbury.
From July 11: "Forbidden Planet," Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis; and "Thunder Over Arizona," Skip Homeier.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 7: "The Tender Trap," Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds; and "Trial," revival, Glenn Ford, Dorothy McGuire.
July 8-10: "The Last Ten Days" (in German), Albin Skoda, Oskar Werner; and "My Seven Little Sins" (in French), Maurice Chevalier.
From July 11: **THE ROSE TATTOO**; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through July 7: "23 Paces to Baker Street," Van Johnson, Vera Miles; and "Thunderstorm," Carlos Thompson, Linda Christian.
July 8-10: "The Rawhide Years," Tony Curtis, Colleen Miller; and "The Creature Walks Among Us," Jeff Morrow, Rex Reason.
From July 11: "Crime in the Streets," James Whitmore, John Cassavetes; and "The First Texan," Joel McCrea, Felicia Farr.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
July 5: "Thunder in the East," revival, Alan Ladd, Deborah Kerr; and "Somebody Loves Me," revival, Betty Hutton, Ralph Meeker.
July 6-7: "The Black Sheep," Basil Rathbone, Akim Tamiroff; and "The Creeping Unknown," Brian Donlevy.
July 8-9: "Betrayed," revival, Clark Gable, Lana Turner; and "Appointment with Danger," revival, Alan Ladd, Phyllis Calvert.
July 10-11: "A Man Called Peter," revival, Richard Todd, Jean Peters; and "Forever Female," revival, Ginger Rogers, William Holden.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Wild Oat" (in French), Fernandel.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Bullfight," a documentary film.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LOST HORIZON, revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Simon and Laura," Peter Finch, Kay Kendall.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL (in French and Spanish).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 10: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day; and "A Lawless Street," Randolph Scott, Angela Lansbury.
From July 11: To be announced.

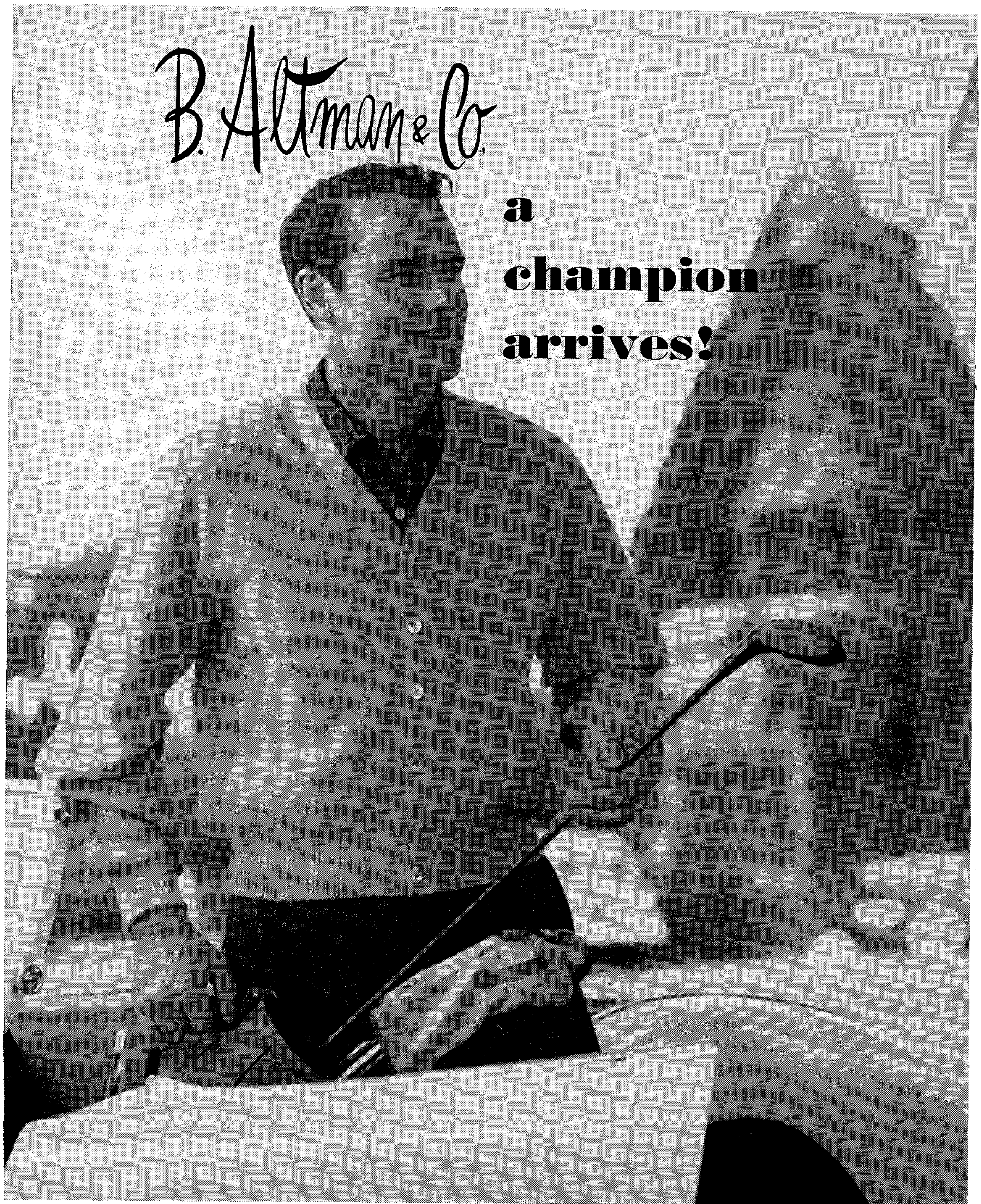
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 5: "The Medium," revival, Marie Powers, Leo Coleman; and "Faust and the Devil" (in Italian), revival, Italo Tajo.
July 6: A program of seven short films on psychology—"Broken Appointment," "Breakdown," and others.
July 7: **À NOUS, LA LIBERTÉ** and **PÉPÉ LE MOKO**—both French and both revivals.
July 8: "The Grand Concert," a film made up of selections from various Russian operas and ballets; and "Mussorgsky"—both Russian and both revivals.
July 9: A program of ten short films of the dance—"The Skating Ring," "Spectre of the Rose," and such.
July 10: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** and **MIRACLE IN MILAN**—both Italian and both revivals.
July 11: **THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN** (in French), revival; and "Masquerade in Vienna" (in German), revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
July 5: "The Revolt of Mamie Stover," Jane Russell, Richard Egan; and "Star in the Dust," John Agar, Mamie Van Doren.
July 6-10: "Three Coins in the Fountain," revival, Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire; and "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," revival, William Holden, Jennifer Jones.
From July 11: "Crime in the Streets," James Whitmore, John Cassavetes; and "The First Texan," Joel McCrea, Felicia Farr.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through July 10: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," James Stewart, Doris Day; and "A Lawless Street," Randolph Scott, Angela Lansbury.
From July 11: To be announced.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through July 7: "23 Paces to Baker Street," Van Johnson, Vera Miles; and "Thunderstorm," Carlos Thompson, Linda Christian.
July 8-10: "The Rawhide Years," Tony Curtis, Colleen Miller; and "The Creature Walks Among Us," Jeff Morrow, Rex Reason.
From July 11: "Crime in the Streets," James Whitmore, John Cassavetes; and "The First Texan," Joel McCrea, Felicia Farr.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through July 7: "23 Paces to Baker Street," Van Johnson, Vera Miles; and "Thunderstorm," Carlos Thompson, Linda Christian.
July 8-10: "The Rawhide Years," Tony Curtis, Colleen Miller; and "The Creature Walks Among Us," Jeff Morrow, Rex Reason.
From July 11: "Crime in the Streets," James Whitmore, John Cassavetes; and "The First Texan," Joel McCrea, Felicia Farr.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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHY is it, we keep wondering, that the top men of the Soviet Union think rowboats have some special festival charm? It has been their odd pleasure during high-level get-togethers to row their busy visitors around Moscow ponds, and last week's air-power show was no exception. Mr. Bulganin manned the oars for the British Secretary of State for Air, and other Soviet nabobs piloted other Western birdmen about in these strikingly nonsupersonic craft. How the left-at-homes at the Army and Navy Club, in Washington, must have chortled when they learned that General Twining and his peers, after speeding halfway around the world to inspect the very latest in soaring vehicles, had ended up, rub-a-dub-dub, in an old Moscow tub!

MR. KHRUSHCHEV told General Twining that the Soviet Union is all for competition. O.K., let's show them. New York has rowboat facilities second to none, and from now on we propose that our Mayor escort our city's distinguished foreign visitors to Central Park and treat them to a ride. It might take the Mayor a few receptions to get his hands in shape, but, all in all, such an arrangement ought to prove far simpler, and tidier, than our traditional ticker-tape parades, and much less likely to interfere with traffic.

THE Revlon Company, which sponsors "The $64,000 Question," has just launched a summer line of cosmetics called Snow Peach ("A peach with a pink complexion—cooling its blushes in the snow"). A lovely name, Snow Peach, awakening echoes of Oriental history, as Revlon may or may not have meant us to reflect. The favorite concubine of the ruler of China's Western Empire during the Three Kingdom period (circa 220-280 A.D.) was a dazzlingly beautiful poet named Hsueh T'ao, which is the way you say "Snow Peach" in Chinese. But the fickle Emperor cooled toward her (didn't like the way she blushed in wintertime, perhaps), and the forsaken mistress drowned herself in a well near Chengtu, in the province of Szechwan. Hereafter, whenever we hear a television announcer urging each and every upright American housewife and mother to daub herself with Snow Peach ("A heavenly hybrid of a peach—like nothing ever grown, like nothing ever known, till now!"), we will think of poor Hsueh T'ao, the rejected scarlet woman, who, her rice-powder make-up caked with poet's tears, hurled herself into the well of commercial oblivion.

In Scale

THERE is this to be said for Jersey City—that its bluffs provide an unsurpassable view of Manhattan and the Upper Bay. The best time to admire this view is toward evening, when the whole bristling island, from the Battery to the Cloisters, hangs suspended in golden light between water and sky. It happens that a man we've long been interested in meeting works in a shop on the Jersey City bluffs, and late on a fine summer afternoon last week we went to pay a call on him and take our fill of the prospect from his shop windows. Theodore Conrad is the man's name, and what brought him to our attention is his skill at making scale models of buildings, mostly in Plexiglas and metal, for architects here in town, who use them to give their clients an idea of what the finished building will actually look like. Mr. Conrad and his assistants have executed over a thousand of these dainty, transparent, and yet thoroughly practical works of art, including models of Lever House, the American Embassy in New Delhi, the Doris Duke house in Hawaii, a sugar refinery in Haiti, the Hilton Hotel in Istanbul, and the Chase Manhattan Bank Building soon to go up on Wall Street. Mr. Conrad has often built a miniature skyscraper in Jersey City and a year or so later has gazed out across the river at the real thing, no bigger than the model at that distance and scarcely more substantial-looking.

A tall, pink-cheeked man of forty-six, Mr. Conrad told us that he had chosen to work on the bluffs for two reasons—the view, and the fact that architects would rather talk a building than draw it and, in his experience, can be kept at their drawing boards only by the continuous threat of a trip to Jersey City. "Here we work directly from plans," he said. "If we were in some handy spot in town, the architects would come in and watch us building a model and say 'Do this. Do that,' instead of putting their changes down on paper, where they belong." Most of the work he does is on a scale of an eighth of an inch to a foot, which calls for slow and careful workmanship. He showed us an unfinished model of a Chicago apartment house that the firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill has designed for the New York Life Insurance Company, which is putting it up. A workman was fitting together tiny bits of Plexiglas, which Conrad identified as balconies. "How many of these do you have to make, Ed?" he asked, and Ed replied cheerfully, "Six

hundred and fifty." Conrad opened a nearby drawer, and, peering in, we found it packed with miniature cars. "Once, we made a model of a shopping center and, for verisimilitude, filled its parking lots with cars," he said. "Took two thousand. Then we made a model of the new Air Force Academy, out in Colorado, and peopled it with ten thousand quarter-inch airmen. One of the things this job requires is patience."

Mr. Conrad started making cardboard models at the age of eighteen, when he took a summer job with the architect Harvey Wiley Corbett. He studied architecture for three years at Pratt Institute and made models for Corbett at night. At the time, most models were constructed of clay and plaster; Conrad got the notion of turning them out in wood, and mostly by machine. He went into business for himself in 1931, in the basement of his parents' house, in Jersey City. He switched from wood to Plexiglas and metal in 1936, and now employs an average of eleven workmen and produces up to a hundred models a year. The cost of a model depends, naturally, on its size and complexity, and can run from a hundred dollars to thirty thousand. A three-foot-high model of the Manufacturers Trust Company branch bank on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street was the most difficult, though not the most expensive, that Conrad has ever had to devise. To represent the fluorescent lights in the ceiling of the main room, seventy-six feet of thin neon tubing were installed; then a little air-circulating system had to be installed, too, to keep the heat of the tubes from melting the Plexiglas; and finally, since Plexiglas, like all plastics, attracts dust, a filter had to be installed in the circulating system. Not much to anyone's surprise, Conrad champions the principle that a good model leads to a good building. "Models help eliminate faking," he said. "They tell the truth about a building, as old-fashioned renderings never did. The proportions are what they will be, not what an artistic eye has made them seem to be."

◆

Incidental Intelligence: A recent meeting of the American Society Against Vivisection was held in the Nimrod Room of the Sheraton Astor.

France's Monroe

We are, in the last analysis, only human, so when a press agent wrote us that "France's leading box-office attraction, Martine Carol . . . variously described by the world's press as France's Marilyn Monroe and France's Lollobrigida . . . possessed of their ample charms plus a solid background of acting experience" was perched at the Carlyle in the course of a globe-circling good-will tour, up we went. We found Mlle. Carol in a living room containing numerous vases of flowers and her husband, who calls himself simply Christian-Jaque. He has directed "Fanfan the Tulip" and many other pictures, including "Nana," which features his wife and will come to the Little Carnegie in September.

Mlle. Carol told us that her real name is Maryse Mourer and that she was born in 1924 in Biarritz, of Basque stock. "My father was an industrial," she said, in French-schoolgirl English. "One of my uncles was a general. I was fragile as a child. I am not a very strong girl. But the Basques have *beaucoup de volonté*. I get a big satisfaction from working. I have been in twenty-five films. I lived with my grandmother in Pau, near Biarritz, until I was nine, and then joined my parents in Paris. I was educated in a Dominican school in Neuilly. I was a nurse during the war, then a model, then I met Henri-Georges Clouzot, the director, at a cocktail party. 'Why not the cinema?' he said. 'You have a *physique*.' I got crazy about the theatre. First, I played Ellie May in 'Tobacco Road' in Paris. Then I went into the movies. I have won the Prix Orange, given by the French press to the most coöperative actress, for three years. I get my weight in oranges—fifty kilos."

"Sort of like the Aga Khan," said M. Christian-Jaque.

"So many oranges!" Mlle. Carol said. "I give them to my friends. I have been here three times before. I refused to sign a contract with Howard Hughes. We have just flown from Japan via San Francisco. We are sent by the French film industry. We are leaving for Cuba, Argentina, Uruguay, Venezuela, and Mexico. Flying makes me nervous."

"We've been to Turkey, Israel, Bangkok, and Honolulu," her husband said. "French films are better-known there than here."

"Christian has made ninety-seven pictures," Mlle. Carol said. "He began in 1930, with Fernandel. He directed Lollobrigida in her first important movie, 'Fanfan.' He had to change the story of 'Nana' a little."

"*Obligatoire!*" M. Christian-Jaque said. "Zola did not precisely have my wife in mind when he wrote it."

"We have an apartment with terraces in Paris, near the Bois de Boulogne, and a farm in Grasse," Mlle. Carol said. "We grow oranges, lemons, and olives, and make our own wine, a *rosé*. We drink it ourselves. Maxim's wanted to label it Clos Martine Carol and sell it, but there isn't enough. Three hundred and seventy litres a season. We have a basset and some cats, and we go fishing from Golfe-Juan. We take along wine, sausage, and bread, and make a good soup with the fish we catch. We rarely go to Cannes. I don't like a big beach and snob people."

"In Paris, we visit antique shops early in the morning," M. Christian-Jaque said.

"I like the Pavillon and the Stork Club," Mlle. Carol said. "I'm signed up for three pictures. One in Germany in September, one on the Ivory Coast, in West Africa, in December—a gay comedy with elephants, which Christian is directing—and one in Sicily in April, about the Mount Etna explosion. I hope to be smart and not stay in the movies too long. I want to finish *en beauté*. Then I will go back to my farm and work the soil."

M. Christian-Jaque showed us out, remarking that it was his first visit here. "*On se sent si petit à New-York*," he said.

◆

Message found in a teletype machine in the pressroom of the State House, Boston:

SORRY, DIAL AGAIN, WRONG NUMBER
WRG NBR FOR WHAT PLS
FOR WHOM, YOU MEAN
OK, FOR WHOM
FOR WHOMEVER YOU WERE TRYING TO RING
IS THIS CBS
NO
OK END

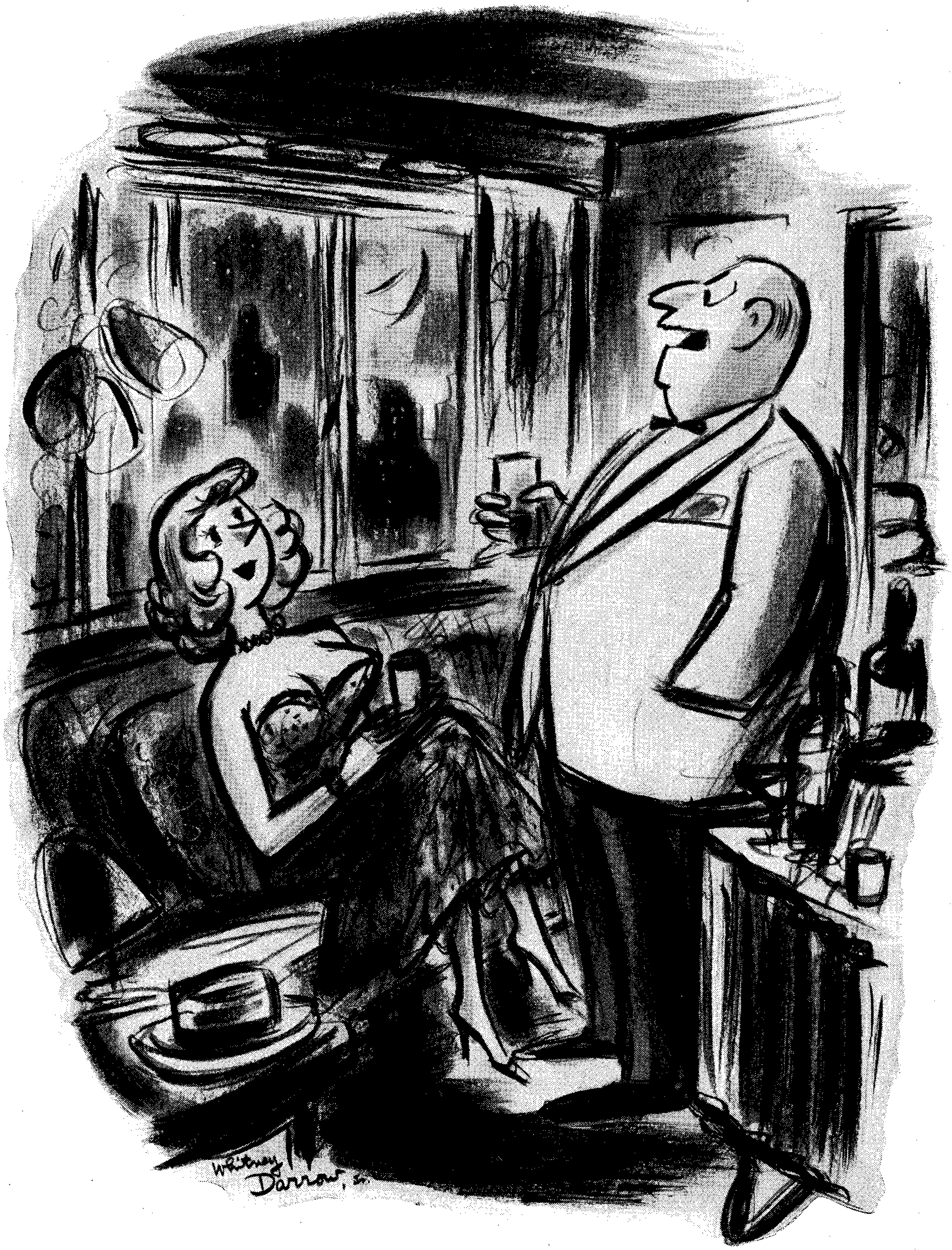
Magnum Opus

At the spring sidewalk art exhibit down in Greenwich Village, a lady we know was fascinated by an oil painting of a rabbit, which she thought would be just the thing for a nursery she was in the process of furnishing. After she'd bought the painting, though, she decided that the blue of the background would clash horribly with the green wall on which she proposed to hang it. Reluctantly, she explained her dilemma to the artist, a bushy-haired woman in sweater and slacks, and said, "I'm afraid the sale is off." "Nonsense," said the artist. "We'll have no trouble about this at all. I've got this rabbit picture with backgrounds of red, pink, blue, green, and yellow. You see, it's my best number."

Neighbor

VENUS is our nearest neighbor among the planets. It—we feel like calling her she, but we guess she's it—is also the most mysterious of the planets, because, for all its nearness, it's covered with a thick layer of carbon dioxide and nobody knows what it looks like underneath. A couple of weeks ago, Venus sailed to within twenty-six million miles of the earth, which is as close as it ever gets. It does this punctually every five hundred and eighty-four days, but on such occasions it is just above or below the face of the sun and is lost in its glare. By the time it is visible again, which it will be next week, it's upward of sixty million miles away and running scared. In January, it will be as far away as it can get—a hundred and sixty million miles. Thanks to its proximity to the sun and to its own remarkable reflective powers, Venus is the brightest of all the objects in the sky except the sun and moon. It will attain its maximum brightness on the twenty-eighth of this month and just before dawn, if the sky is clear, will be capable of causing trees to cast shadows. That's the only effect Venus has on the earth, if you want to call it an effect. What else is Venus first in besides nearness, brightness, and mystery? Answer: Circularity of orbit. If a perfect circle is represented mathematically by a zero, then Venus's orbit is .007. The earth's is a comparatively jittery .017.

Venus comes closer to being our size than any other planet does. We're about seventy-nine hundred miles in diameter, and Venus is three hundred miles less. It also resembles us in gravitational force and in temperature, which probably ranges from zero, on the dark side, to a hundred and fifty, on the sunny side. How astronomers manage to gather this kind of information about a planet they can't even see the surface of beats us. Since Venus on occasion appears east of the sun at twilight and west of the sun in the morning, it was assumed in ancient times to be two stars. The eastern, or evening, star was called Hesperus, and the western, or morning, star was called Phosphorus. It was discovered to be a single planet around 500 B.C. and was named Venus by the Romans; the Greeks called it Aphrodite. Our word "Friday" comes from "Frigg," which means Venus in Old Norwegian. Early astrol-

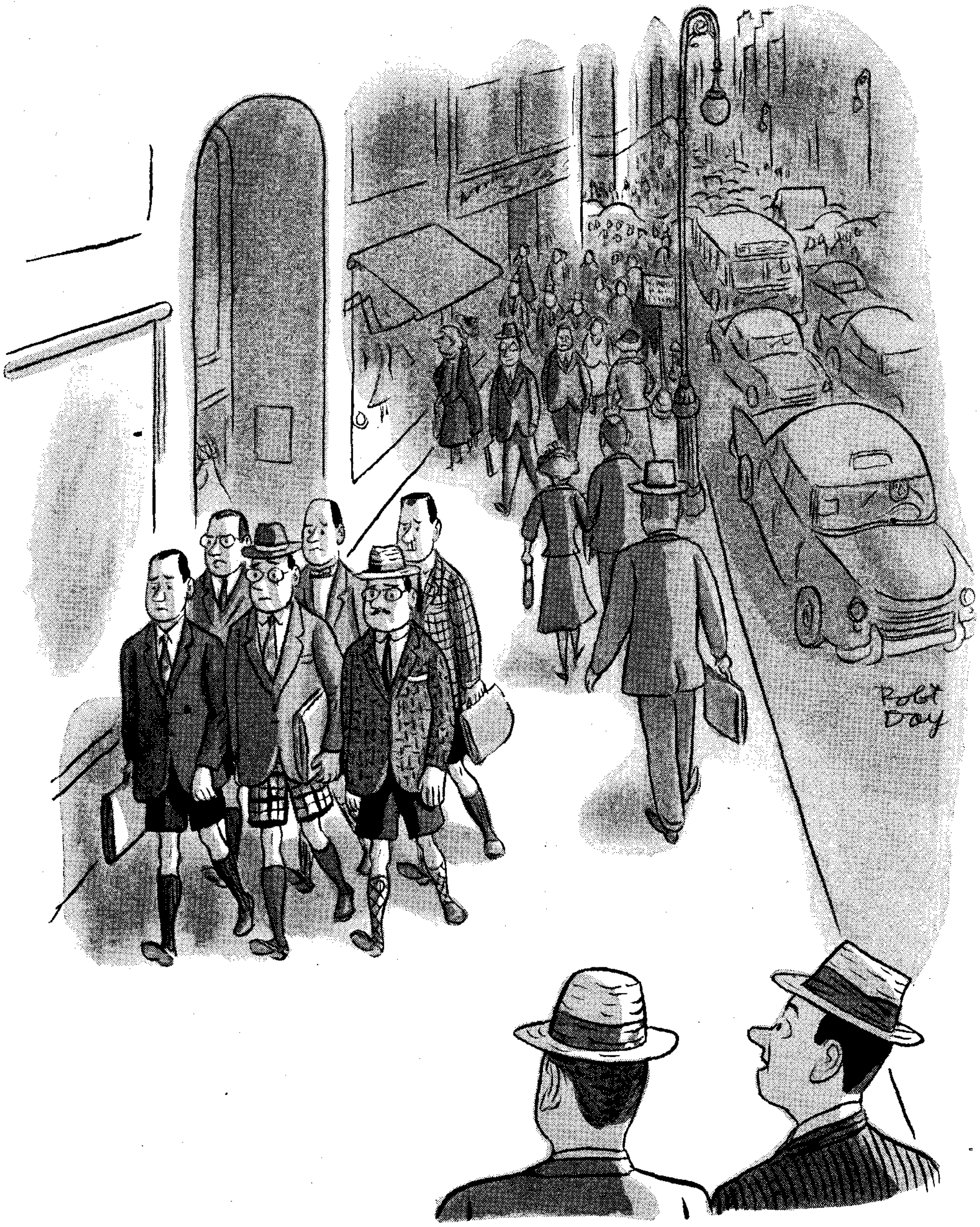


"Security, security! That's all you young people think about these days."

ogers believed that Venus brought love, good fortune, and happiness to those born under its sign, Taurus, and who knows? Maybe it does.

Venus has no satellites, goes around the sun in two hundred and twenty-five days, and is second only to Mercury in proximity to it, being a bit over sixty-seven million miles away. From time to time, Venus transits, which is to say that it crosses the face of the sun in direct line with the earth and shows up as a black dot. Its most recent transit was on December 6, 1882, and its next will be on June 8, 2004. The first person to observe Venus transiting was a young English clergyman named Jeremiah Horrox, who predicted the transit of 1639 and, poor chap, missed the start of it because he was obliged to conduct an afternoon service. Venus and Mars are the only two planets besides ours on which some form of life may be possible. Dust clouds have been noted high in the atmosphere above Venus, which has led astronomers to deduce that there are dry spots on it. No water vapor from it has ever been seen, and some spoilsports hold that the only liquid to be found there is formaldehyde. Others have suggested that it may be entirely covered with plastic, as we're getting to be.

The astronomer most closely associated with Venus is Galileo, who found that it had phases. He made this discovery when Venus was in its gibbous phase, which is halfway between half and full, and thereby disproved Ptolemy's theory that Venus was always between the earth and the sun and always half full. Galileo was also the first to realize that Venus was not at its brightest when it was closest to the earth, a fact confirming the Copernican theory that we were not, after all, at the center of the universe. Since such notions were unpopular with the Church, Galileo announced his discovery of the phases of Venus in a fiendishly clever Latin anagram, which read, "*Haec immatura a me iam frustra leguntur. oy*," or "These unripe things are now read by me in vain." By juggling the letters one gets "*Cynthiae figuras aemulatur mater amorum*," or "The mother of love imitates the form of Cynthia." Galileo expected his contemporaries to paraphrase this as "Venus goes through the same phases as the moon." Too deep for us.



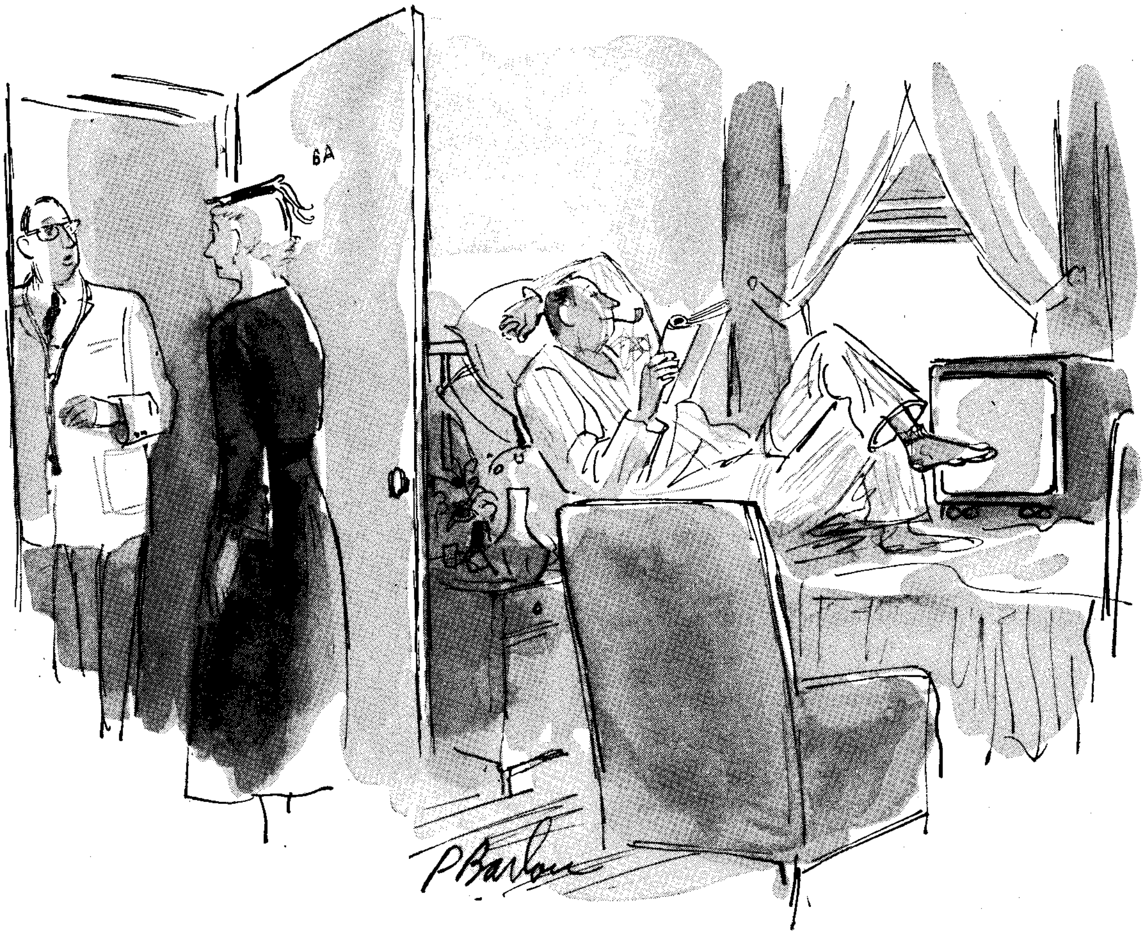
"*Oh, it's probably on the theory that in union there's strength.*"

Improvers

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH ordered some bullfighters' swords from Spain not long ago (don't ask us why). These swords are slightly bent, to enable the bullfighter to pass one of them around the animal's neck and deliver the coup de grâce. Well, when the swords landed in the receiving department of A. & F., the clerks, figuring that the weapons had been damaged during the trip over, immediately set about straightening them. The unbending was interrupted by a merchandise manager, but not before the gnomes had trued up quite a number of blades.

Pastoral

IT was Benny Goodman on the phone, asking us if we'd like to drive out to Commack, Long Island, with him and pay a call on an old friend of his named Gustave Langenus. "Gus is seventy-two and knows more about the clarinet than any other man alive," Goodman said. "A terrific teacher, and he's written all the best books on the subject. Every so often, I like to go and play duets and talk clarinet with him. I'd rather listen to Gus play than to most of the other people I know." The invitation was far too pleasant to refuse, and in no time we were tooling out to the Island. "I always feel at home with Gus," Goodman told us. "Met him twenty-six years ago, when I came East from Chicago. I was broke at the time and got a job playing second clarinet on the 'Voice of Firestone,' one of the big radio shows of the day. Gus was first clarinet. He gave me a mouthpiece he'd designed, and he was helpful to me in a lot of other ways. Been buddies ever since. Last time I was with Gus, he coached



"Didn't he tell you? He's been free to go home any time."

me in the Mozart Clarinet Concerto. Made me realize that the only way to deal with that music is to *sing* it with the clarinet, as if it were an aria in a Mozart opera. I never see Gus that I don't learn something new about the clarinet."

As we slipped through Queens, Mr. Goodman mentioned that his plans for the summer include a short vacation at his house in Stamford and a stay at Tanglewood, where he will play and record Mozart's Clarinet Quintet, as well as the Concerto. He said he had made a recording of the Quintet in 1938 and of the Concerto in 1940. The latter was never released. "In those days, I just went ahead and did them," he continued. "I made some mistakes, but they were interesting mistakes. The playing was innocent, and sort of the way Mozart music is—strong and clear and pure. Now I know a lot more about Mozart, which makes him a lot harder to play. The same with jazz. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't do the things I did at twenty. In music, it happens sometimes that the less you know, the better off you are. Still, you've got to keep moving." He shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Gus seems to know what life is all about," he said. "He likes what he's done and he likes what he's doing. He just feels good about the whole damn thing."

Turning off the main highway, we drove along a dirt road that wound through heavy woods to a clearing, in the middle of which stood a trim white cottage. Mr. Langenus was sitting in the yard under a hickory tree and got up to welcome us. A good-looking man in blue slacks, a cream-colored corduroy shirt, and crêpe-soled shoes, he showed us about the yard in leisurely fashion—we counted half a dozen birdhouses fixed on trees and posts, and noticed that one of them was decorated with a clef and notes in black wire—and then suggested going inside for a little clarinet playing. "After all, we're in the country, and the clarinet is *the* pastoral instrument," he said. We exchanged greetings with Mrs. Langenus, and then our host ushered us into the study, which contained a piano, a desk, a tape recorder, and a number of open cabinets along the walls, bearing such labels as "G. L.'s Arrangements—Woodwind Quintets" and "Clarinet Ensembles—Mostly G. L.'s Arrangements." Over the desk were several old photographs, including one of John Philip Sousa. Langenus told us that he was born in Belgium, went to London as a young man, played in Sousa's band there and on the Continent for a couple of seasons, and came to this country in 1910. Goodman took off his jacket, loosened his collar and tie, and put his clarinet to his lips. Langenus decided that they should start off with some Bach duets. "Been playing these duets with myself, Benny," he said. "I record one part, play along with it, record the other part, then play along with that. But the machine is a tyrant; I'd rather play with you."

"Then let's go, Gus," Goodman said. "I'll play the first part."

Langenus gave him an indulgent smile. "No hurry," he said. "These Bach duets are like a walk through the woods. With every measure, it's as if a new view came up. The clarinet is the most beautiful instrument that has ever been made, because it comes closest to the human voice, which is the most beautiful instrument of all."

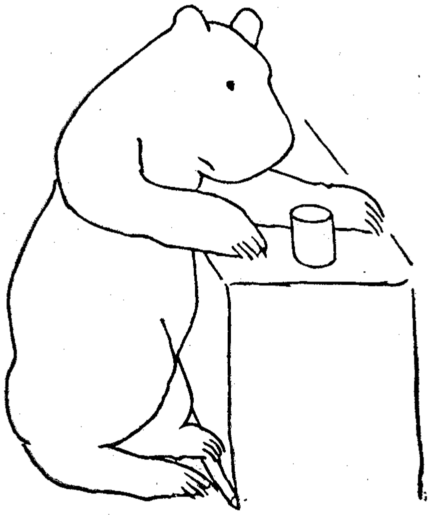
"Come *on*, Gus!" Goodman pleaded, and they started to play. Both men looked happy and intent, and we wondered as we listened what there was left for them to learn.

Rude Awakening

NO doubt about it, after a certain age—twenty-five, probably—it's a mistake to revisit the scenes of one's youth. This mistake was recently made by a friend of ours, a bachelor who has the idea that he is still a young man. Overwhelmed by nostalgia for his prep school, he went back to attend the graduation exercises. He found his dormitory and looked up his room, feeling more and more like the boy he used to be. One of the incumbents, who was kneeling on a suitcase, asked if there was anything he could do for him. "Used to be my old room," the visitor said. "I was class of '40."

"Oh, really, sir?" the boy said, jumping to his feet. "That's the year I was born."

FURTHER FABLES FOR OUR TIME



THE GRIZZLY AND THE GADGETS

A GRIZZLY bear who had been on a bender for several weeks following a Christmas party in his home at which his brother-in-law had set the Christmas tree on fire, his children had driven the family car through the front door and out the back, and all the attractive female bears had gone into hibernation before sunset returned home prepared to forgive, and live and let live. He found, to his mild annoyance, that the doorbell had been replaced by an ornamental knocker. When he lifted the knocker, he was startled to hear it play two bars of "Silent Night."

When nobody answered his knock, he turned the doorknob, which said "Happy New Year" in a metallic voice, and a two-tone gong rang "Hello" somewhere deep within the house.

He called to his mate, who was always the first to lay the old aside, as well as the first by whom the new was tried, and got no answer. This was because the walls of his house had been soundproofed by a soundproofer who had soundproofed them so well nobody could hear anybody say anything six feet away. Inside the living room the grizzly bear turned on the light switch, and the lights went on all right, but the turning of the switch had also released an odor of pine cones, which this particular bear had always found offensive. The head of the house, becoming almost as angry as he had been on Christmas Day, sank into an easy chair and began bouncing up and down and up and down, for it was a brand-new contraption called "Sitpretty" which made you bounce up and down and up and down when you sat on it. Now thoroughly exasperated, the bear jumped up from the chair and began searching for a cigarette. He found a cigarette box, a newfangled cigarette box he had never seen before, which was made of metal and plastic in the shape of a castle, complete with portal and drawbridge and tower. The trouble was that the bear couldn't get the thing open. Then he made out, in tiny raised letters on the portal, a legend in rhyme: "You can have a cigarette on me If you can find the castle key." The bear could not find the castle key and he threw the trick cigarette box through a windowpane out into the front yard, letting in a blast of cold air, and he howled when it hit the back of his neck. He was a little mollified when he found that he had a cigar in his pocket, but no matches, and so he began looking around the living room for a matchbox. At last he saw one on a shelf. There were matches in it, all right, but no scratching surface on which to scratch them. On the bottom of the box, however, there was a neat legend explaining this lack. The message on the box read: "Safety safety matches are doubly safe because there is no dangerous dangerous sandpaper surface to scratch them on. Strike them on a windowpane or on the seat of your pants."

Enraged, infuriated, beside himself, seeing red and thinking black, the grizzly bear began taking the living room apart. He pounded the matchbox into splinters, knocked over lamps, pulled pictures off the wall, threw rugs out of the broken window, swept vases and a clock off the mantelpiece, and overturned chairs and tables, growling and howling and roaring, shouting and bawling and cursing, until his mate was aroused from a deep dream of marrying a panda, neighbors appeared from blocks around, and the attractive female bears who had gone into hibernation began coming out of it to see what was going on.

The bear, deaf to the pleas of his mate, heedless of his neighbors' advice, and unafraid of the police, kicked over whatever was still standing in the house, and went roaring away for good, taking the most attractive of the attractive female bears, one named Honey, with him.

Moral: Nowadays most men lead lives of noisy desperation.

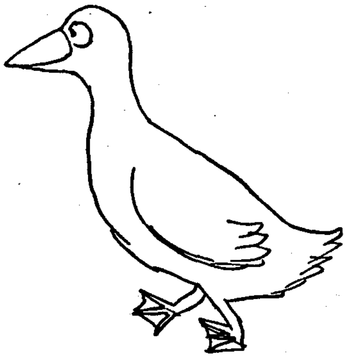
THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GILDED EGG

THE goose didn't really lay a gilded egg. She laid an ordinary goose egg, like any other goose egg, and some joker gilded it when she left the nest for a snack or a snail. When she came back and saw the gleaming surprise, she cried, "Lo, I have laid the golden egg of lore and legend!"

"Lo, my foot," said a Plymouth Rock hen. "That is an ordinary goose egg painted yellow, if you ask me."

"She isn't asking you," said a rooster. "She is asking me, and I say that is a solid-gold egg."

The goose did not seem overjoyed.



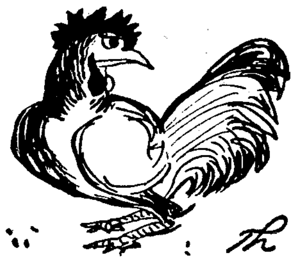
"I had my heart set on raising a gosling," she said.

"You'll have a golden gosling," said the rooster.

"Golden gosling, my feathers," said the hen. "She'll have a yellow gosling, like any other yellow gosling, only punier."

"I don't care what it looks like," said the goose. "I just don't want it to be gold. People would talk. They would snatch my quills for souvenirs. I would be photographed all the time."

"I will offer you a fabulous sum for that glittering miracle," said the rooster, and he named a sum fabulous only as things are figured fiscally among the feathered. The goose gladly accepted the offer.



"I wouldn't sit on that egg," said the hen. "I wouldn't sit on it if a platinum gander encrusted with diamonds came out of it."

"I'll sit on it myself," said the rooster.

And so the hopeful rooster rolled the gilded goose egg to a nest and began sitting on it. At the end of three weeks, all the hens left his bed and board.

"You'll be sorry," said the rooster, "when this priceless treasure is hatched. I know it will be a golden goose. I have already named her—Goldie. When she becomes a full-grown goose, I will sell her to the highest bidder for a superfabulous sum."

"Oh, sure," said the Plymouth Rock hen, "and my family came over on the Mayflower," and she went away.

The old positivist sat and sat and sat on the gilded egg and all his friends drifted away and no hen would look at him and his feathers began to fall out. One day, being a male and not a female, he clumsily stepped on the egg and broke it, and that was the end of the egg and the end of his dreams.

Moral: It is wiser to be hendubious than cocksure.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE OYSTER

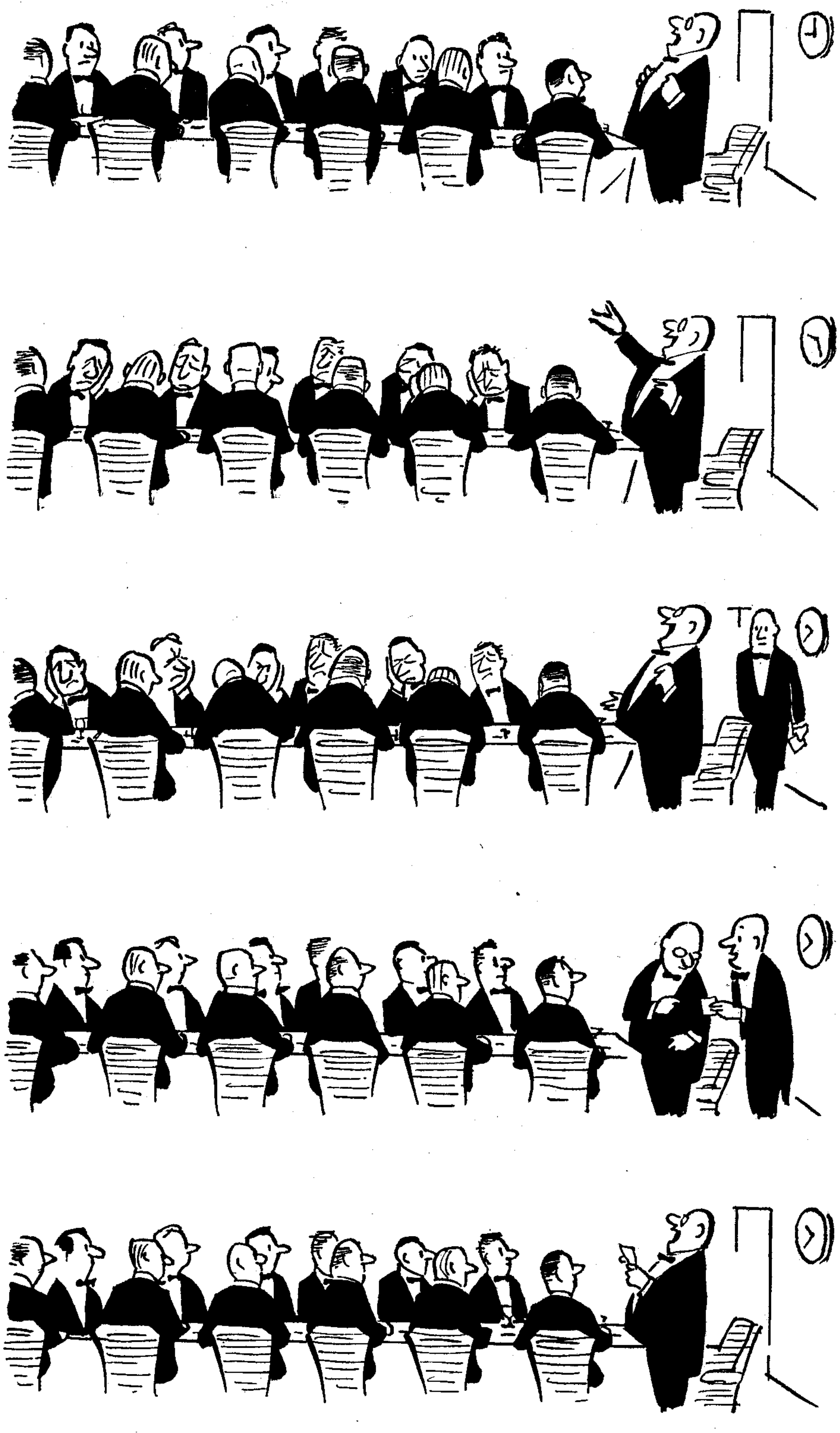
BY the sea on a lovely morning strolled a philosopher—one who seeks a magnificent explanation for his insignificance—and there he came upon an oyster lying in its shell upon the sand.

"It has no mind to be burdened by doubt," mused the philosopher, "no fingers to work to the bone. It can never say, 'My feet are killing me.' It hears no evil, sees no television, speaks no folly. It has no buttons to come off, no zipper to get caught, no hair or teeth to fall out." The philosopher sighed a deep sigh of envy. "It produces a highly lustrous concretion, of great price or priceless," he said, "when a morbid condition obtains in its anatomy, if you could call such an antic, anomalous amorphousness anatomy." The philosopher sighed again and said, "Would that I could wake from delirium with a circlet of diamonds upon my fevered brow. Would, moreover, that my house were my sanctuary, as sound and secure as a safe-deposit vault."

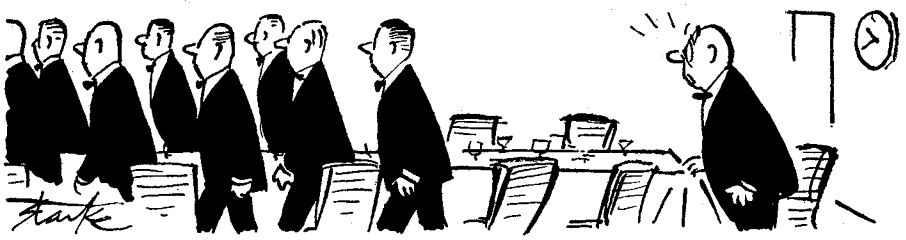
Just then a screaming sea gull swooped out of the sky, picked up the oyster in its claws, carried it high in the air, and let it drop upon a great wet rock, shattering the shell and splattering its occupant. There was no lustrous concretion, of any price whatever, among the debris, for the late oyster had been a very healthy oyster, and, anyway, no oyster ever profited from its pearl.

Morals: Count your own blessings, and let your neighbor count his.

Where there is no television, the people also perish. —JAMES THURBER



"I've been requested to ask whether the owner of the Buick sedan, license number ZM 2678, is here, and if so will he kindly step into the lobby."



THIS PASSING NIGHT

ON summer evenings, the row of brownstones turned strange in a sulphurous light, and into the dusty street a breeze brought scents of orchards, picnic groves, pools where cows and horses drank their reflections. After supper, Charlotte Loomis would sit on the front stoop with her skirt tucked in around her knees, playing jacks. While the ball kissed the step lightly—onesy, twosy, threesy—she would think her own thoughts, hardly aware of the rough stone scraping her hand. Occasionally, her sister Stephanie would sail past on roller skates. When their mother was out, Charlotte, who was fourteen, was supposed to take care of Stephanie, who was only eight. Now and then, she would glance into the darkening street. Dusk was mournful. From some largess of feeling, she pitied each passerby—even the grocer's boy on his bike, his apron reflecting the violet sky.

Summer in the city was an empty season, and the long days between the end of school and the middle of July, when the Loomis girls went to visit their father at the seashore, were always the loneliest. But this year Charlotte did not want the time to pass, and, as if to make it lonelier than ever, she avoided her school friends and refused to go to the park or to the movies. Instead, she filled her days with an insatiable curiosity about the doctor who lived on the parlor floor of the brownstone.

From her customary perch, Charlotte could, if she wished, reach out and touch the iron grille of his window. Her position always gave her a feeling of power over him, which perhaps had something to do with love. Dr. Jacobs was a refugee, distantly related to old Mrs. Wolff, who lived on the second floor and owned the house. Years ago, he had come from Germany. His wife had died there. He had no children. His first name was Kurt. This much Charlotte knew. But there was much she did not know. She was a spy, a watcher in the night. As it grew dark, windows came alight across the way, showing between shade and sill a man and a woman, a bottle of wine on a table, children eating beneath the face of a clock. But a yellow blind always covered the window of the Doctor's front room, where his patients (whom her mother found common and seedy) must sit.

Charlotte had watched the Doctor come and go on his errands of mercy, his black bag pulling one shoulder down, his gray eyes shadowed by the brim of his gray hat. He often smiled. Once, he and she had grinned at each other for no reason. But he was too busy to talk, and she could never find a pretext for visiting him.

ONE afternoon, Charlotte did get to see Mrs. Wolff's apartment, about which she had only a mild curiosity. The old lady invited her and her sister for tea, and although Stephanie screamed and carried on, because she had convinced herself that Mrs. Wolff was a witch, their mother made them put on their pink flounced organdies and go. After all, witch or not, Mrs. Wolff was their landlady, so Charlotte and Stephanie sat in her living room side by side on a horsehair chaise that pricked the undersides of their knees while Mrs. Wolff's fat sister, whose name was Annabelle, poured tea from a silver pot. Behind lace curtains, a feathery ailanthus tree that grew in the court outside raised and lowered its fans.

"The big one is the image of her mother." The old lady's voice issued like the voice of a queen from the shadows of the wing-backed chair, where she sat propped among shawls and cushions. "With all that beautiful auburn hair— Your mother's not often at home, is she?"

Garrett Price

"She works in an office," Charlotte explained.

Mrs. Wolff's lips moved soundlessly. Perhaps she murmured an incantation. The room smelled of must, of very old wood, and there were photographs everywhere—on the player piano and on the lace doilies of all the little tables—of boys in curls, looking like girls, and girls with close-cropped heads, like boys. And from the twilit corners faces of young men in stiff-necked uniforms and women with ruffled busts stared as if from another, dimmer room. Charlotte stared directly back at them. Stephanie's fingers crept under the flounce of her dress and sought comfort against her thigh.

"I had four sons." Mrs. Wolff read Charlotte's mind. "Charles and Edward died in the First World War, which you cannot remember. Then there is Archie, and Milton, the youngest."

"The baby." Annabelle passed around a plate of gingersnaps. Her face shone with pleasure, because of the party. "And there are twelve grandchildren and two great-grandchildren."

"And your father—Mr. Loomis?" the old lady asked. "What's he do?"

"We're divorced," said Stephanie.

"He lives in the country," Charlotte said. The gingersnap was so hard she had to suck it. "We only see him summers, but he writes us letters sometimes."

"Letters!" Mrs. Wolff set her fragile shoulders. "Letters!" she scoffed. "Who knows how to write nowadays? Annabelle. Bring me my letters."

Annabelle brought her a bundle of letters tied with blue ribbon, and she fingered them falteringly.

"Witch's hands," whispered Stephanie.

"Hush!" But Charlotte watched them, too, those terrible hands that shook like wings of frightened birds and were netted with pale-green veins.

"Now, here's a real letter for you," said Mrs. Wolff.

She held it out, and Charlotte took it from her quickly, but still that tremble came through it like an electric current. The words curlicued almost illegibly across the brown-edged paper. There was the date, 1913, and the signature, "Your devoted son, Milton," with a flourish.

"*Why, that must be the young man she met at the* Herald Tribune *Youth Forum.*"

"Read it aloud!" the old lady commanded.

Annabelle, leaning over Charlotte's shoulder, smelled of lemons. She knew the letter by heart. "Dear Mother: Yesterday as we steamed into the harbor of Malta, we were saluted in a royal fashion. The weather was brilliant, the sun a benediction, and I thought of you and Papa and the poems he read aloud to us when we were boys—of wine-dark seas . . ."

Mrs. Wolff's head nodded in her ruff of shawls. Her hands trembled helplessly.

"Is it a sign?" whispered Stephanie. "Is she going to die?"

Feeling queasy, Charlotte turned toward the window. In lace and leaves, faces met and kissed, animals—as in those puzzles with hidden figures—swung from branch to branch, and birds called to each other, "Here I am. Here. Now." Suddenly, she thought of their parakeet upstairs in his cage. Perhaps Mrs. Wolff would like to see him. She could just run up into the light for a moment and get him. "We have a parakeet that our mother gave us to keep us company," Charlotte said, all in a rush, when Annabelle stopped reading. "He's blue and his name is Boy, and he says 'You're cute' if you sit him on your finger."

"A dear little bird. In a cage! How cruel! When I was a girl like you," the old lady said, "I always let them out. 'Open the door and fly away, fly away.'"

A girl like you! Charlotte stood up, pulling Stephanie with her. Surely it was time to leave. They placed their cups and saucers, with the nibbled cookies, back on the silver tray. Thank you, they bobbed, backing, stumbling toward the giant dark wood door. When they reached the landing, they turned and fled.

THAT night, the heat came down on the city, an ominous stifling hand. After Stephanie had fallen asleep, her legs spread across the bed as if she might be skating in her dream, Charlotte got up and lifted the chintz cover from the parakeet's cage. He drooped on his perch like a dark comma. No air moved at the window. Perspiration prickled her upper lip and the back of her neck under her heavy hair. She dropped her nightgown to the floor—a drift of lavender—and sat on the window ledge watching over her pet. Night noises came gently into the room; auto horns and radio music, a laugh and a rough voice from across the court.

"What are you doing?" Stephanie was awake now, too.

"It's too hot to sleep." Charlotte sighed. "Everything is such a waste. I hate and despise it. It makes me sick. I think Boy is sick."

"He's going to die! She did it!" cried Stephanie. "I told you she was a witch."

"Shut up!" Charlotte stepped through the half-dark toward Stephanie's bed. "I told you she's just a dumb old woman. She can't do anything." She raised her hand threateningly.

Stephanie pulled the sheet around her, crouching, looking as she had when she was smaller and Charlotte had had to twist her arm for something. But Charlotte turned away. "Poor Boy," she said. "They shouldn't put wild things in cages. Stephanie, let's let him out."

"No. Please! It's nighttime, and who would feed him?"

A stirring, a warning rustle of garments sounded in the hall. They slid beneath their sheets and lay like statues. But no one came to see if they were sleeping.

BOY was sick. Stephanie would not leave him. She kept guard all the next day, squatting on the floor beneath his cage. Ruby, the once-a-week maid, went in and out of the girls' room with armfuls of clothes. They were to leave for the seashore in the morning. She was packing their trunk. The janitor had brought it up from the basement, and it gaped open in the hall, smelling of coal and toadstools. Charlotte was rolling socks into themselves, because there was nothing better to do.

"Go out, children," Ruby kept saying. "It's cooler outside."

But Stephanie only hid her face between her scarred knees.

"They're skating—I can hear them—on the shady side of the street," said Ruby, and Stephanie covered her ears.

"I told you it was wrong to keep him in a cage," said Charlotte.

"Perhaps he's lonely," said Ruby, who had a girl friend who knew everything. "He wants a mate. You should hold him to the mirror, and he'll talk to himself."

Charlotte put the bird on her finger. Like living twigs, his claws curled dry and warm against her skin. His breast was a pale-blue puff, and his wings were stippled as delicately as the grain of wood and were as soft to touch as her mother's mink stole. She held him in front of the mirror. But his head sank into his breast and there was a veil across his eyes.

"You're cute—you're cute, my darling." She shook her hand impatiently. Boy lifted a wing, fluttered, and toppled onto the bureau, among the hair ribbons and bobby pins.

"Now see what you've done!" Stephanie screamed.

Ruby wrung her hands. It was she who thought of calling Dr. Jacobs.

WHEN the Doctor entered the room, he was still breathing hard from the stairs. He carried his black bag in one hand. His beautiful gray fedora was in the other. He placed it, for a moment, on Stephanie's head, before he picked up the bird.

"So this is the patient?" Charlotte and Stephanie pressed close. Boy lay wearily in the palm of the Doctor's hand. A single dull eye glared at them. A heart beat, under the faded blue feathers.

"Will he live?" Charlotte asked.

The Doctor shook his head.

"Ah, the poor soul!" sighed Ruby.

"Can't we do anything to save him?" Charlotte reached out and touched the Doctor's hand. It was warm and dry. He narrowed his gray eyes at her and pursed his lips suddenly, as if he wished not to smile. She turned away and counted dots on the wallpaper at the far end of the room.

"Well, it's like this," said the Doctor, at last. "We could give him some medicine, but it won't help. This little fellow will never sing or talk, or do whatever sort of show he's supposed to put on, any more. So," he said in his slow, sorrowful accent, "I'd just let him be." He set the bird carefully on the floor of the cage and closed the useless gate. The palpitating blue heart (for that was all, it seemed, that was left of him) subsided.

"It's murder!" cried Stephanie. "We're murderers!" She arched her head forward on her neck like an angry snake. One of her yellow braids had unravelled. She ran out of the room.

Drops of sweat rolled down the Doctor's flat red forehead and into the blue glaze of whiskers on his jaw. "Keep him out of drafts," he said to Charlotte as he picked up his hat and his bag.

She followed him down the hall. She could find nothing more to say to keep him from leaving, even though he seemed to pause at each shaded room they passed. "Is your mother home yet?" he asked, and she said "No."

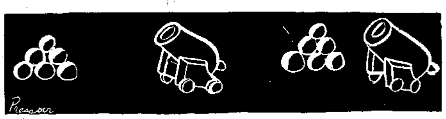
Out on the landing, he took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face. A shaft of sunlight fell through the skylight above them—saffron, the color of heat itself. Back in the apartment, Stephanie was sobbing as loud as she could.

"Good Lord!" said the Doctor. "Is she always so emotional?"

"She's only a child," said Charlotte.

He went downstairs, the black bag knocking against one knee.

CHARLOTTE hung over the banister until the blood whorled in her eyes. Far below, the front door of the building opened, and a man, like a wraith under a straw hat, climbed the first flight of stairs and rang Mrs. Wolff's bell. Charlotte waited, unseen, watching, and the man waited, whistling tunelessly between his teeth. He had a white carnation in his lapel and carried a bunch of tea roses wrapped in oiled green paper. He would be one of Mrs. Wolff's sons, who came to dinner every Friday. The door opened. He stepped inside.



Charlotte wandered about, avoiding her room, where Stephanie sobbed softly now, over the dying bird, and the kitchen, where Ruby was humming "Abide with Me" as she ironed. The Doctor had been here, but nothing was changed. Two flies circled each other over the dining table. Chairs were lumpy under white sheets. A Dresden shepherd and his maid had been muffled in tissue. Even the mirrors were shrouded. The place was dead, waiting at its own funeral. Tomorrow, life at the beach would begin, with their father trying to act jolly, hanging around the club with them. I can't bear it, thought Charlotte. I shall wither away utterly.

The afternoon drained out of the rooms. The sun stained the drawn shades with a thin, orange blood. Then, as if in answer to a longing Charlotte had not admitted until that very moment, she heard her mother's voice.

"Charlotte?" Mrs. Loomis ran down the hall, carrying her hat, its veil flying, her heels sharp on the floor. "Isn't it fierce? And I have to rush and change. Not even time for a bath!" Her voice

THE TIDE AT LONG POINT

The sea comes up, and the sun goes over.
The sea goes out, and the sun falls.
The stubby shadow of the lighthouse pales,
  stretches to a finger, and inches east.
The wind lifts from off the sea,
  and curries and curries the manes of the dunes.
The pipers and the terns skate over,
  tweaking the air with their talk.
In the sky, clean as a cat-licked dish,
  clouds like sandbars are bared by ebbing blue.

The hourglass is reversed.

The sea comes up, and the moon peers over.
The sea goes out, and the moon swells.
The shadow of the lighthouse, thick as a boot,
  is swiped by a whiskered beam.
The wind licks at the jetty stones.
The pipers and terns hunch on the spit,
  hiding their necks and stilted feet.
The sky has caught a netful of stars.
The moon is a dory trolling them in.

The hourglass is reversed.

The sea comes up, and the moon tips under.
The sea goes out, and the sun looms.
The sun is a schooner making for harbor.
Shallops of cloud are adrift in the west.
The wind gallops the waves to a lather
  and lashes the grass that shines on the dunes.
The lighthouse looks at its twin in the water.
The terns and pipers preen on its brow.

—MAY SWENSON

• •

faded into her room, and there was a sound of water running and coat hangers clacking.

Charlotte followed, and sat cross-legged on the bed, watching her mother—the strong, white, round arms reaching, bending in a mist of powder. She breathed the delicious scents, the excitement of haste. "How I envy you!" cried Mrs. Loomis, spreading pink cream on her cheeks. "You look so cool. I'm dripping."

Charlotte extended one bare foot. The sole was black. They both giggled. "Why do you go, then?" she asked.

"It's the one show I've been dying to see." Her mother pulled blossoming red silk down over her head, and her voice was muffled, far away. "You don't mind, do you, darling? Ruby'll give you supper. Where's Stephanie?"

Charlotte drooped. The image of the sick bird filled her mind. "Moping in our room. You see—"

"Have you been teasing her again?" The eyes watching Charlotte from the mirror darkened. The lipstick was poised in mid-air. "Oh, Charlotte, I've begged you!"

Mrs. Loomis stood up, transformed. "Make it up with her, darling, please—for me," she said. "I'm late already. Damn! Where are my gloves?" She rescued the gloves from under a chair, and gave Charlotte a hug.

"Mother?"

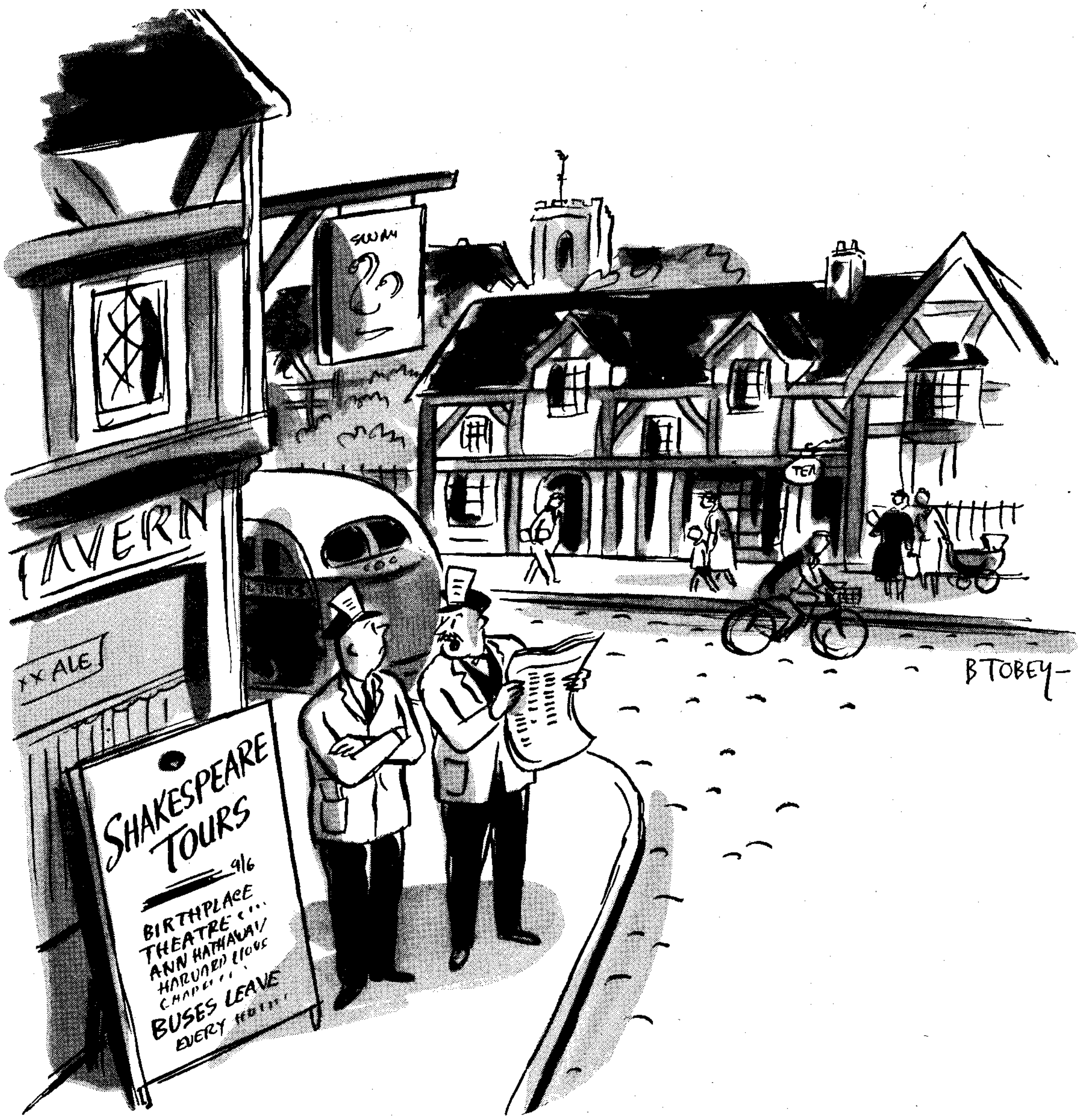
"Yes?" She was already at the door.

"What time will you be home?"

"Twelve o'clock."

She vanished. A shade slapped against a window sill. In the room, Charlotte leaned toward herself in the mirror—too close, so her breath frosted the surface and what she saw was blurred; it might have been any face with brown eyes and vague mouth. Yet even so she caught there an expression that delighted her, that she had never seen before except on occasion in her mother's face—something in the languor of the eyelids beneath brows that almost ran together, an awareness of herself, the look of a coquette. It was true she had her mother's hair—auburn, thick. Her eyes signalled to the eyes in the mirror: See me! Perhaps, after all, the Doctor would miss her when she had gone. Then she would not be entirely wasted.

She went into her mother's bathroom, which was forbidden, and drew herself a tub. The water circled her round knees when she lay down, and made waves over her belly, which shone like mother-of-pearl. She was getting fatter all over. "Developing," her mother said. "Filling up," said Ruby.



"Good Lord! Suppose it turns out that that other blighter really did write them?"

THE hot black sky came down like soot and settled just above the roofs and spread among the leaves in the court. Charlotte lay on her mother's bed, gnawing a stale loaf of bread. Stephanie and Ruby had eaten supper in the kitchen, with comic books propped against their Coke bottles. They made her sick. Stephanie had shed everything but her drawers. "After all," she had kept repeating, trying to persuade Ruby to take her dress off, "we're all made alike." Ruby, adamant, had gone no further than her shoes. Her feet were not made like any other feet in the world. They were long-toed and painfully knobbed.

Charlotte had refused to eat with them, but after Ruby went off humming into the night, she had found the loaf in the breadbox. Now she tore at the crust with mouselike fingers. She was thirsty. She was wrapped in a fever that flowed through her veins, that blossomed heavily in her hands. She imagined herself delirious, calling the Doctor's name.

"Charlotte!" Stephanie stood in the doorway. A brassy spray of hair escaped her braids and, against the hall light, made a halo for her small, blanked-out face. "He died."

She came and sat down on the bed, holding the bird wrapped in a handkerchief.

"Don't let me see it," said Charlotte. Neither of them cried. Far away in an Indian jungle, bright plumes flashed among emerald vines. "We should bury it."

"How?"

"We could ask *him*," said Charlotte.

"Ask who?"

"The Doctor. It was his fault. He let it die."

Stephanie shook her head. She began to rock back and forth, cradling her bundle in her arms.

"He'll know what to do," Charlotte said.

"I'm scared," said Stephanie.

"Don't be a silly." Charlotte stood up. "Come on. And straighten your nightie. It's all hiked around in back."

Stephanie held the shrouded thing well out in front of her as she followed Charlotte's long strides along the hall and down the stairs. The sconces flashed the girls' shadows hugely on the walls.

"Run past her door," Stephanie whispered.

"I'm not afraid," said Charlotte.

Someone was leaning against the newel post on Mrs. Wolff's landing. They could not pass him. It was the man with the straw hat. Finally, he lifted it. "Good evening." His voice blurred like running water. "I'm Milton Wolff."

Milton—the baby, only he was an old man, and Charlotte could see at once that he was tipsy. He might be handsome if he weren't so old. Strips of black hair were laid carefully across his scalp to hide a bald spot. He pointed a wobbly finger at the handkerchief. "What's this?"

"A funeral," said Stephanie.

"Aha—my favorite functions. Funerals. Funerals and commencements. May I join you?" He bowed deeply. The girls went on, and he followed them down the treacherous steps to the Doctor's office.

"Let's go back," whispered Stephanie. "Please!"

But Charlotte held her by the arm and pushed the white-enamelled bell button.

The Doctor was off guard when he opened the door, as if he had just awakened. One side of his lean face was red, and he rubbed at it, and his shirt was unbuttoned, showing the curly gray hair on his chest.

"What is it?" he asked the girls peevishly. Then he saw Milton Wolff. "Is something wrong?"

Face to face with the Doctor, Charlotte lost her tongue. "Yes, please," she faltered.

He managed to smile at her, and turned to lead them through the dark parlor, where, during the day, his patients waited, through the white-tiled examining room, past sinister contraptions and tools gleaming under glass in an old long-legged cabinet. In his office, the desk was illuminated by a single green-shaded lamp. A bronze nymph flaunting a calendar, an ebony penholder, an open journal shone under it. And all about, on the shelves, in velvet shades of russet and green, were the Doctor's books, with their stupendous titles. Tilted here and there against the walls hung diplomas and certificates sealed with gold.

Stephanie put the bundle on the desk and opened it into a nest.

"He died," she said. The parakeet floated in the pool of light, its feathers brushed the wrong way, their sheen gone. Already the blue breast was darkened by an earthy damp. The Doctor spread his hands helplessly. "I couldn't have saved him."

Milton Wolff made a sound in his throat that might have been a laugh. The sisters lifted their eyes to him accusingly. The Doctor did not laugh.

"We let him die," said Charlotte. "What are we going to do with him now?"

The Doctor rubbed the stubble on his chin. He took a cigar box filled with rubber bands from a drawer of his desk, emptied it, and, wrapping the bird in its shroud again, put it inside. "How's that?" He beamed, wide-awake now, pleased with himself. "Then we'll let the janitor take him away."

Charlotte and Stephanie looked at each other. There were rats in the cellar. The monstrous garbage trucks would come down the street and swallow the bird up with the trash.

"He can't feel anything any more," said the Doctor gently.

"How do you know?" asked Stephanie.

"Wait!" cried Milton Wolff. "We need something more—a ceremony, prayers, libations."

"Of course," said the Doctor. He plucked the carnation from Milton Wolff's lapel and placed it on the coffin. Milton Wolff turned to the wall of books. He pulled out a limp leather volume and leafed through it. "Ode to a Nightingale," he announced, and began to read aloud.

His voice was music, a tactile, intimate music that brought tears to the surface. Charlotte steeled herself. She concentrated on the Doctor. His expression, shifting back and forth between melancholy and amusement, gave him the look of someone reading a love letter when he thinks no one can see him. Milton Wolff pulled down the knot of his tie. He undid his collar, and his Adam's apple and the cords of his neck stood out. A white moth hurled itself against the lamp. Stephanie's eyelids fluttered sleepily.

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown."

Milton Wolff's voice stopped, but he continued to read to himself, as if he had forgotten the presence of the rest of them.

"Amen," said the Doctor. Neither Charlotte nor Stephanie moved. The Doctor cleared his throat. "Hadn't you better run along upstairs now?" The long, dark passage waited outside. "Isn't your mother home?"

Charlotte shook her head.

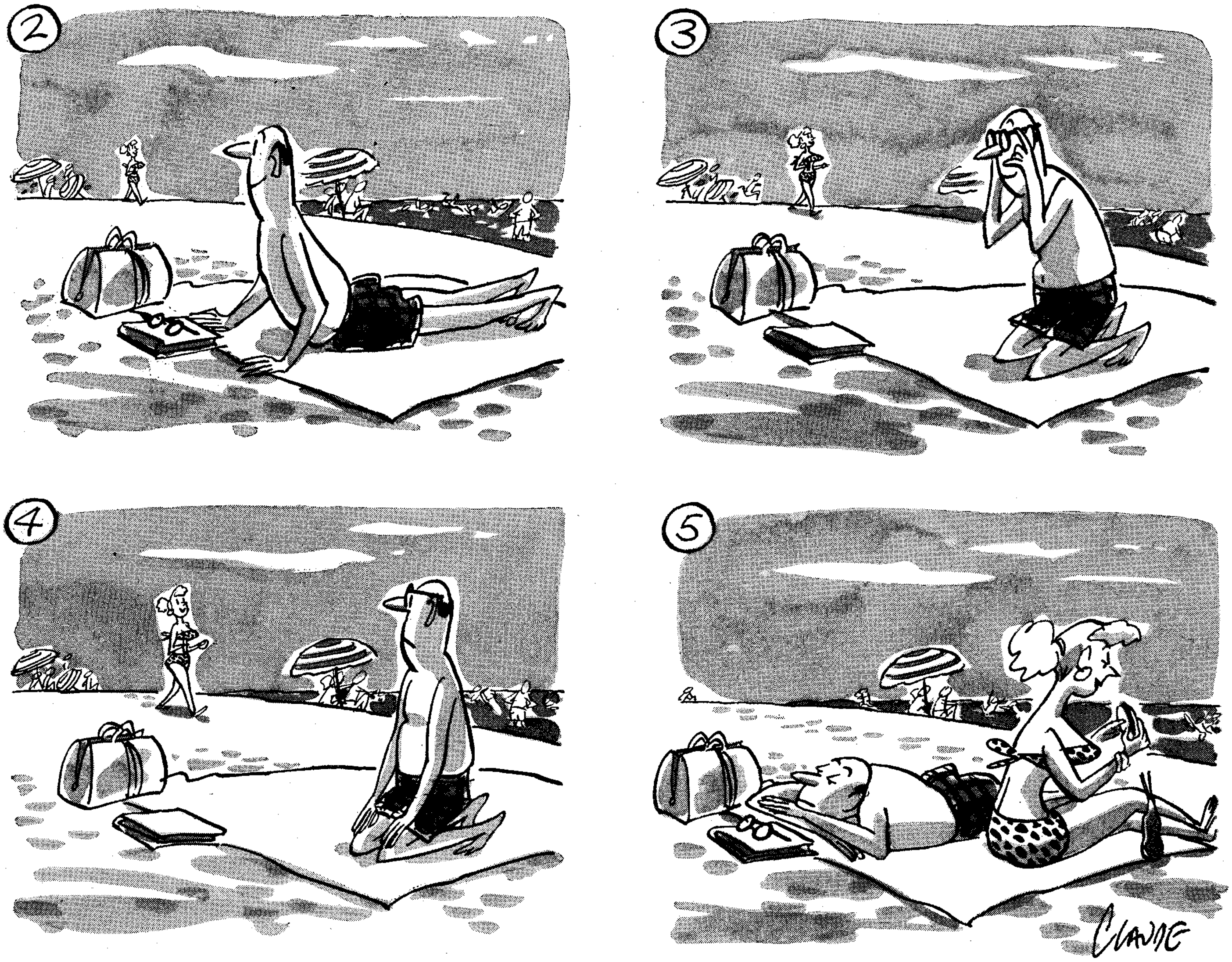
"I don't suppose," said the Doctor hesitantly, "that another parakeet might help matters any?"

Stephanie's nose was red. Charlotte's eyes were brimming, scornful.

"I understand. But look—" He leaned toward them. "See here—everything has to die, to grow old and die. It happens to everyone. It happens again and again. It is just one of those things—impossible to explain."

They stared at him.

Suddenly, he stooped and kissed Charlotte's cheek. Released from a



spell, she turned to go. Milton Wolff's lips moved foolishly as he read to himself. He did not look up when, hand in hand, Charlotte and Stephanie left the office. But as they scampered up the stairs, they could hear the two men talking, and the sound of those voices, low and mysterious, heard through half-open doors, was almost reassuring.

At exactly twelve, Mrs. Loomis let herself in the front door of the house. Her cab ground away up the street, taking with it the voices of her friends. Still, like perfume, the aura of the evening clung to her; the dazzle of footlights still in her eyes exaggerated every gesture. Going upstairs, she tilted her head, let her white-gloved hand linger caressingly on the banister. She was tired out, and already tomorrow loomed, breathless, at the top of the stairs. She sighed, and it was not yet quite her own sigh. Never, she thought, passing Mrs. Wolff's door, gathering strength for the last flight, never did she climb this stairway without imagining how once it had led from floor to floor of a private house, where women gathered their petticoats before them, mounting from parlor to dining room; where children must have peered through the railings at forbidden scenes, played sardines in the cupboards; where, surely, men and women had called to each other from landing to landing, and all the doors had stood open to the air.

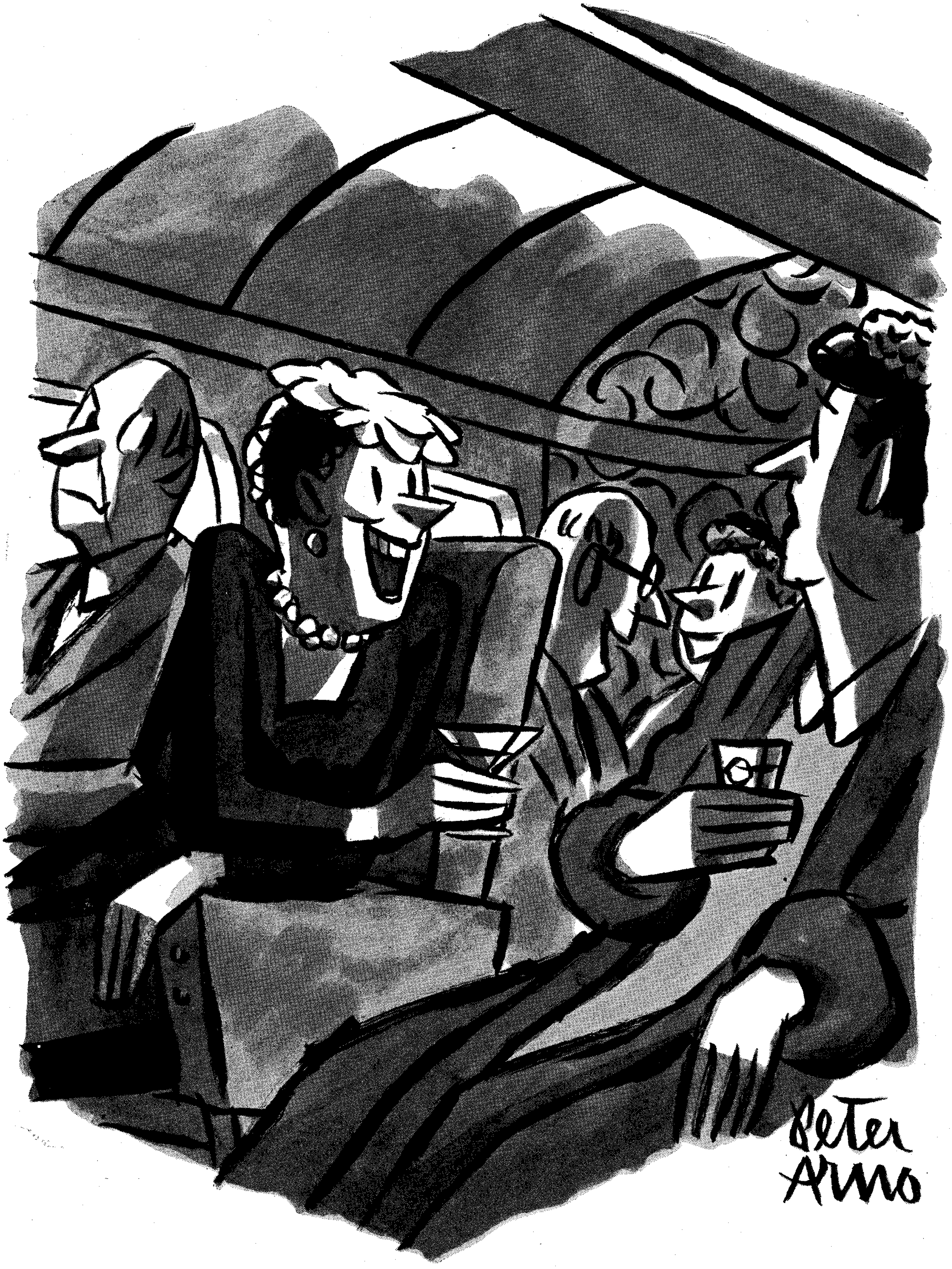
Such haunting images made forebodings of tomorrow, with its changes, easier to bear. She gripped her key firmly and opened her own door. Pulling off her gloves, taking the beads from her neck, she went down the hall, past the packed trunk.

"Darlings?" she whispered at the children's door. And then, just to be sure, she pushed it open and went into their room.

The girls lay close, both asleep in Charlotte's bed. Stephanie was curled up, knees to chin; Charlotte lay straight on her back, her hair like black flowers on the pillow, one hand pressed to her cheek. Whatever might have happened, they were safe now. Their mother stooped, as she had so many times before, to listen to the soft counterpoint of their breathing, and from far off she heard a sound of hoofs. Down some hot, drowsing street a horse stepped, not too swiftly. Perhaps the children were dreaming it, for surely there were hardly any horses in the city now. Out of the past, like a slow dance of castanets, came memories of early mornings after parties, the milk wagon in deserted streets, waking in someone's arms to a white dawn; and from farther back, the thud of hoofs on a meadow in grass knee-deep.

"Long before you were born," she murmured pityingly, for it came to her weary mind (she was drunk with fatigue and heat) that the pathos of children was that for them there was no past, no power of nostalgia, which even more than love can dull the pangs of change or the finality of death itself. Mrs. Loomis moved Charlotte's reluctant hand from her hot cheek. The girl moaned. The sound of hoofs had vanished. Only the heat of summer poured and poured through the night, as if, like the future, like time itself, it would never cease flowing through the open window, through the empty cage.

—Nancy Cardozo



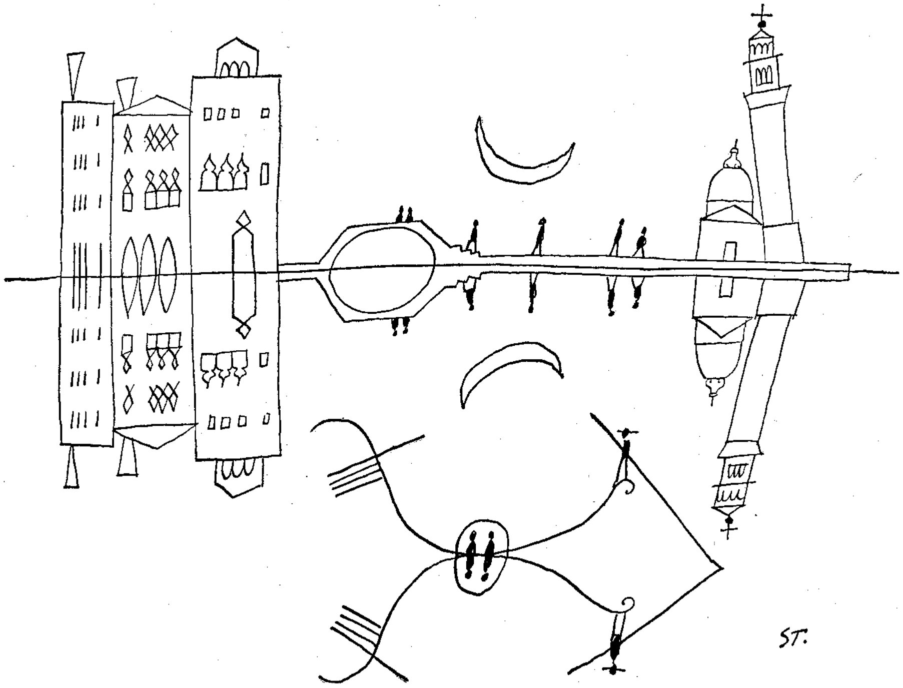
"Don't you just love flying?"

PROFILES

THE REVEL OF THE EARTH—I

Venice at 8 to 9; went to Danielli's [*sic*]. Saw St. Mark's, the Piazza, the Grand Canal, and some churches: fine day—very picturesque—general effect fine—individual things not.—*Herbert Spencer in his diary, 1880.*

Il disoit l'avoir trouvée autre qu'il ne l'avoit imaginée, & un peu moins admirable. . . . La police, la situation, l'arsenal, la place de S. Marc, & la presse des peuples etrangiers lui samblarent les choses plus remerquables.—*Michel de Montaigne in his "Journal du Voyage de Michel de Montaigne en Italie," 1580-81.*



THE rationalist mind has always had its doubts about Venice. The watery city receives a dry inspection, as though it were a myth for the credulous—poets and honeymooners. Montaigne, as his diary records, "*n'y trouva pas cete fameuse beauté qu'on atribue aus Dames de Venise, & si vid les plus nobles de celles qui en font traficque.*" "That famous beauty"—the Frenchman skeptically sought it among the vaunted courtesans, who numbered 11,654 at the time of his visit. He had supper with the pearl of them all, No. 204 in the official Catalogue, published a few years before, of the Chief and Most Honored Courtesans of Venice, and wrote, "*Le Lundy à souper, 6 de Novembre, la Signora Veronica Franca, janti fame Venitiane, envoïa vers lui pour lui presenter un petit livre de Lettres qu'elle a composé.*" It was evidently a literary evening. This Aspasia, at thirty-four, was retired from her profession and kept a salon frequented by poets and painters; she composed sonnets and *terza-rima* verse, and had it in mind to write an epic poem. Henri III had visited her and brought back a report of her to France, together with two of her sonnets. But Montaigne was more impressed by the Venetian police and by the high cost of living. "*Les vivres y sont chers come à Paris.*"

"That famous beauty"—three hundred years later, Spencer, a bachelor, cocked a dubious eye at it in the touted *palazzi.* Everywhere he detected a "striving" for the picturesque. The British philosopher was particularly unimpressed by the most famous examples: the little, leaning Palazzo Dario, in the Lombard style, with insets of porphyry and verd antique; the Corner-Spinelli, by Mauro Coducci, with its remarkable balconies; and the Ca' Rezzonico, the gray-columned baroque prodigy begun by Longhena, in which the poet Browning was shortly to die. The Doge's Palace exasperated Spencer: "The dumpy arches of the lower tier and the dumpy windows in the wall above; the meaningless diaper pattern covering this wall, which suggests something woven rather than built; and the long rows of projections and spikes surmounting the coping, which remind one of nothing so much as the vertebral spines of a fish." So much for the Doge's Palace. "And what about St. Mark's? Well, I admit that it is a fine sample of barbaric architecture."

Among Venice's spells is one of peculiar potency: it can awaken the Philistine dozing in the skeptic's breast. Dry, prose people of superior intelligence object to feeling what they are supposed to feel in the presence of marvels. They wish to feel something else. The extreme of this attitude is to feel nothing. Such a case was Stendhal's; Venice left him cold. He was there only a short time, and departed with barely a comment to pursue an intrigue in Padua. Another lover of Italy, D. H. Lawrence (on one side of his nature, like Ruskin before him, a debunker, a plain-home-truth teller), put down his first reaction in a poem: "Abhorrent, green, slippery city, Whose Doges were old, and had ancient eyes . . ." And Gibbon was "afforded some hours of astonishment and some days of disgust by the spectacle of Venice."

This grossly advertised wonder, this gold idol with clay feet, this trompe-l'oeil, this painted deception, this cliché—what intelligent iconoclast could fail to experience a destructive impulse in her presence? Ruskin, her overdue Jeremiah, who came in the end to detest nearly everything in Venice, spent half his days trying to expose her frauds, climbing ladders in dusty churches to prove (what he had long suspected) that the Venetian Renaissance was a false front, a cynical trick—that the Doge Vendramin, for example, sleeping in marble effigy atop his tomb, was only a carven profile turned to the public, the other side, the side turned away from the public, being a vacancy, a featureless slab. Napoleon, Stendhal's hero, went the whole way in brutal forthrightness when he announced to the Venetian envoys sent to treat with him diplomatically his intention of shattering the image: "I have eighty thousand men and twenty gunboats; *io non voglio più Inquisitori, non voglio più Senato; sarò un Attila per lo stato Veneto.*" ("I want no more Inquisitors, I want no more Senate; I will be an Attila for the Venetian state.")

"*Io non voglio*"—a rude form of the verb "to wish." The phrase rings out, brazen, prophesying Napoleon's pillage: the sack of St. Mark's treasury, the rape of pictures for the Louvre, the agate-eyed winged lion wrenched from his column on the quay to be carted off to the Invalides, the bronze horses of Nero hauled down from St. Mark's balcony to wait in front of the Tuileries until they could grace an arch of triumph on

ACE
DRIVING
SCHOOL

"Now press the button marked 'D' with the forefinger of your left hand."

the Place du Carrousel. The lion, damaged, came back. The horses came back. Their rape and return form simply another anecdote in the repertory of the guides of Venice, who drone it out in French, English, and German, each to his flock of tourists herded under the three standards in the Piazza, where, on the eve of Napoleon's appearance, the Tree of Liberty stood and a woman friend of Byron's—the Countess Querini-Benzoni, *la biondina in gondoletta*—danced around it, dressed only in an Athenian tunic.

Napoleon's prophecy came true, though not altogether in the sense he meant. He did become another Attila for Venice; that is, a figure in its touristic legend, another discountenanced invader, like the Genoese encircled at Chioggia, like Pepin, whose army was engulfed in the lagoons and perished, according to tradition, as the Egyptians did in the Red Sea. Attila opened the story; refugees fleeing from him on the mainland sought safety on the fishing islets and began to build their improbable city, houses of wattles and twigs set on piles driven into the mud—"like sea birds' nests," wrote Cassiodorus, secretary of Theodoric, "half on sea and half on land and spread like the Cyclades over the surface of the waters." Napoleon finished the story, as he closed in the Piazza San Marco with the Fabbrica Nuova at the west end, giving each—square and narrative—its final, necessary form.

Without Napoleon, Venice would not be complete. Without Napoleon, the last doge, Lodovico Manin (looking very much like a despondent housemaid in his portrait in the Museo Correr), could not have handed the ducal bonnet tearfully to a servant, saying, "I won't be needing this any more." A pithy statement, in the matter-of-fact tradition of the noble Romans, from whom the Venetians claimed descent. And it was thanks to Napoleon that on the plebeian level a gondolier had the final word. Examining Napoleon's illustrated proclamation, which showed the armorial lion of St. Mark holding the Book, in which the old inscription, "*Pax tibi, Marce, Evangelista meus*," was replaced by the new Word of the day, "The Rights of Men and Citizens," the gondolier is supposed to have commented, "At last he's turned the page."

But from Napoleon's point of view, surely, this was just the trouble with Venice—the increment of childish history, of twice-told tales. The ducal bonnet, the Inquisitors, the Bocca del Leone, into which anonymous denunciations were slipped, the Doge's golden umbrella, the Bucintoro, the Marriage of the Adriatic, the Ring, the Bridge of Sighs, Casanova, the Leads, Shylock, the Rialto, Titian, Tintoretto, *les dames de Venise*, the Capture of the Body of St. Mark, Lepanto, the pigeons, the pirates and the brides, the Taking of Constantinople, with the blind, fearless old Doge Dandolo leading the attack, Marco Polo, the Queen of Cyprus, and (still yet to come but already, so to speak, on the agenda) Byron on the Lido on horseback, Byron swimming the Grand Canal, "Julian and Maddolo," Byron in the Armenian convent, Wagner in the Piazza listening to "Tannhäuser" played by the Austrian band, Wagner in the Palazzo Vendramin, Browning, D'Annunzio, Duse, and, finally, last and first, the gondola, the eternal gondola, with its steel prow and its witty gondolier—to a "new man," a leveller, what insufferable tedium, what a stagnant canal stench must have emanated from all this! "*Non voglio più*." When Napoleon announced that he would be an Attila, his irritation cannot have been purely political; it must have been an impatience not so much with an obsolete, reactionary form of government—not so much even with the past (he was awed by the Sphinx and the Pyramids)—as with an eternal present, with a city that had become a series of souvenirs and "views."

Henry James, a lover of Venice, was familiar with the sensation. "The Venice of today is a vast museum where the little wicket that admits you is perpetually turning and creaking, and you march through the institution with a herd of fellow-gazers. There is nothing left to discover or describe, and originality of attitude is completely impossible." After you have been there a week, he said, you begin to feel as restless as though you were on shipboard, the Piazza figuring "as an enormous saloon and the Riva degli Schiavoni as a promenade deck."

No stones are so trite as those of Venice; that is, precisely, so well worn. It has been part museum, part amusement park, living off the admission fees of tourists, ever since the early eighteenth century, when its former sources of revenue ran dry. The carnival that lasted half a year throughout most of the eighteenth century was not just a spontaneous expression of Venetian license; it was a calculated tourist attraction. Guardi's early "views" of Venice were the postcards of that period. In the Venetian preserve, a thick, bittersweet marmalade, tourism itself became a spicy ingredient, suited to the foreign taste; legends of dead tourists are now boiled up daily by gondoliers and guides. Byron's desk, Gautier's palace, Ruskin's boarding house, the room where Browning died, Barbara Hutton's plate-glass window—these memorabilia replace the Bucintoro and the statue of Paolo Sarpi as objects of interest. The Venetian crafts—glass-blowing, bead-stringing, lacemaking—have become sideshows; you watch the product made, like pink cotton candy at a circus, and bring a sample home as a souvenir. Venetian manufactures lay no claim to beauty or elegance, only to being "Venetian."

And there is no use pretending that the tourist Venice is not the real Venice, which is possible with other cities—Rome and Florence and Naples. The tourist Venice *is* Venice: the gondolas, the sunsets, the changing light, Florian's, Quadri's, Torcello, Harry's Bar, Murano, Burano, the pigeons, the glass beads, the *vaporetto*. Venice is a folding picture postcard of itself. And though it is true (as is sometimes said sententiously) that some two hundred thousand people live their ordinary working lives in Venice, they, too, exist in it as tourists or as guides. Nearly every Venetian is an art appreciator, a connoisseur of Venice, ready to talk of Tintoretto or to show you, at his own suggestion, the spiral staircase (said to challenge the void), to demonstrate the Venetian dialect or to identify the sound of the Marangona, the bell of the Campanile, when it rings out at midnight. A count shows the Tiepolo on the ceiling of his wife's bedroom; a dentist shows his sitting room, which was formerly a *ridotto*. Everything has been catalogued, with a pride that is more in the knowledge than in the thing itself. "A fake," says a gentleman good-humoredly, pointing to his Tintoretto. "Réjane's," says a houseowner, pointing to the broken-down bed in the apartment she wants to let.

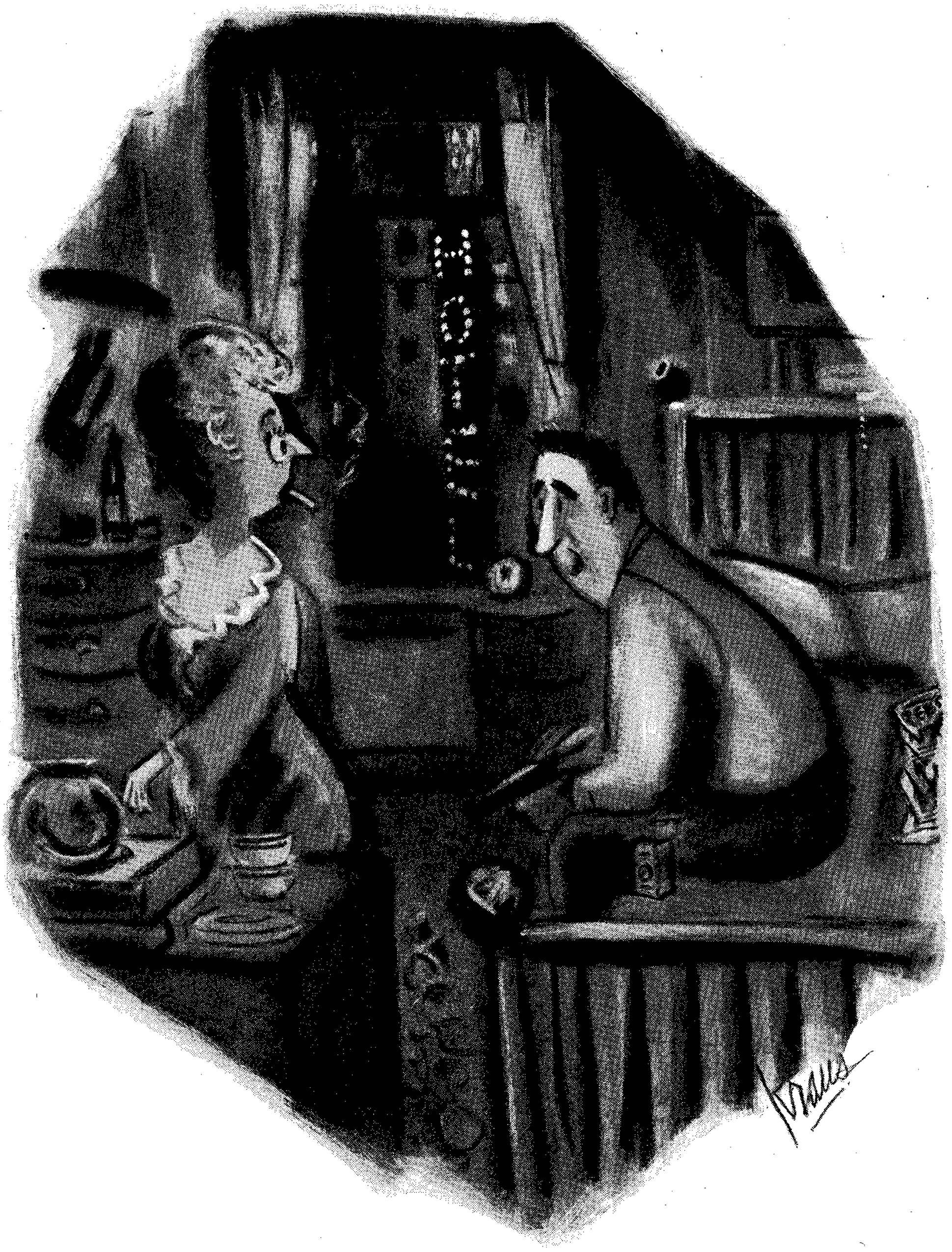
The vanity of displaying knowledge can outweigh commercial motives or the vanity of ownership. "Eighteenth-century?" you say hopefully to an antique dealer as you look at a set of china. "No, nineteenth," he answers with firmness, losing the sale.

I want to rent an apartment in which everything is Venetian, but "No," says the landlady as I ask about a cabinet, "Florentine." We stare at a big enthroned Madonna in the bedroom—very bad. She would like me to think it a Bellini, and she measures the possibility against the art knowledge she estimates me to possess. "*School* of Giovanni Bellini," she announces nonchalantly, extricating herself from the dilemma.

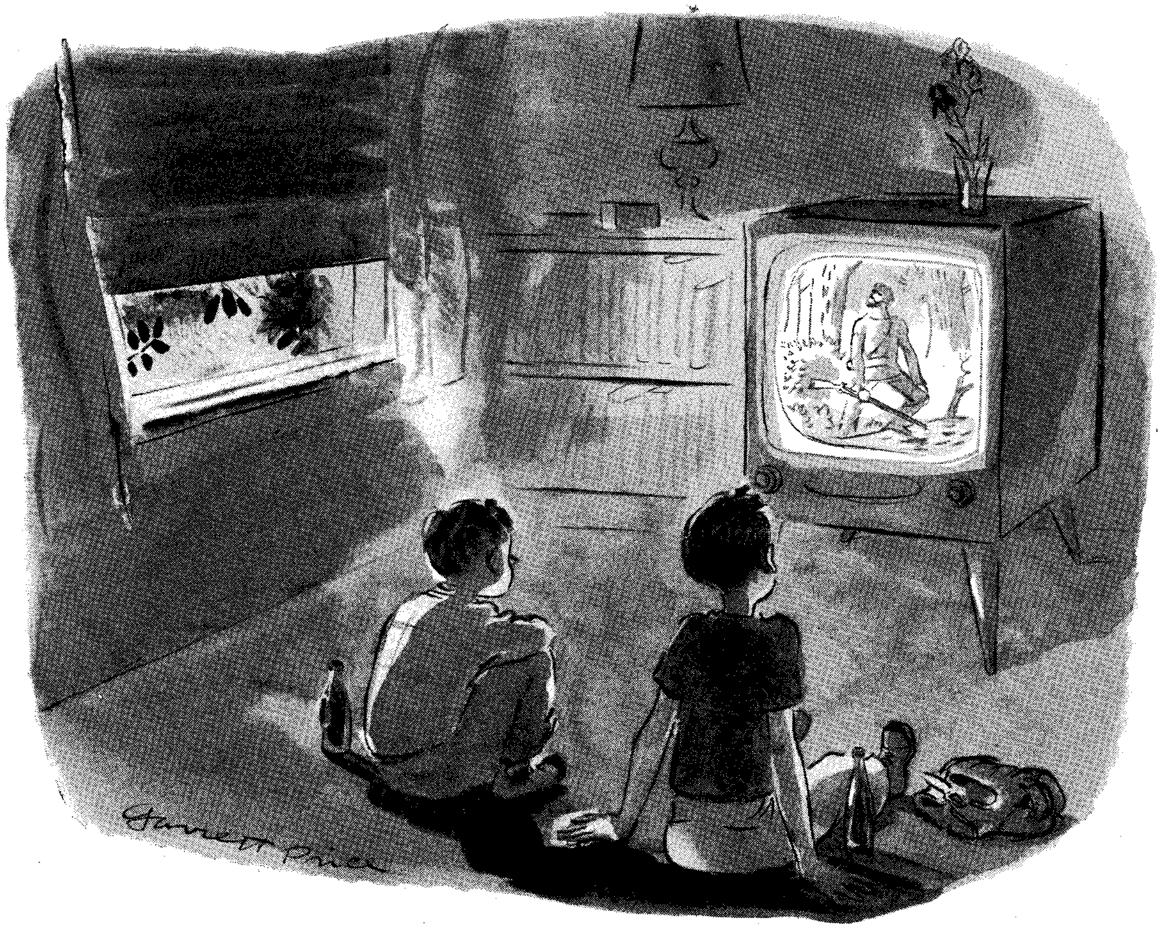
A Venetian nobleman has made a study of the plants peculiar to Venice, and shows slides of them with a projector. He has a library of thirty thousand volumes devoted mainly to Venetian history. In the public libraries, in the wintertime, a set of native loungers pore over Venetian archives or illustrated books on Venetian art; they move from the Correr Library, when it closes, to the heatless Marciana, where they sit huddled in their overcoats, and finally to the Querini-Stampalia, which stays open until late at night.

The Venetians catalogue everything, including themselves. "Those grapes are brown," I complain to the young vegetable dealer in the Santa Maria Formosa. "What is wrong with that? *I* am brown," he replies. "I am the housemaid of the painter Vedova," says a maid, answering the telephone. "I am a Jew," begins a cross-eyed stranger who is next in line in a bakeshop. "Would you care to see the synagogue?"

Almost any Venetian, even a child, will abandon whatever he is doing in order to show you something. These guides do not merely give directions; they lead, or in some cases follow, to make sure you stay on the right way. Their great fear is that you will miss an artistic or "typical" sight. A sacristan who has already been tipped will not let you leave until you have seen the last Palma Giovane. The "pope" of the Church of the Greeks calls up to his housekeeper to throw his black hat out the window, and settles it firmly on his broad brow, so that he can lead me personally to the Archeological Museum, in the Piazza San Marco; he is afraid that if he does not see to it I will miss the Greek statuary there. This is Venetian courtesy. Foreigners who have lived here a long time dismiss it with the observation "They have nothing else to do." But idleness here is alert, on the *qui vive* for a chance of sightseeing; nothing delights a born Vene-



"I'll say this for myself—I never begged or borrowed."



"Musket in hand, he strode through the wilderness enjoying the warmth of the sun and the songs of the birds and the wind breathing through the towering trees."

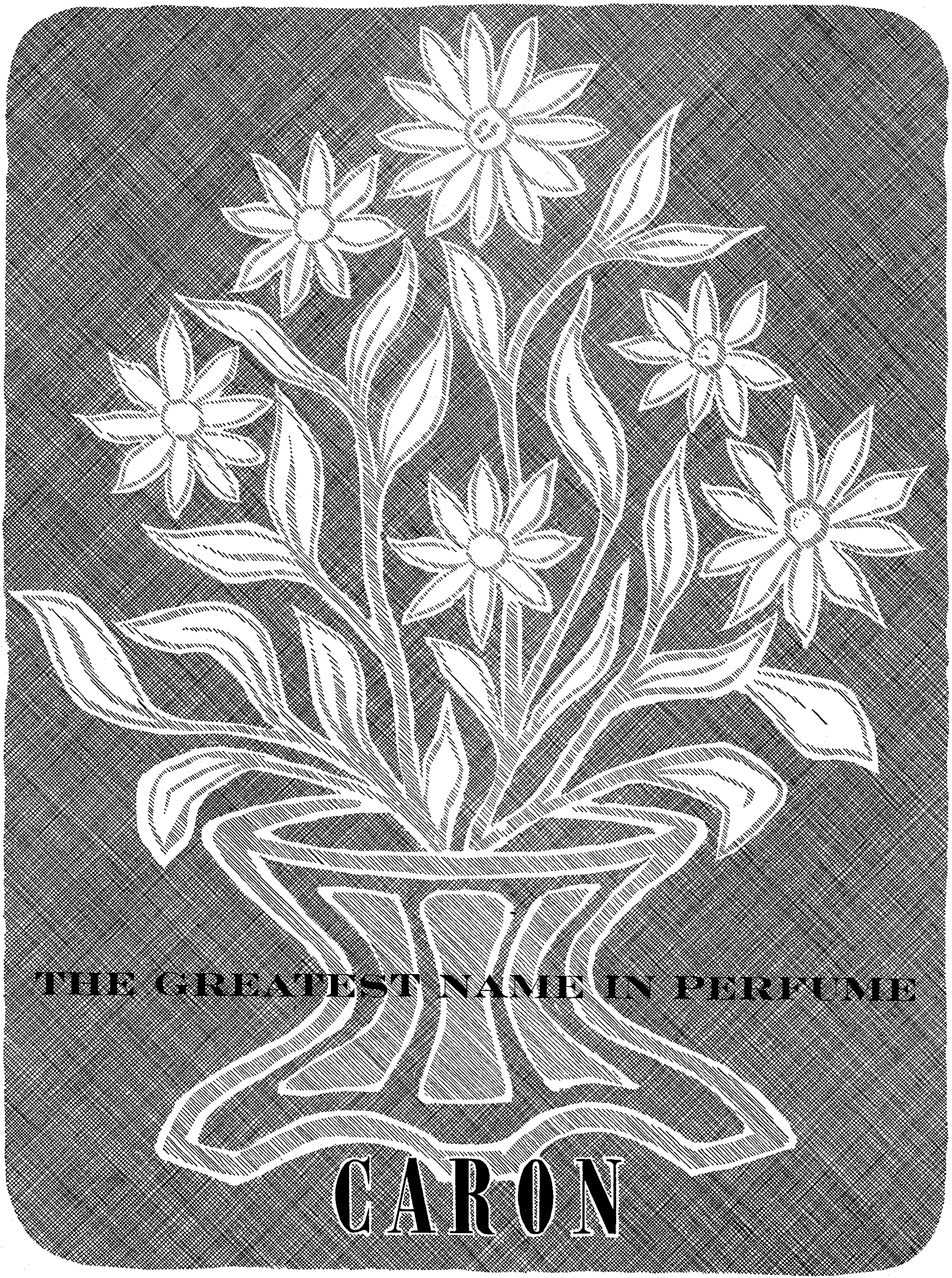
• •

tian so much as a free gondola ride. Second best is a funeral. When the funeral gondola, a great, ornate black-and-gold hearse, draws up beside a *fondamenta*, an admiring crowd gathers, smiling and nodding as if at a treat. My neighborhood was especially favored in this way, because across the *campo* was the Old Men's Home. Everyone has noticed the Venetian shopkeepers' taste in arranging displays, extending down to the poorest bargeman, who cuts his watermelons in half and shows them, pale pink with green rims, against a green side canal in which a pink palace is reflected. "*Che bello*, *che magnifico*, *che luce*, *che colore!*"—they are all *professori di belle arti.* And throughout the Veneto, in the towns once ruled by Venice, this internal tourism, this *expertise*, is rife. In Bassano, at the Civic Museum, I took the mayor for the local art critic until he interrupted his discourse on the jewel tones ("like Murano glass") in the Bassano pastorals to look at his watch and cry out, "My citizens are calling me!" Nearby, in a Palladian villa, a Venetian lady suspired "*Ah, bellissima*" on being shown a hearth stool in the form of a life-size stuffed leather pig. Harry's Bar has a drink called a Tiziano, made of grapefruit juice and champagne, and colored pink with grenadine. "You ought to have a Tintoretto, too," someone remonstrated, and the proprietor regretted that he had not yet invented that drink, although he had a Bellini and a Giorgione.

WHEN the Venetians stroll out in the evening, they do not avoid the Piazza San Marco, where the tourists are, as the Romans do with Doney's, on the Via Veneto. The Venetians go to look at the tourists, and the tourists look back at them. It is all for the ear and eye, this city, but primarily for the eye. Built on water, it is an endless succession of reflections and echoes, a mirroring. Contrary to the popular belief, there are no back canals where a tourist will not meet himself, with a camera, in the person of another tourist crossing the little bridge. And no word can be spoken in this city that is not an echo of something said before. "*Mais c'est aussi cher que Paris!*" exclaims a Frenchman in a restaurant, unaware that he is repeating Montaigne. The complaint against foreigners, voiced by a foreigner, chimes querulously through the ages, in unison with the medieval monk who found St. Mark's Square filled with "Turks, Libyans, Parthians, and other monsters of the sea." Today it is the Germans we complain of, and no doubt they complain of the Americans, in the same terms.

Nothing can be said here (including these words) that has not been said before. One often hears the Piazza described as an open-air drawing room; the observation goes back to Napoleon, who called it "the best drawing room in Europe." A friend likens the ornamental coping of St. Mark's to sea foam, but Ruskin thought of this first: ". . . at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray. . . ." Another friend observes that the gondolas are like hearses; I was struck by the novelty of the fancy until I found it, two days later, in Shelley—"that funereal bark." Now I find it everywhere. A young man boarding the *vaporetto* sighs that "Venice is so urban," a remark that at least *sounds* original, and doubtless did when Proust spoke of "the always urban impression" made by Venice in the midst of the sea. "What a riot!" says an American boy, peering into Harry's Bar. Byron, in the Palazzo Mocenigo, nearby on the Grand Canal, had the same idea about Venice: "The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy." And the worst of it is that nearly all these clichés are true. It is true that St. Mark's at night looks like a painted stage flat; this is a fact that everybody notices and that everybody thinks he has discovered for himself. I blush to remember the sound of my own voice, clear in its own conceit, enunciating the comparison in the Piazza nine years ago.

One thing is certain. Sophistication—that modern kind of sophistication that begs to differ, to be paradoxical, to invert—is not a possible attitude in Venice. In time, this be-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HOW TO READ A WHISKEY LABEL

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849

Road signs were a special puzzle to the illiterate notions peddler who used to visit our Kentucky town.

He could read "how fur" but not "whur to!"

Most folks read their whiskey label with as little understanding.

Now a whiskey bottle makes interesting reading to the man who wants to know what he's buying. Perhaps I can clear up a few "whur to's."

"Bottled-in-Bond" on your label means the whiskey is bottled under Government supervision, and *always* at 100 proof.

It is *all one* straight whiskey, commingled with none from any other distillery, or even with another season's production from its own. It is never under four years old, and always aged in new charred oak barrels.

The green Government stamp atop the bottle tells you the season and year, the name, address and number of the distillery.

Only your "Bottled-in-Bond" tells you the full "whur to."

"Straight" on your label likewise means that the whiskey is the product of *one* distillery, bottled at no less than 80 proof or under two years old. Most are older and "proof-ier."

"Blended whiskey" is a mixture of straight whiskey and alcohol.

The blender may lawfully use as little as 1/5th straight whiskey, piecing out the remainder with alcohol, so long as the finished blend does not fall under 80 proof.

Most preferred blends are somewhat "richer" in whiskey and proof than minimum requirements. The fine print on the back label tells you "how fur."

Which of the above sign posts points to satisfaction for you is strictly a matter of taste.

Our OLD FITZGERALD Bourbon is *always* Bottled-in-Bond, *always* at 100 proof, and is especially made for men of mature tastes who like their whiskey round, full bodied, rich flavored.

We invite you to join the inner circle of business hosts who have discovered the generous dimensions in the OLD FITZGERALD bottle, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

(Advertisement)

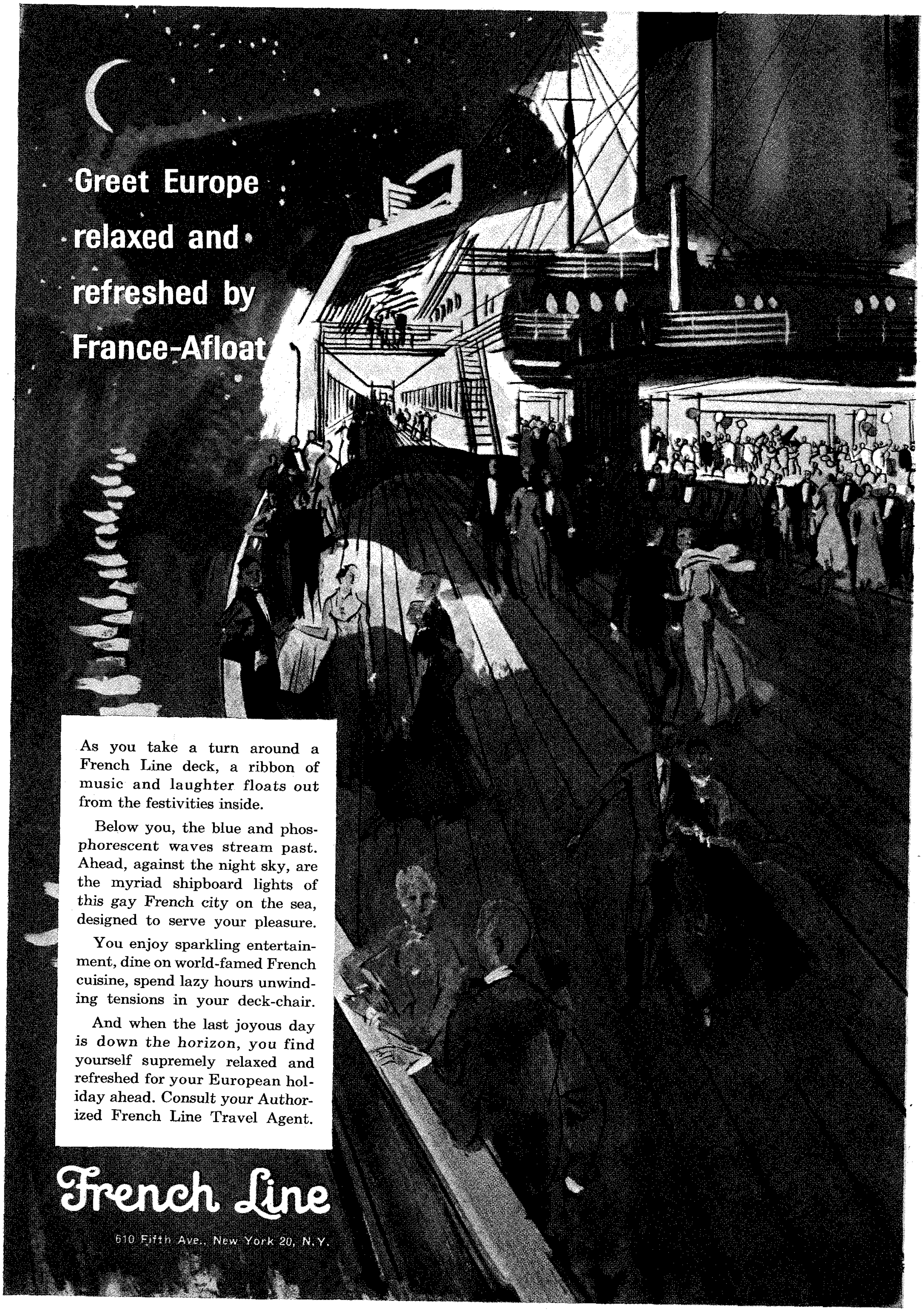
comes the beauty of the place. One gives up the struggle and submits to a classic experience. One accepts the fact that what one is about to feel or say not only has been felt and said before by Goethe or Musset but is on the tip of the tongue of the tourist from Iowa who is alighting in the Piazzetta with his wife in her fur piece and tiny straw hat. Those Others, the Existential Enemy, are here identical with oneself. After a time in Venice, one comes to look with pity on the efforts of the newcomer to dissociate himself from the crowd. He has found a "little" church—has he?—quite off the beaten track, a real gem, with inlaid colored marble on a soft dove gray, like a jewel box. He means Santa Maria dei Miracoli. As you name it, his face falls. It is so well known, then? Or he has the notion of counting the lions that look down from the window ledges of the *palazzi*. They remind him of cats. Has anybody ever noticed how many cats there are in Venice or compared them to the lions? On my table, two books lie open at chapters on the cats of Venice. My own face had fallen when I came upon them, in the shop of an old bookseller, for I, too, had dared think that I had hold of an original perception.

The cat=the lion. Venice is a kind of pun on itself, which is another way of saying that it is a mirror held up to its own shimmering image—the central conceit out of which it has evolved. The Grand Canal is in the shape of a fish (or an eel, if you wish to be more literal); on the Molo, St. Theodore stands on the back of the crocodile (or the fish, if you prefer). Dolphins and scallop shells carry out the theme in decoration. It becomes official in the state ceremonial: the doge annually weds the Adriatic in a mock—i.e., a punning—marriage. The lion enters the state myth in the company of St. Mark the Evangelist and begets litter on litter of lions, all allusions, half jesting, half literary, to the original one: the graduated lions in front of the Arsenal, like the Three Bears in the story; the King of Beasts with uplifted tail in trompe-l'oeil on the Scuola di San Marco; the red, roaring lions in the Little Lions' Piazzetta outside St. Mark's Church, who play hobbyhorse for children every day; the doggy lion of the Porta della Carta being honored by the Doge Foscari. The lions are found, in varying shapes and sizes, whiskered or clean-shaven, throughout Venice and its ancient territories, as far as Nauplia, in the Peloponnesus. But St. Mark's lion is winged, a monster, and this produces in addition a whole crop of monsters—basilisks and dragons, with their attendant saints and slayers—all dear to Venetian artists. St. Jerome, thanks to his tame lion, becomes a favorite saint of the Venetians.

The mirroring continues. The great pink church of the Frari is echoed on the other side of the city by the great pink church of the Dominicans, the other preaching order. And against St. Mark's sheltering wall, near the Pietra del Bando, four small identical brothers, made of porphyry and called the Moors by the populace, embrace two and two, like orphans. The famous Venetian trompe-l'oeil—marble simulating brocade or flat simulating round—is itself a sort of twinning, or unending duplication, as with a repeating decimal.

Venice is a game (see how many lions you can count), a fantasy, a fable, a city of Methuselahs, in which mortality has almost been vanquished. Titian, according to the old writers, was carried off by the plague in his hundredth year. How many Venetian painters can you count who, like him, passed threescore and ten before they were gathered to their fathers? Jacopo Bellini (70), Gentile Bellini (78), Giovanni Bellini (86), Lorenzo Lotto (76), Tintoretto (76), Palma Giovane (84), G. B. Tiepolo (74), G. D. Tiepolo (77), Pietro Longhi (83), Alessandro Longhi (80), Piazzetta (72), Canaletto (71), Guardi (81). And, among the sculptors and architects, Pietro Lombardo (80), Sansovino (84), Alessandro Vittoria (82), Longhena (78). This makes Venice, the nourisher of old men, appear a dream—the Fountain of Youth that Ponce de León sought in the New World. It brings us back to the rationalist criticism of Venice as a myth that ought to be exploded.

"Those Pantaloons," a French ambassador called the Venetian statesmen of the early seventeenth century, when the astuteness of their diplomacy was supposed to be the wonder of Europe. The capacity to arouse contempt, and even hatred, in the onlooker was a natural concomitant not only of Venice's prestige but of the whole fairy tale she wove about herself: her Council of Ten,



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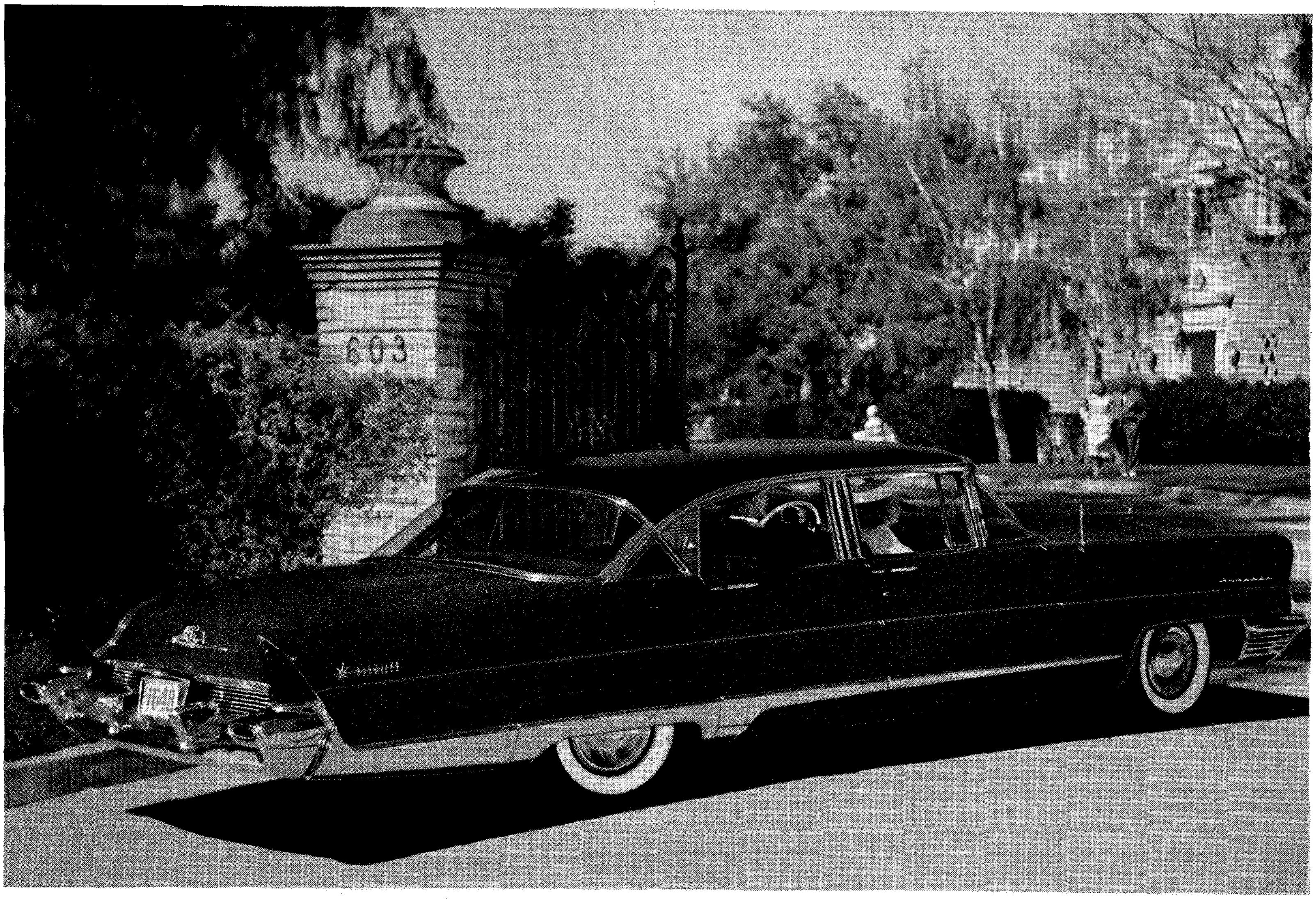

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her mysterious three Inquisitors, her dungeons, her punishments "swift, silent, and sure." Today we smile a little at this fairy tale of Venetian history, at the Doge under his golden umbrella or in his golden water-chariot, the Bucintoro, as we smile at the nuns entertaining their admirers in Guardi's picture in the Ca' Rezzonico, and at the gaming tables and the masks of the *ridotto* in the other Guardi there; it is the same smile we give to the all-woman regatta on the Grand Canal, to the graduated lions, to Carpaccio's man-eating dragon. If we shiver as we pass through the dank prison corridors of the Leads or as we slip our hand into that infamous letterdrop, the Bocca del Leone, it is a histrionic shiver, partly self-induced, like the screams that ring out as the little cars shoot past the waxworks in an amusement-park tunnel. For us, Venetian history is a curio; those hale old doges and warriors seem to us a strange breed of sea animal who left behind the pink, convoluted shell they grew to protect themselves, which is Venice.

The nineteenth-century historians took a different line, and tended to see the history of Venice as an allegory in which vice and reckless greed (or undemocratic government) met their just reward. They held Venice up as a cautionary example to other nations. But we cannot feel this moral indignation or this solemn awe before the Venetian spectacle. In Ravenna or Mantua we can sense the gloom of history stealing over us like a real shadow. These cities are truly sad, and they compel belief in the crimes and tragedies that were enacted in them. Venice remains a child's pageant, minute and ingenious, brightened with touches of humorous "local color," as in the pageant pictures of Gentile Bellini and Carpaccio. Or later, with Tintoretto and Veronese, it swells into a bepearled myth. The sumptuous apotheoses on the ceilings of the Doge's Palace, the blues and golds and nacreous flesh tones, discredit the reality of the Turkish disasters that were befalling the Queen of the Adriatic at the time they were painted, as Giorgione's idylls might seem to discredit the reality of the League of Cambrai, that menacing coalition, bent on the Republic's destruction, that had just sent its armies to ravage the Giorgione country around Padua and Vicenza and hilly Castelfranco. With the eighteenth-century painters, the pneumatic goddess is deflated. The pictures of Canaletto and Guardi and Pietro Longhi take us back into playland, with toy boats (the gon-

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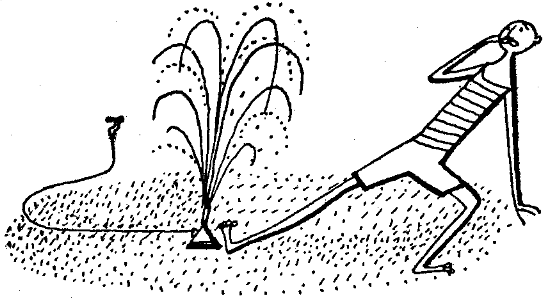

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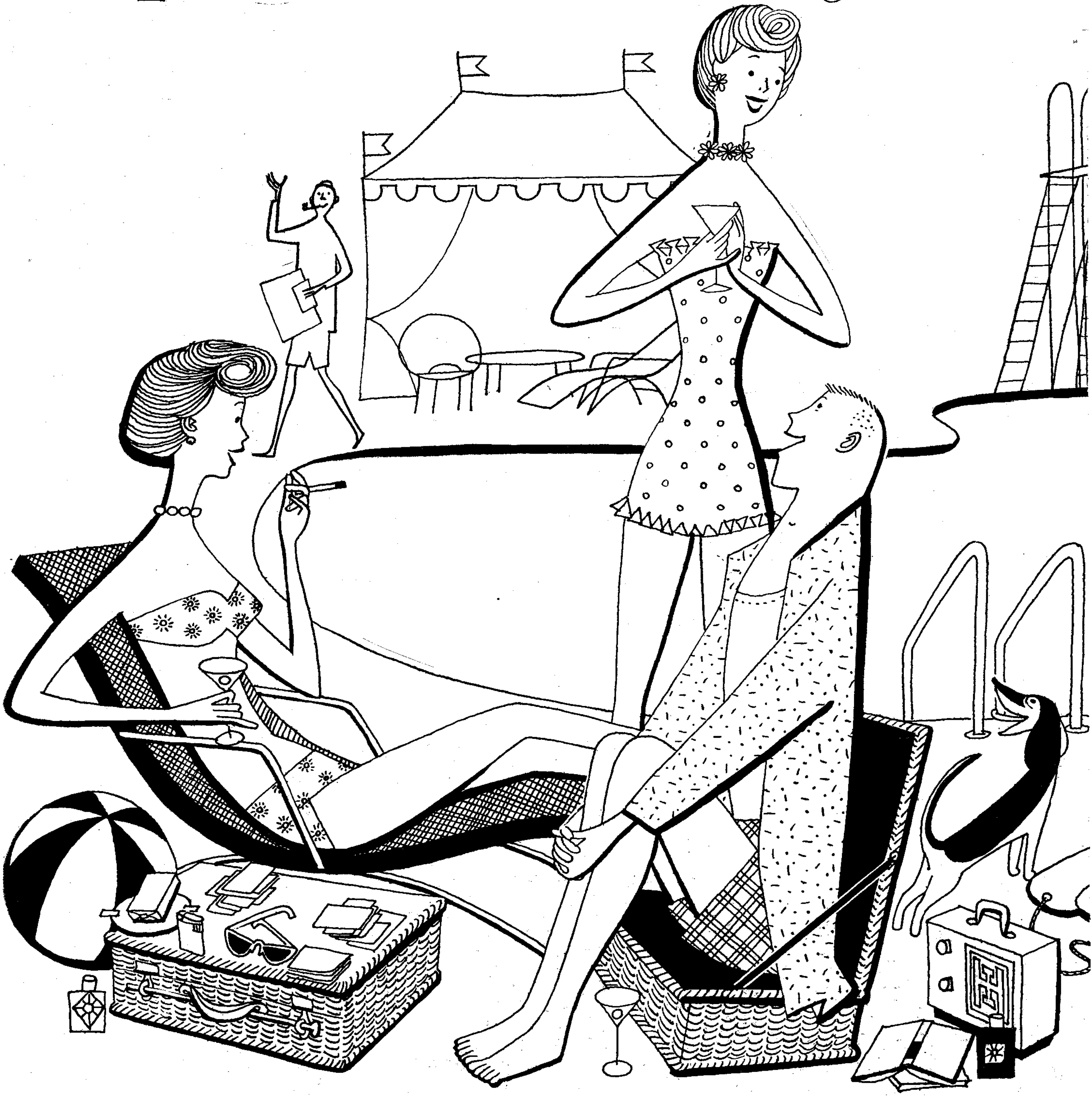

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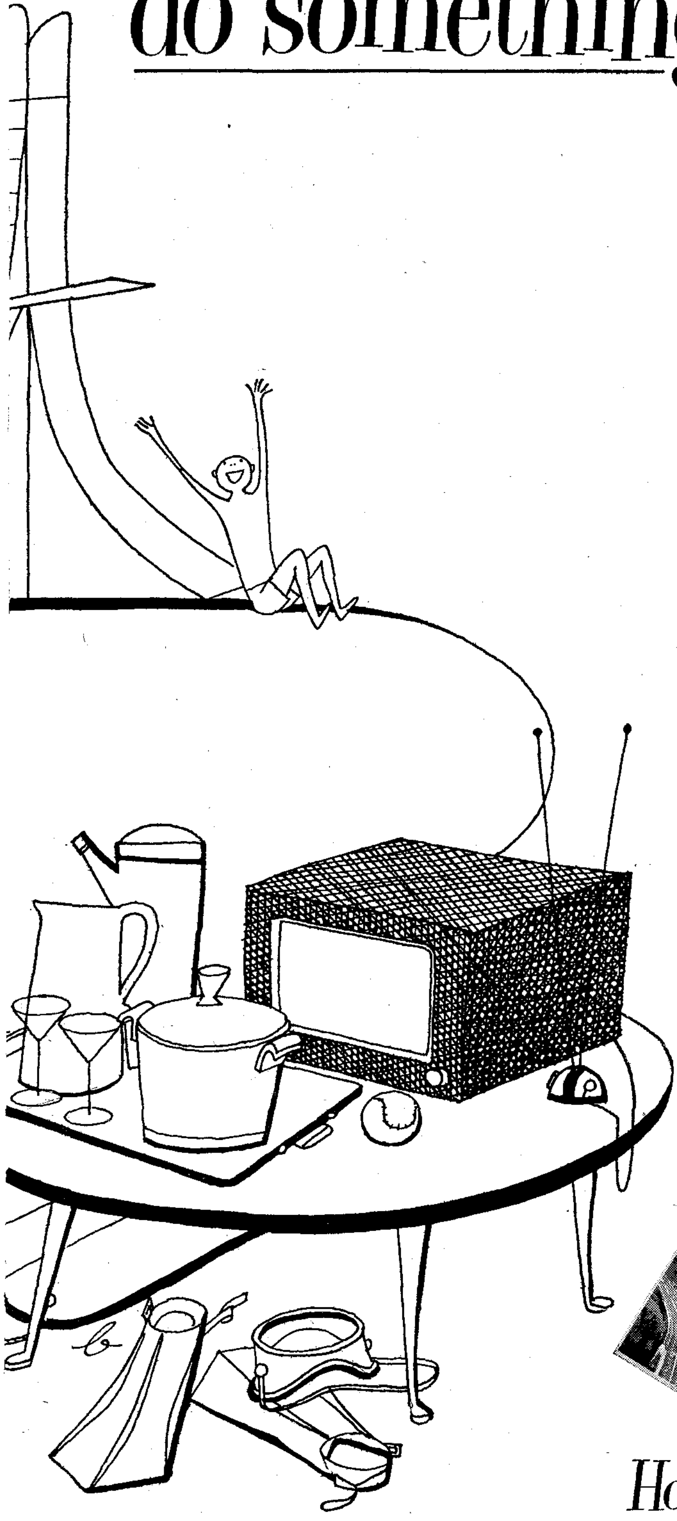

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dolas) and dominoes and lacy shawls, while the pictures of Tiepolo, with their chalky tones, take us to a circus, in which everyone is a clown or a trapeze artist, in white makeup and theatrical dress. Napoleon, with his eighty thousand men and twenty gunboats, was in the offing, but it is hard to believe it. It was hard for the Venetians to believe it, too, at the time. For them, their "liberation" from the oligarchy—under the banners of the Rights of Man—was simply another pageant, another procession, with allegorical figures in costume before the old stage flat of St. Mark's, which was hung with garlands and draperies. At the opera that night, the fall of the Venetian Republic was celebrated by a ballet danced by the workers from the Arsenal; the patricians were there, in silks and laces and brocades, gold and silver lamé, diamonds and pearls, and, in honor of the occasion, gondoliers were admitted free.

Everything that happens in Venice has this inherent dreamlike improbability, of which the gondola, floating, insubstantial, romantic and haunting, charming and absurd, is the symbol. "Why don't they put outboard motors on them?" an American wondered, looking on the practical side. But a dream is practical only in unexpected ways; that is, it is resourceful, like the Venetians. "Venice is another world," people say, noting chiefly the absence of the automobile. And Venice *is* another world, a palpable fiction, in which the unexpected occurs with regularity; that is why it hovers on the brink of humor. Recently, a prominent nobleman, rushing to the sickbed of a friend, slipped getting into his *motoscafo* and fell into the Grand Canal. All Venice laughed. But if the count had had his misadventure in Padua, on *terra ferma*, if he had fallen getting out of his car, everyone would have condoled with him. Traffic lights are not funny, but it is funny to have one in Venice, over a canal intersection. The same is true of the Venetian fire brigade, with its water-borne red fire engine and hook-and-ladder. The things of this world reveal their essential absurdity when they are put in the Venetian context. In the unreal world of the canals, as in Swift's Lilliput, the real world, with its contrivances, appears a vast folly.

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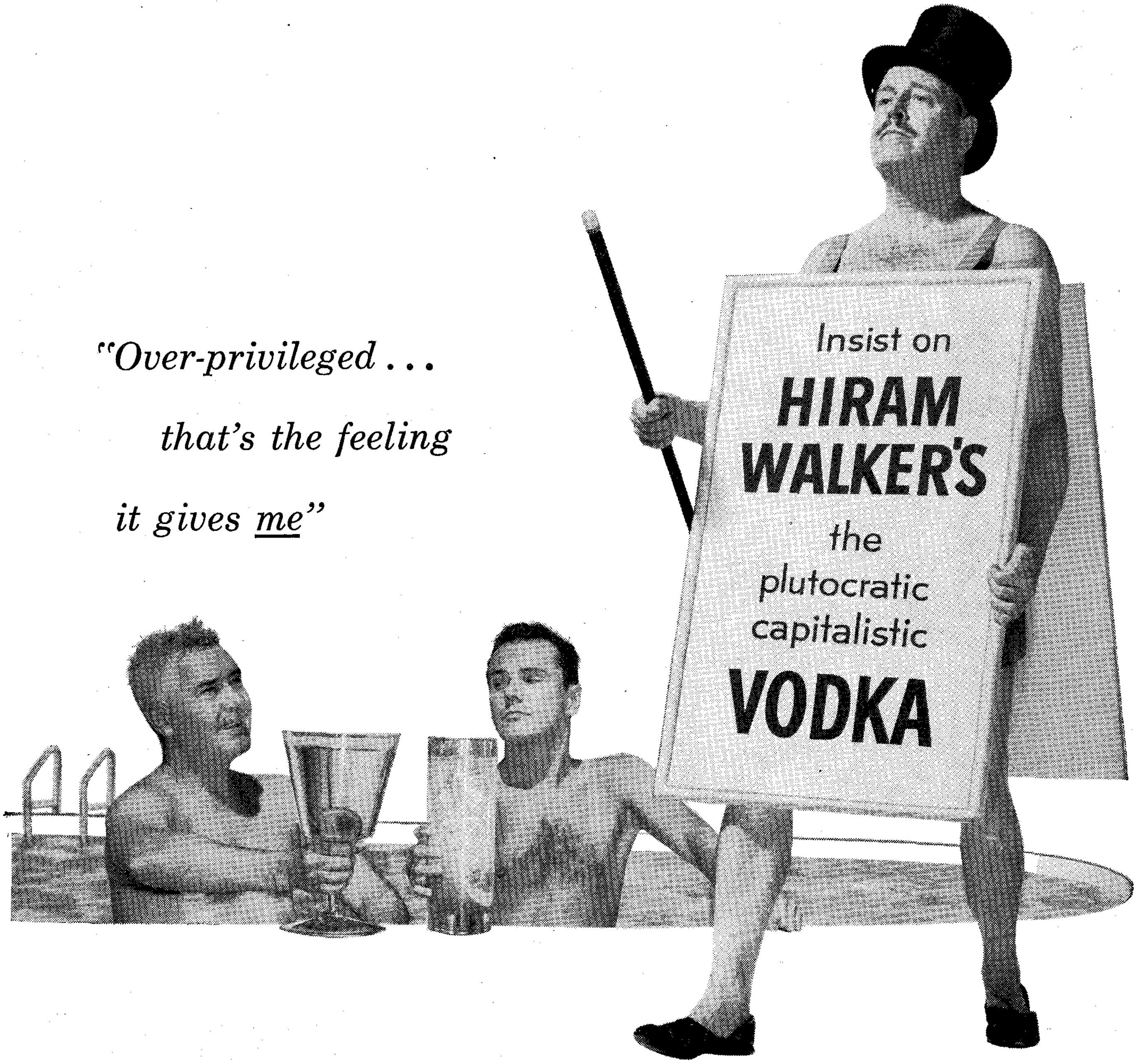
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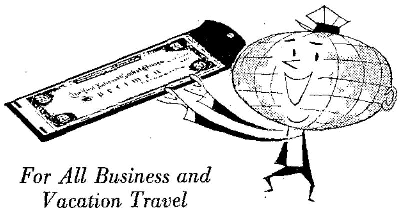

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pottage. He pictured Gothic Venice as a holy city, flowering in its churches and its convents, in its religious processions and ceremonies—a sacred garden, tended by humble artisans, supervised by upright doges, and defended by brave captains. There was no division in this mystic city; all classes worked together, oblivious of self, in the radiance of a unifying belief. A "noble," "manly" vision—the favorite adjectives of poor Ruskin, who was impotent, as his child bride disclosed, seeking a decree of nullity after six years of "white" marriage. Poor Ruskin, with his slide rule and his ladder, a worshipper of the pragmatic fact who was always flying in the face of the facts of life and of recorded history for the sake of a vision. During the very period he sought to hold up as a model for later ages—the period of the Crusades—Venetian rapacity was the scandal of the Christian world, and within Venice itself the oligarchy strove with the popular faction; a doge was murdered in the street. The capture of St. Mark's body from the heathens in Alexandria by two Venetian merchants in 828—a favorite subject of Venetian painting—was almost the last action of Venetian merchants that could be considered "holy." In the First Crusade, in the year 1100, the Venetians stopped off on the way to Jaffa to steal the body of St. Nicholas, patron of sailors, from a monastery in Lycia; in 1125, they stole the body of St. Isidore from Christian Chios. From Christian Tyre, in 1123, so many sacred relics were looted that they piled up on the Riva degli Schiavoni, where the returning ships dumped them; the little tabernacles on the street corners date from Tyre's capture, a "holy" enterprise undertaken by the Venetians for King Baldwin II of Jerusalem, in return for freedom from tolls throughout his kingdom, a quarter of Jerusalem, and a third of Tyre and its suburbs. Back from the expedition, also, came the bones of St. Donato, a Cephalonian bishop, together with the bones of a fierce dragon he had killed, which, according to Ruskin, used to hang over the high altar in SS. Maria and Donato, in Murano.

The pair of granite pillars on the Molo came from Syria with the Doge Domenico Michiel, and St. Mark's bronze lion, which stands atop one of them, was probably originally a chimera, Assyrian, under which the cunning Venetians slipped the Good Book. St. Theodore, on the other column, started out, it is thought, as a portrait-statue of a Roman emperor, and the crocodile (or whatever it is) on which he is stand-

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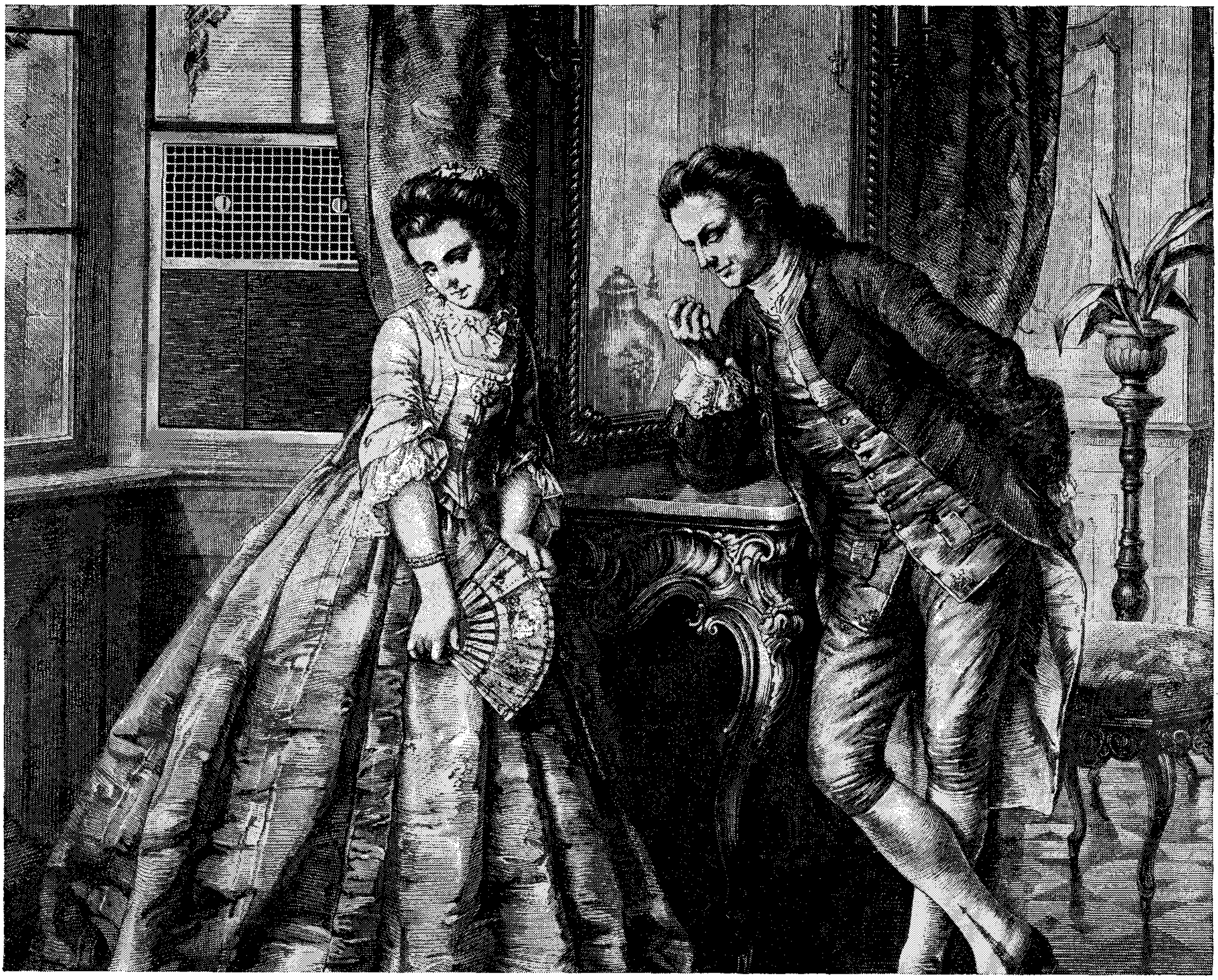

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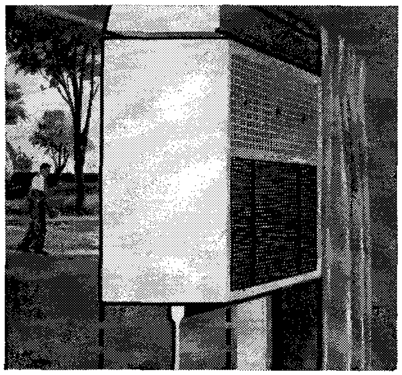

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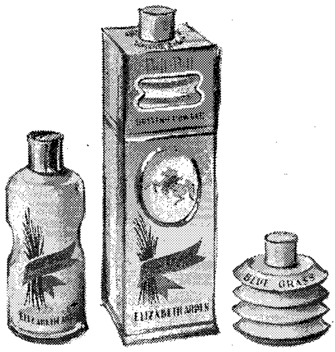

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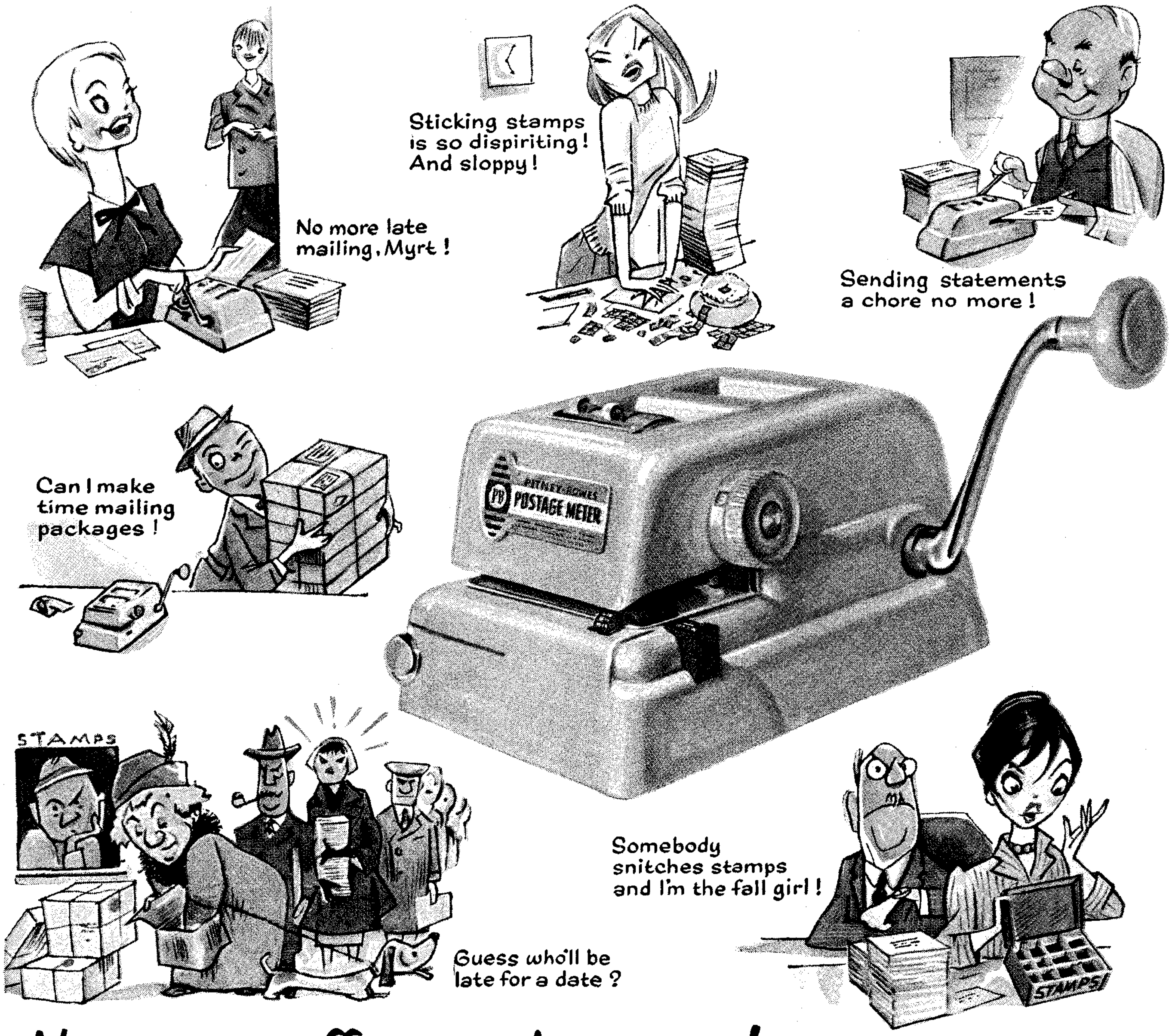
ing consists of fifty assorted pieces rudely clamped together (Ruskin's organic unity). Booty and trade concessions were extorted by the Venetians impartially from Christian and heathen. This impartiality was what caused them to be hated, in the end, as sometimes the Jews have been, for being outside the compact. As early as the time of the great Doge Pietro Orseolo II, at the end of the tenth century, the Venetians had a trading agreement with the Saracens. They acquired concessions in Tyre, in Sidon, in Jaffa, and in all the possessions of the fading Byzantine Empire—Rhodes and Cyprus, Chios and Candia—as well as in Constantinople itself, where two hundred thousand Venetians are supposed to have been living, in their separate quarter, in 1167.

The Crusades were a bonanza for Venice, which acted as a shipping agent for the Crusaders and treated the whole affair as a business operation. They helped out with their own troops at Jaffa and Tyre after stipulating their price, but they did not "take the Cross," even in pretense, until the Fourth Crusade, in 1202. Geoffroi de Villehardouin, the chronicler of the Fourth Crusade, describes a moving scene in the Piazza when Doge Enrico Dandolo and all his counsellors pledged themselves, "crying with one voice," to come to the succor of the Holy Land, which was in the grip of Saladin. The French chronicler sounds startled as he relates it; the Venetians had never acted like this. But the chivalric scene, ending in a glorious Mass at St. Mark's, had its sequel in a business contract. Venice undertook to equip and transport a French army of forty-five hundred horses, forty-five hundred knights, nine thousand squires, and twenty thousand foot soldiers and to keep them in provisions for one year, in return for eighty-five thousand silver marks, payable in four installments. When the Crusaders did not pay up, the Venetians drove a fresh bargain, whereby the crusading army would first undertake the capture of Zara, a Venetian port that had risen against its masters, and then proceed to the rescue of Jerusalem. The Pope's legate agreed, and another stirring scene followed. The embarkation was a sight to behold—the Doge's galley, painted purple (a dye newly imported from the East), at the head of the great fleet, with a band of musicians at the prow blowing on silver trumpets, while the Doge himself (ninety-four years old and blind, some say; in his eighties and weak of sight, say others) sat on his throne under a scarlet canopy, dressed in his cloak of gold brocade, his son, the high admiral, at his side. The ships raised their banners aloft as the priests chanted "Veni, Creator Spiritus."

After this nautical pageant came business. The fleet took Trieste and Muggia, for good measure, and laid siege to Zara, captured it, sacked it, and left it practically destroyed, as though it were a Mohammedan town. The army wintered in Zara and was persuaded by the old Doge (or, as some think, by the Hohenstaufens, whose willing tool he was, through cupidity) to divert its aim from Jerusalem to Christian Byzantium, with which the Venetians had been having some commercial difficulties and which offered better prospects of pillage. The Pope threatened excommunication, but he was unheeded. Constantinople was attacked, a puppet emperor was installed and was overthrown by a native revolt, and in 1204 the Crusaders made themselves masters of the Byzantine Empire and divided it up, the Venetians getting the famous "half and a quarter"—the Cyclades and the Sporades, as well as many coastal cities in Epirus, on the Adriatic Gulf, and along the Albanian shore. They bought Crete, which had been allotted to the Marquis of Monferrat, who had no use for it himself.

This was the beginning of Venezia Dominante and the end of the Eastern Empire, which in time was overrun by the Turks. It was also the end of Venetian involvement in the holy work of the Crusades. Having got what they wanted, St. Mark's merchants withdrew to the sidelines. In 1268, they signed a contract with Louis IX for the Eighth Crusade, for transport only. Toward the end of that century, Venice lay under the Pope's interdict, and was also punished by Heaven, it was thought, with earthquakes and floods, for having made an anti-Crusade treaty with one of the Greek Orthodox Palaeologues. Not long afterward, unregenerate, the Venetians signed a treaty with the Turks and began trading in "goods forbidden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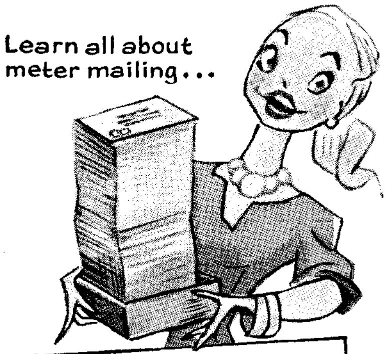
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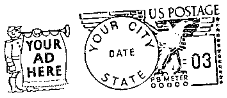
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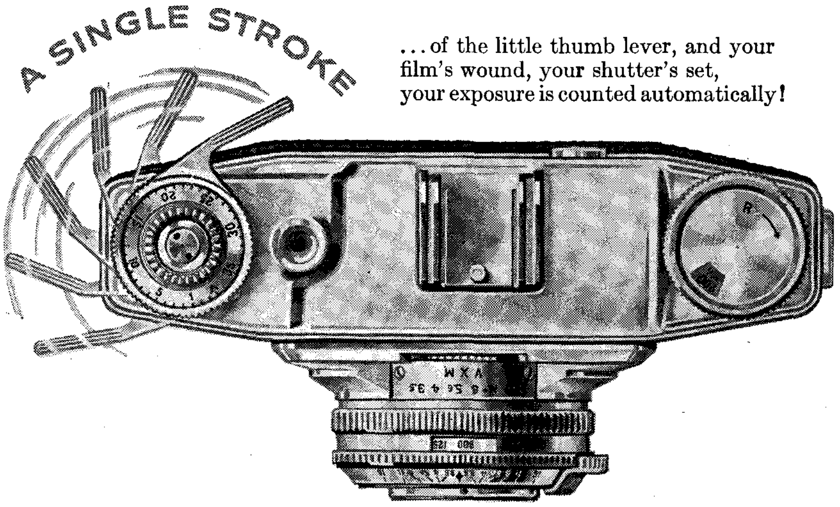
to Christians"—slaves, arms, and wood for shipbuilding. This was the equivalent of selling war materials behind the Iron Curtain today. During this period, the Venetians were not lacking in valor; they *did* fight in the Holy Land—at Acre, against the Genoese, their rivals in trade. Trophies of their victory at Acre stand on the Piazzetta side of St. Mark's—the Pietra del Bando, a short reddish column, from which the laws of the Republic were proclaimed, and two strangely decorated pillars, Syrian art of the fifth or sixth century, carried off from the Church of San Saba.

But it was the sack of Constantinople, in 1204, under the blind Doge, that netted the richest booty: the four little porphyry Moors, thought to be really four Roman emperors who ruled jointly; the bronze horses (which had stood on high pedestals in the Hippodrome, a circumstance that saved them when the Crusaders set the town on fire); the wonder-working icon, the Madonna Nicopeia, in St. Mark's, said to have been painted by St. Luke; the top section (probably) of the Pala d'Oro, St. Mark's great altarpiece in gold and jewels and enamels, which tourists today, having paid a fee, stand in line, bug-eyed, to examine. This top section, it is thought, was rifled from the Church of the Pantocrator. From Constantinople, certainly, came one of the bottom panels, in which the Virgin is shown between the Empress Irene and the Emperor John II Comnenus, who has turned into the Doge Ordelafo Falier. Such agile transformations were easy for the resourceful Venetians—the chimera into the winged lion, the Roman emperor into St. Theodore. The Emperor Justinian the Noseless, a Syrian portrait of the eighth century on St. Mark's façade, is called by the Venetians Count Carmagnola, after the general they decapitated nearby, on the Piazzetta.

SHYLOCK, of course, was not the merchant of Venice. The merchant was the play's hero, Antonio. Shylock was only a moneylender. But popular belief declines to make the distinction and persists in thinking that Shylock was the merchant; i.e., that Venetian merchants were all Shylocks. This reflects the reputation borne by the Venetians in the outside world. They had a name for sharp dealing, "sticking together," artful diplomacy, business "push," and godless secularism—traits familiarly ascribed to the Jews. Anti-Semitism has often been traced to a medieval hatred of capitalism. To the me-



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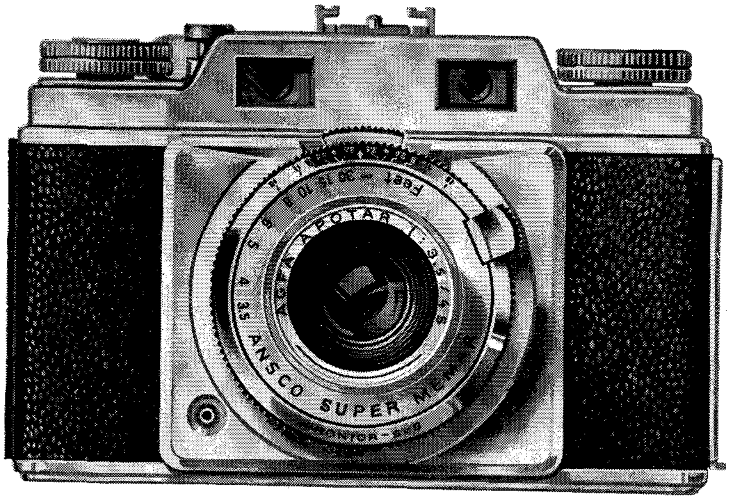

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dieval mind, the Jew was the capitalist par excellence. But this could also be said of the Venetian, whose palace was his office and his warehouse. Surely the hatred excited by Venice during the late Middle Ages and early Renaissance—the wave of revulsion that swept over Europe, culminating, in 1509, in the League of Cambrai—had an irrational, supercharged quality that was like modern anti-Semitism.

The Venetians were more feared than they deserved to be. They were accused of boundless ambition, of seeking to dominate the world, though this seems to have been far from their thoughts. Even Machiavelli was taken in by this myth, and the language of the Pact of Cambrai, signed by most of the great powers of the Christian world, anticipates the Protocols of the Elders of Zion; it was an instance of mass hysteria's being manipulated by a political adventurer—in this case, the Emperor Maximilian. In 1508, he issued a manifesto in which he cited the Venetians as "conspiring the ruin of everyone" and called on all peoples to take part in a just vengeance, to put out "like a common fire, the insatiable cupidity of the Venetians and their thirst for domination." As a matter of fact, it was Maximilian himself—"the last of the knights," as he was styled—who was plotting a universal kingdom, and shortly afterward he had the notion of making himself Pope. But Christendom agreed with him that Venice was the real enemy. He was joined by the King of France, the King of Spain, the King of Hungary, the Duke of Milan, and the Duke of Savoy. The actual Pope, Julius II, laid Venice under an interdict and proclaimed the war against her to be a holy crusade, in which all measures were justified. The results were not as conclusive as might have been expected; the allies fell out among themselves, and Venice was only partly dismembered. Nevertheless, this holy war against her was a moral shock from which Venice did not recover. To be disliked on such a scale and with so little provocation is unsettling to a state that is, above all, rational in its approach to politics.

There were those who saw it coming. In 1423, the old Doge Tommaso Mocenigo called the Venetian chief magistrates to his deathbed to warn them against further territorial expansion and the suspicions it would be bound to arouse. He argued in terms of the balance sheet. Ten million ducats a year in exports, with an annual return of two million; three thousand ships of from one to two hundred tons, manned by

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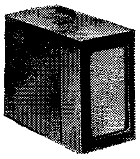

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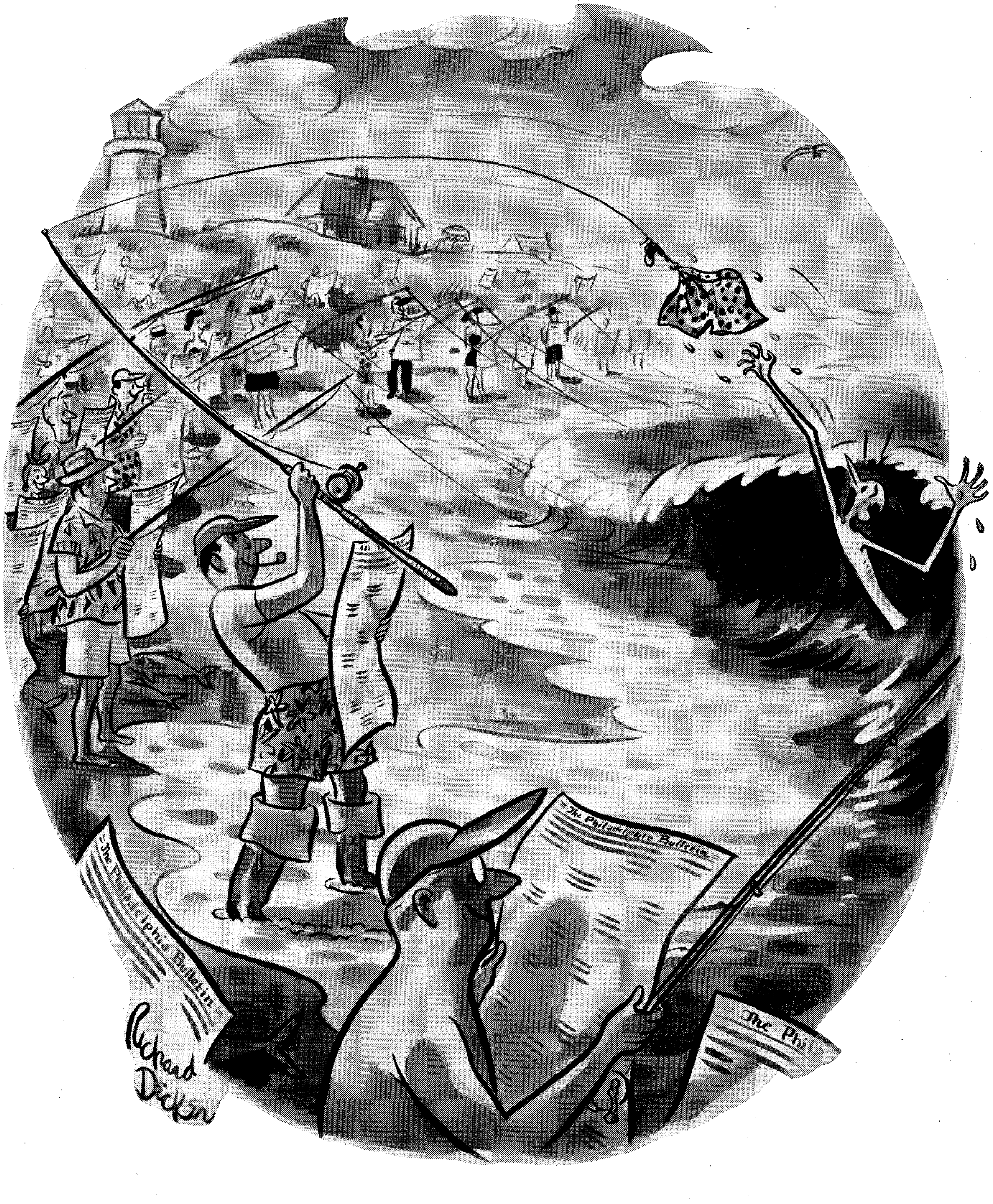
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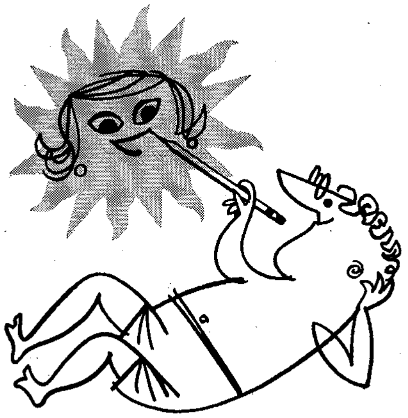

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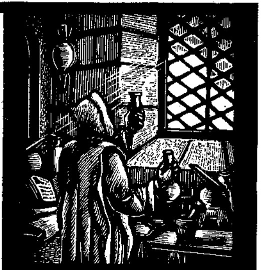

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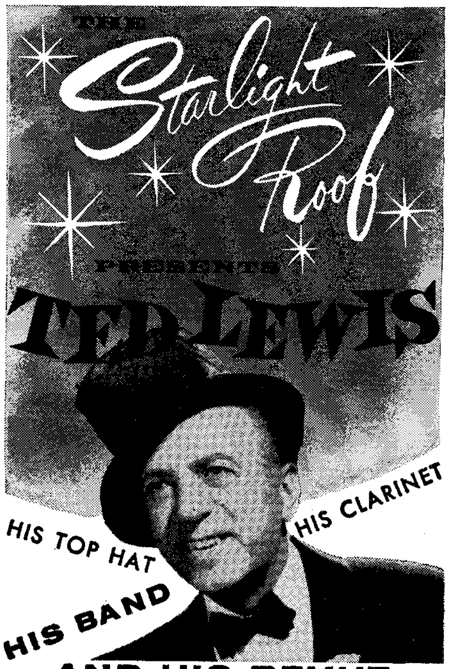

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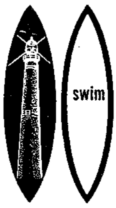

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him to Constantinople. This happened on three occasions. Other doges fled secretly to monasteries to avoid being murdered by their subjects; one of them, Pietro Orseolo I, lived twenty-nine years in pious retirement after his escape, and was eventually canonized. By 1172, out of fifty doges nineteen had been slain, banished, mutilated, or merely deposed. The Convent of San Zaccaria, not far from St. Mark's, proved to be a fatal spot for several wearers of the ducal bonnet, which, as a matter of fact, had been a present from the nuns of that convent to one of the doges. In 864, Pietro Tradonico was slain as he was leaving Vespers there. Tribuno Memmo was forcibly retired there in 991. Doge Vitale Michiel II was struck down in 1172 just outside the gate as he was hurrying to sanctuary. The young procurator Foscari, when he reached old age, was himself deposed in summary fashion for sympathizing with his son, whom the Venetians had condemned unjustly. After his deposition, he sent a touching message to an old noble, Marino Memmo, who was his friend—a message that evokes the banished kings of Shakespeare. "My dear good friend," he said to Memmo's son Jacopo, "tell your father to come and see me. We will go and amuse ourselves in a boat, rowing to the monasteries."

THE cryptic Venetian state seldom explained its actions; hence, poetry and rumor surround many of the chief events of Venetian history with a cloak of mystery. In 1355, Marino Falier, a member of the highest aristocracy, described by Petrarch as a man noted for his wisdom, who was elected doge without having sought the office, suddenly, after eight months of power, in the seventy-seventh year of his life, conspired to overthrow the Republic and make himself prince, with the help of the Arsenal workers and other disaffected plebeians and middle-class persons, including a man named Calendario, the architect of the Doge's Palace. Falier confessed to the crime, but his motives remain unknown, as blank as the blank space in the Hall of the Great Council where his portrait once hung, in the long row of doges. According to one legend, a young noble had insulted his wife; the old man, hot-tempered, took offense and turned against his own class. Popular opinion ascribed the whole affair to a fog or mist that sprang up, inexplicably, in the harbor as he was arriving in the Bucintoro to take office, with the result that the barge of state

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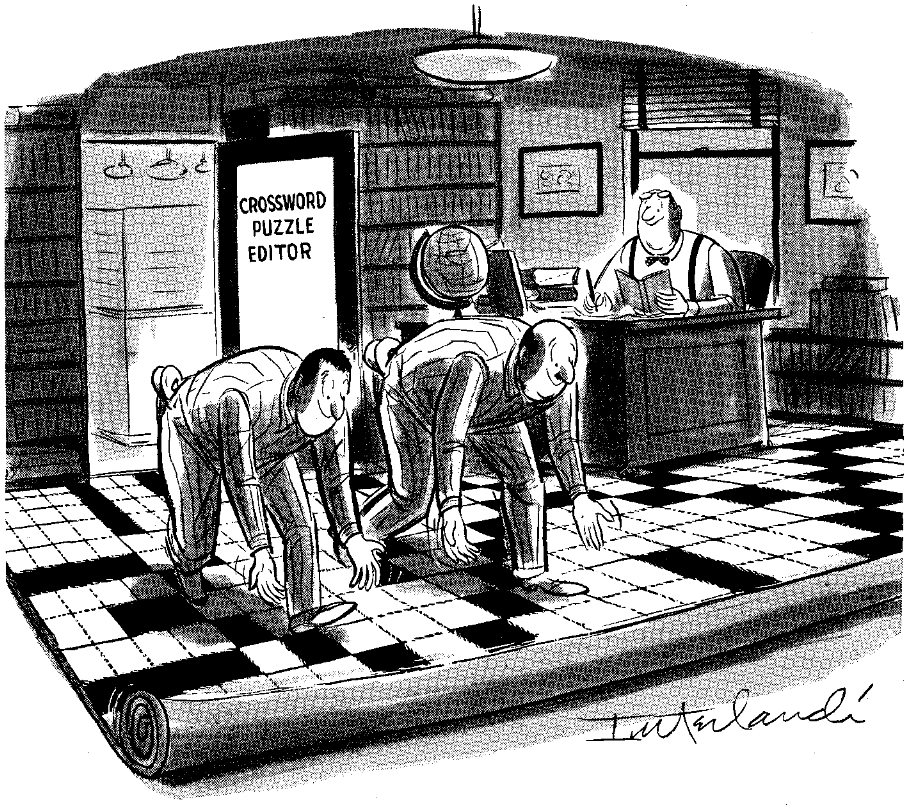

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ran aground at San Giorgio in Alga. “*Sinistro pede palatium ingressus,*” Petrarch wrote. Owing to the fog, the Doge entered the palace, so to speak, with the left foot first, passing between the two columns on the Molo, where executions were held, instead of going the usual way, over the Bridge of Straw. Whatever the reason, eight months later he made a false step; his head was chopped off, and his body was placed in a common barge moored at the ferry stop—the sort of barge that had been used during the Great Plague (1348), manned with boatmen crying out “Any dead bodies?” and carting them off like garbage to the outlying cemeteries. Falier, symbolically pestilential, was allowed four torches, a single priest, and an acolyte to see him to the family vault in SS. Giovanni and Paolo. Byron made a play of him.

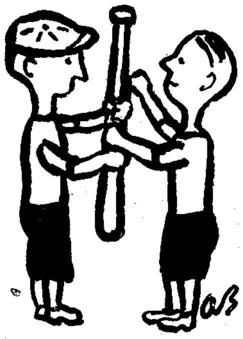
The architect Calendario was strangled for his part in the conspiracy and strung up between the two red columns—the so-called “ninth arch” of the Doge's Palace loggia, on the side facing the Piazzetta. The columns are supposed to have turned red from the blood that ran down them on this and other occasions. And here, by the way, is another case of twinning. There are *two* sets of fatal pillars—the big granite ones on the Molo and the smaller, red ones of the Doge's Palace loggia. Both were used for public executions and for the display of corpses, and in any given account it is hard to tell which pillars are meant. Sir Henry Wotton, the British Ambassador to Venice early in the seventeenth century, wrote Sir Thomas Lake that the more general method of punishment in his time was for the executioner to drown his victim quietly in the Canale degli Orfani, “one of their deepest channels.” This Orphans' Canal, curiously enough, does not figure on the official list of sights, which is surprising, since Venice ordinarily gives prominence to the *ricordi*, or souvenirs, of her blackest acts, such as the “column of infamy” put up to Bajamonte Tiepolo, an earlier aristocratic conspirator, on the site of his house in the Campo Sant' Agostino. The column was acquired by a rich collector during the nineteenth century as an ornament for his country villa, but a plaque in the pavement commemorates the spot. Bajamonte, young, handsome, and rich, was the most attractive of all Venice's rebels. A gay little jingle in Venetian dialect tells the story of “the great cavalier” who crossed the Rialto Bridge and came marching up the Merceria with his standards flying, only to find that the people's temper had turned against him:

Del mille tresento e diese,
A mezzo el mese delle ceriese,
Baiamonte passò el ponte,
E per esso fo fatto el consegio di diese.

(In a thousand three hundred and ten,
In the middle of the month of the cherries,
Bajamonte crossed the Bridge,
And for that they made the Council of
Ten.)

His standard-bearer, carrying a flag inscribed “Liberty,” was killed by a brick that a woman of the people threw from her balcony—a poor omen for a popular uprising. The *sottoportico* of the Cappello Nero, just past the Clock Tower, has a relief known as “The Old Woman with the Brick.” Below, on the street, a small white stone purports to indicate the precise spot where the brick fell.

The *ricordi* of today are yesterday's reminders or warnings. This, again, is suggestive of a politics of old men, a counting-house politics that constantly reminds its citizens that honesty is the best policy. Those bodies hanging in the Piazzetta, that column of infamy, that vacant space on the wall where a doge has been erased—these are not barbaric shows of vengeance but daily reminders, like the mottoes placed over the desks of clerks in a big old-fashioned office. Venetian history, as opposed to Venetian pageantry, is singularly lacking in color. A doge is deposed, after many years of service to the state, in the same dry style as that in which an employee is given his dismissal. “You had better quit,” the Ten warn old Foscari. “I won't quit; you'll have to fire me,” replies the failing Doge. The individual is expected to place the firm's interests first, and the individual scarcely figures in the firm's records, unless a black mark has been set against his name. Horatio Brown, the historian, speaks of the scarcity of biographical material on Venice's great men; it is hard, he suggests, to write a history of a state when nothing personal is known about its soldiers and statesmen. The Republic took every precaution against popular intrusions, on the one hand, and against manifestations of individuality among the aristocracy, on the other. Its leaders



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are all subordinates, and its sole heroine, the poor Queen of Cyprus, Caterina Cornaro, achieved her place in history by an act of renunciation. (A noble Venetian maiden, she was sacrificed to the Republic's statecraft, like the Athenian virgins to the Minotaur. First, the crown of Cyprus was thrust on her by order of the Republic, which had formally adopted her as its daughter; then she was commanded to relinquish it in favor of the Republic. She was welcomed home with a splendid ceremony, and left her name to a pawnshop, the Palazzo Corner della Regina.) Wotton says the Venetians chose on purpose doges who were not likely to live long, and he describes a candidate counterfeiting feebleness in the hope of getting elected.

The Venetian state was a closed concern. After 1297, nobody could hold office whose name was not inscribed in the Golden Book—the ancient rolls of the nobility, which were finally burned, in Napoleon's time, at the foot of the Tree of Liberty. The machinery by which the Great Council, or ruling oligarchy, elected a doge was, in its perfected form, like an elaborate burglar-alarm system; nobody unauthorized could get in, and it responded to the slightest jar in the atmosphere. Out of the Great Council (consisting at first of four hundred and eighty nobles, then of six hundred, and, finally, of twelve hundred), thirty men were chosen, of whom nine were picked by lot to elect forty electors, who had to be chosen by a majority of at least seven of the nine. The forty drew lots to see which twelve of them would elect twenty-five more, by a majority of at least nine. These twenty-five then drew lots to see which nine of *them* would elect forty-five, by a majority of at least seven. At last, these forty-five drew lots to choose eleven, who would elect forty-one electors, by a majority of at least nine, who would elect the doge by a majority of at least twenty-five. According to Wotton, the method of choosing the doge was supposed to have been invented by a Benedictine, and "the whole mysterious frame therein doth much savor of the cloister."

The doge, when chosen, lived a cloistered existence in the exquisite prison of the Palace. He had to swear a ducal oath on taking office, and this oath, which kept getting longer and longer, was simply a list of things he promised not to do. After the doge's death, a wax figure, his simulacrum, was laid out in the chamber of the Piovego, on the first floor of the Doge's

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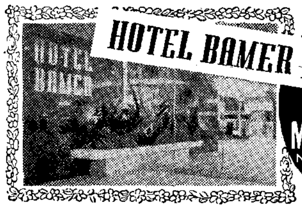

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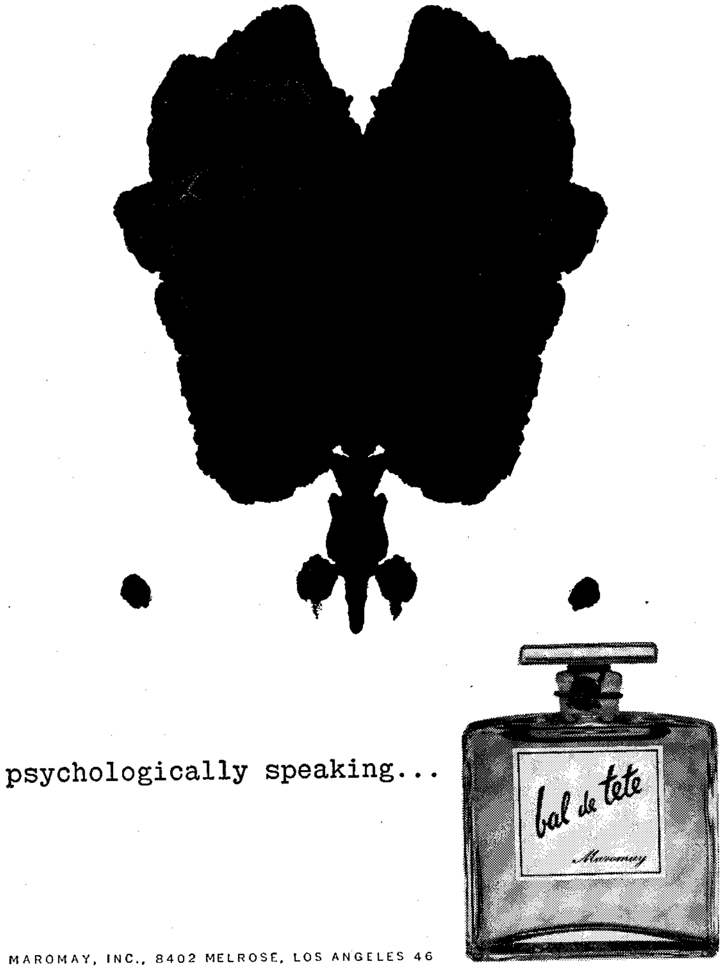
Palace, while a scrutiny was made of all his acts in office. This symbolic dummy, clad in the ducal robes and wearing the bonnet, was not very different from the living man, who was carried about in a chair in processions, like a holy image. The doge was not the only prisoner of the system. It was a trap in which every noble Venetian was caught on attaining his majority. At the age of twenty-five, a young aristocrat was dropped into a maze of duties and ceremonies that was at once decorative and confining, like the eighteenth-century maze of the Pisani on the grounds of their villa at Stra. The three Capi, or Chiefs, of the Ten—the watchdogs of state security and the most powerful figures in the system until the three Inquisitors of State were set over them, in the sixteenth century—were required to live strictly apart from the rest of the community, staying at home and associating with no one during their term of office, which was limited to one month. The Ten, out of whom the Three were chosen, had been constituted as a committee of public safety at the time of the Tiepolo rebellion. They were elected annually by the Great Council from among its members and could not serve two terms in succession. The Inquisitors, likewise, were limited to one year in office, and they were subject to a fear peculiar to their function: the fear of reprisals in later years for acts they had committed while they were in power.

The terror struck by the Inquisitors reached a high pitch of melodrama, but they were not as effective as their legend. Their decrees, especially in the field of private morals and of dress, were openly disregarded, and the foreign embassies were havens for thugs and ruffians who defied any control. In this atmosphere of private violence, the Inquisitors sometimes appeared positively benign. Unlike the modern police state, to which it is often compared, Venice feared power and surrounded it with checks and deterrents. The Republic's real desire was for business as usual. Its foreign policy always, even in its expansionist phase, aimed at protection—the safeguarding of markets. Narrow, shortsighted men, narrow, blinkered policies—its enemies flattered the Republic when they imputed to it a thirst for dominion. Wherever the Republic conquered territory, it tended to revert to the habits it had formed in the Near East in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The old Doge Dandolo refused the imperial crown after the capture of Constantinople. He was content, as his forebears had been, to let others rule. A



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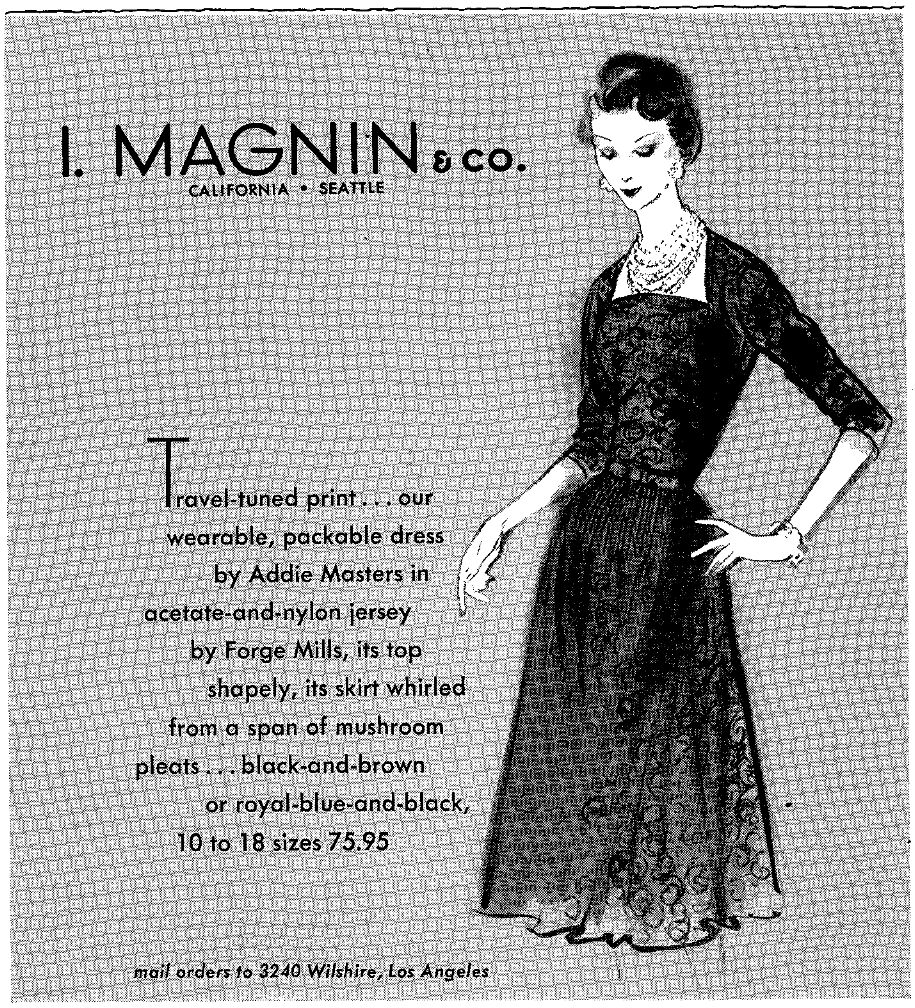

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modified self-rule was offered by Venice to its subject lands; Venice could not tax itself with the heavy apparatus of empire. The result of this moderate policy was that Venice ultimately regained many of the Italian lands it lost during the wars of the League of Cambrai. Treviso, Verona, Padua, Vicenza—they came back to the Republic voluntarily after a real taste of the oppressor's boot.

Venice was never feudal, and it never acquired feudal habits of mind. Because of its impregnable situation, moated by lagoons, it did not require walls or fortified castles or brawling bands of men-at-arms. Its noblemen bore no titles—only the designation "N.H.," for Noble Man. (The present-day counts are creations of the Austrians.) It had a citizen army in its days of valor, and was the last of the Italian states to take up the practice of hiring mercenary captains—of whom General Carmagnola was a fair sample. The citizen, in his domestic aspect, tranquil in the enjoyment of his goods, was, in fact, a Venetian ideal. Reasonable, peaceful, avid only for consumption, unsuperstitious, Venice was a city, said Wotton, "in general not much inclined to presagement but rather every man busy about himself." The purpose of the intricate state machinery was to create, precisely, a *machine* for government, in which the wills and passions of men would have no part; the Venetian government was an invention in the field of political science, a patented device in which all the components were supposed to cancel each other out, achieving a perfect equipoise. If the machine became a Frankenstein's monster, that was a paradoxical result of the original intention. The attempt to evolve a perfect product of any kind tends, by some law of limit, to conjure up its contrary: the demand for perfect love elicits perfect hate.

The Venetians regarded themselves as the true heirs of Rome, and this was to some degree right. The Venetian Republic was, in effect, the only state to emerge intact from the ruins of the Roman Empire. Its citizens were governed originally, on the islets, by tribunes. Its patrician democracy corresponded to that of the Roman Republic, and its military men and admirals, summoned from private life to lead in a time of peril, had a good deal of Cincinnatus about them. The Venetians' hatred of kings was Roman; so, on the other hand, were their sexual vice and their delicate, voluptuous luxury, which make one think, often, of Pompeii. Their prac-

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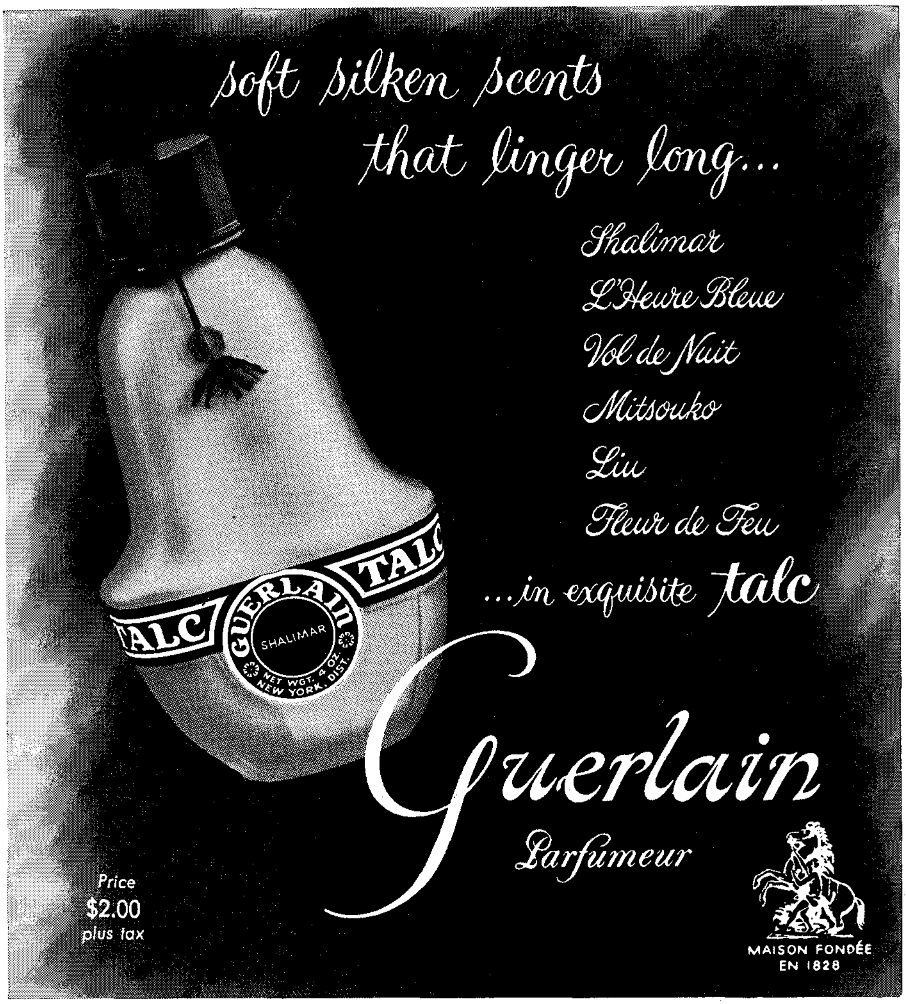
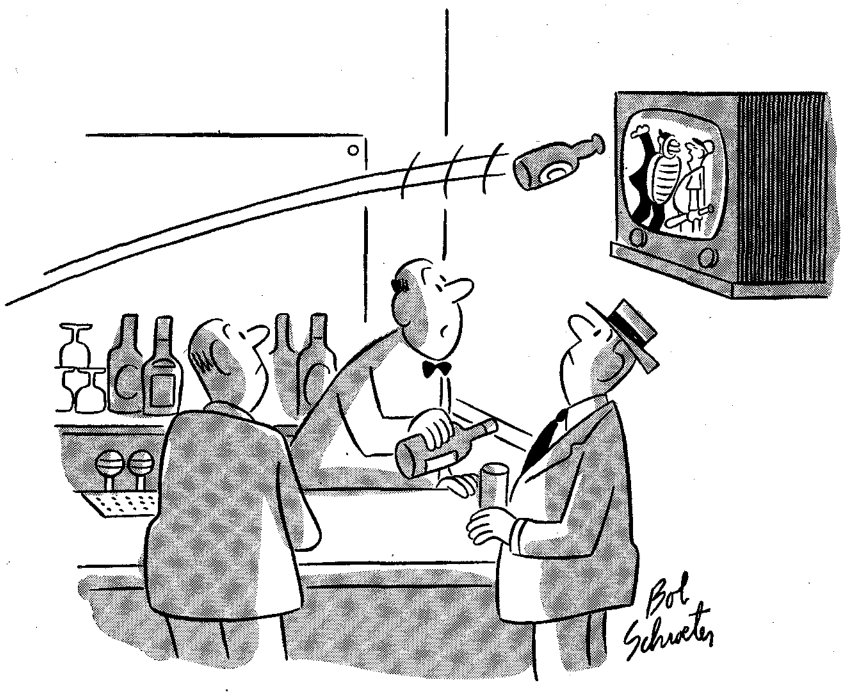
ticality, too, and their money greed recall the Roman capitalist.

THE legacy of Rome is evident, but Roman grossness is lacking—the grossness of the Empire and its swollen, mad, deified emperors. It is as heirs, chiefly, that the Venetians present themselves, a chosen strain perpetuated in a city that is like the Heavenly Jerusalem: "Flash the streets with jasper, Shine the gates with gold, Flows the gladdening river, Shedding joys untold." No doubt they did not see a resemblance between themselves and that other chosen people, whom they permitted to live in their midst, but a subtle relationship existed, nonetheless. The Venetian Jew was greatly favored, compared to other Jews, in the medieval period. He was allowed to set up loan banks "for the relief of the Venetian poor," to trade with the East, to practice medicine, and to sell old clothes—concessions that do not seem very great today but that reflected a high degree of tolerance on the part of the Republic. Resident Jews were obliged to wear the yellow hat (later a red hat), but Jews of exceptional ability or influence—particularly, skilled physicians—were often exempted from the rule. Most remarkable of all, the authorities would not permit the Jews to be persecuted. During the wave of anti-Semitic feeling that ran through Italy in 1475, the doge ordered protection for the Jews and prohibited inflammatory sermons. This was only one of many edicts restraining the enthusiasm of the friars who came to Venice preaching death to the Jews. There were two bad episodes. Some Jews from near Treviso were burned to death by the Republic in 1480, for the alleged ritual murder of a child, and the whole Jewish community was expelled from Vicenza, on the same suspicion, in 1485. But these, at any rate, were official acts. What the Republic refused to concede its citizens was the right to do arbitrary violence to Jewish persons and property—a right that to the rest of the Christian world appeared virtually innate. That, on the contrary, a Jew had rights was the essence of Venetian law, whose spirit is summed up, correctly, by Shakespeare's merchant, Antonio:

> The duke cannot deny the course of law.
> For the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice, if it be denied,
> Will much impeach the justice of his state;
> Since that the trade and profit of the city
> Consisteth of all nations.

"The trade and profit of the city"—here the Venetian cash register rings,





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since if the Republic tolerated the Jews, it did so for a price. No Jew—not even a native—could stay in Venice without a permit, which cost a considerable sum of money, and which had to be renewed every three, five, or ten years for an additional fee. From time to time, the Republic would contemplate the expulsion of the Jews, but it would change its mind, expediently, after negotiations with the chief Jews of the city, during which a bargain would be struck—a rather one-sided bargain, for the Jews had no recourse, generally, but to pay the price set by the Republic for its continued toleration. The notion that a Jew had rights did not imply any doctrine of equality; the Jew had *specific* rights—the rights he paid to enjoy.

The Venetians were tolerant, but the ghetto was a Venetian invention, a typical piece of Venetian machinery, designed to "contain" the Jews, just as the doge was "contained," while the rest of the Republic profited from them. The word "*ghetto*" is old Venetian for "foundry," and the Ghetto Nuovo, into which the Jews were directed on the day after Pentecost, 1516, was the region known as the New Foundry, where cannons had formerly been cast. The idea of the ghetto was devised to meet the problem of the Jewish refugees who were fleeing to the city from the mainland towns while the wars of the League of Cambrai were going on. Venetian geography made segregation easy. The area of the New Foundry was an island, on which the Jews were shut up every day at nightfall. There were three gates, and these were closed and locked; Christian guards, whose wages were paid by the Jews, were posted outside, at first in boats on the canal and later at the gates. The house windows facing outward from the island were blocked up, by decree, so that the ghetto turned a blind face to the city. In the morning, when the Marangona rang, the gates were unlocked. The Ghetto Nuovo was made for German and Italian Jews; later, the Old Foundry, or Ghetto Vecchio, was added, for the Levantines. When crowding became a problem, tall houses resembling skyscrapers were built, which can still be seen in the main square of the Ghetto Nuovo—a strange, picturesque sight, as if a modern slum were being expressed in an ancient idiom, like a prophecy.

The Venetians, needless to say, were alert to the picturesque aspect. The ghetto became a tourist haunt almost as soon as it was devised. Thomas Coryat, an Englishman who walked

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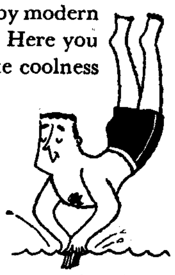

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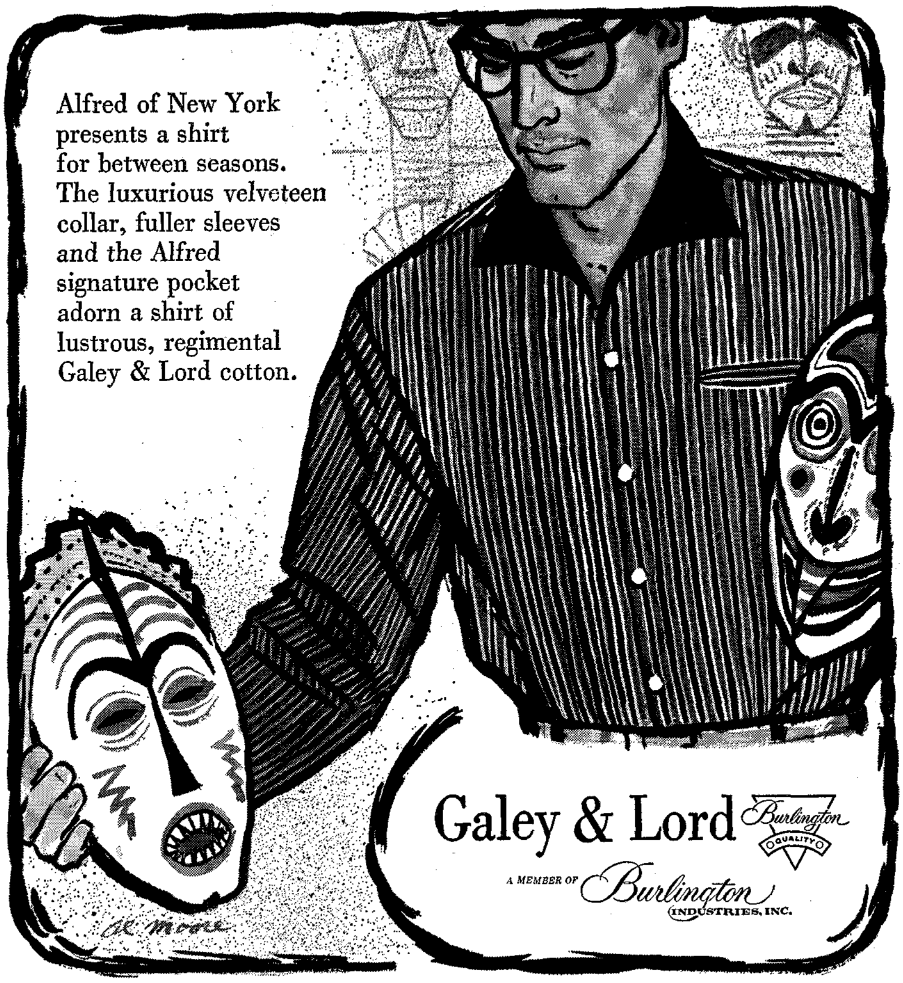
most of the way from Somerset to Venice, described his peregrinations through the ghetto in 1608. The Jews of that time were prosperous and handsome, he said, the women "as beautiful as ever I saw . . . so gorgeous in their apparel, jewels, chaines of gold, and rings adorned with precious stones, that some of our English countesses do scarce exceede them, having marvailous long traines like Princesses that are borne up by waiting women serving for the same purpose." He got into a theological dispute with a rabbi and was worsted by him. In 1629, the Duke of Orléans, brother of the King of France, visited the ghetto in state, with his train, and listened to a sermon in the Spanish synagogue. In 1635, this synagogue was restored and enlarged by Longhena. I went there on Yom Kippur and stood in the women's gallery, under the dark, massive carved ceiling; below, a few men and boys in American-style hats were intoning the service.

The ghetto today is one of the poorest sections of Venice, in the northern quarter, where a melancholy light embraces the Church of San Giobbe, image of patience, on the west, and the deserted Abbey of the Misericordia, image of mercy, on the east. It no longer draws many tourists, or Venetians, either; this is the only area where I have seen children beg. But in the eighteenth century priests and patricians would come to the ghetto to hear a famous rabbi preach; Benedetto Marcello, the Venetian composer, visited it for inspiration for his Psalms. It was one of the great centers of rabbinical culture in Europe, while outside the ghetto gates, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Christian Venice itself was the seat of Hebrew book printing. The Venetian Jews, in their yellow or red hats, were called on to supply learning and luxurious appointments for the foreign world. Henry VIII enlisted the opinion of a Venetian rabbi in his divorce suit against Catherine of Aragon. Another Jewish prodigy, Leone da Modena, who was known as the Gambling Rabbi, because of his very Venetian passion for cards and dicing, was recruited by Henry Wotton to write an account of Jewish rites and ceremonies for the pedant-king James I. Also, Wotton hired most of the furniture for his ambassadorial palace on the Grand Canal from a Jew named Luzzati, who supplied him as well with pictures, halberds, bucklers, and arms—the decorative accessories of the period. It was customary for visiting foreigners renting *palazzi* to resort to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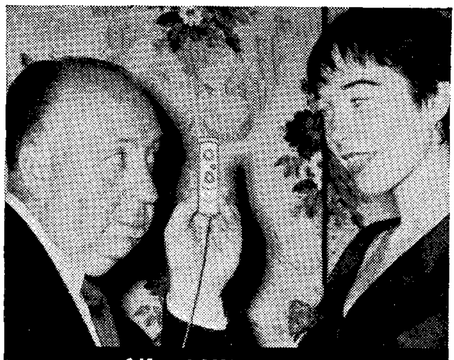
But in return for all this the Venetians exacted a veritable pound of flesh. They bled the Jewish community in every conceivable way. Since the law forbade Jews to own land, the Republic forced them to rent the ghetto in its entirety on a long lease; the day the Jews moved in, rentals were raised one-third. In the course of years, or centuries, many Jews left Venice for Holland, because of Venetian rapacity; others died of the plague. But the community continued to pay rent on their houses, even though they stood unoccupied; that was in the contract. The Jews were gouged for taxes, for special tribute, for the Army, for the Navy, for the upkeep of the canals; they were forced to keep their loan banks open, and to pay the government for the privilege, long after these had ceased to be profitable. The loan banks were not permitted to go out of business, just as the doge was not permitted to refuse his office or to resign it. This relentless policy continued to the point where, in 1735, the Inquisitori sopra gli Ebrei had to confess to the Senate that the Jews under their supervision were insolvent, and the community was declared bankrupt, by state decree. No more could be got from them, that was all there was to it, the Venetians had to admit.

When Napoleon opened the ghetto in 1797, it was little but a collection of almshouses, supported by the handful of prosperous Jews left. A Tree of Liberty was erected in the *campo*, and the priests from the neighboring churches came in to dance the carmagnole and fraternize with the starveling survivors of Venetian toleration. The Jews were free to move then, but, according to the Venetian account, they did not have the strength to do so. Hence they are there still.

A sad story, not without its ironic aspects—a typical Jewish joke, in fact, resigned and wry. The Republic was bankrupt, too, of course. It had lived like a grasshopper while the burdened Jew had toiled like the ant, and they had both come out at the same place. The Venetian today has a sardonic character—the result, no doubt, of his fall from glory. He still feels himself to be chosen, however, and chosen in a twofold sense: singled out, on the one hand, for special favors and, on the other, to be mocked by Fate. The Venetians, everyone says, are not like the other Italians, and this is true. But they



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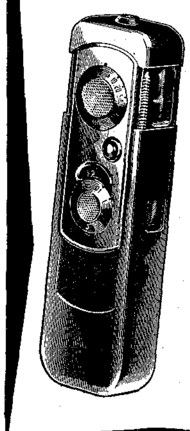

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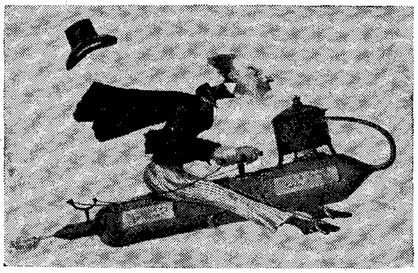

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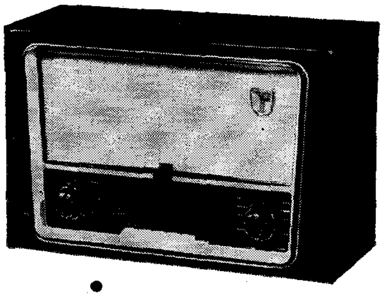

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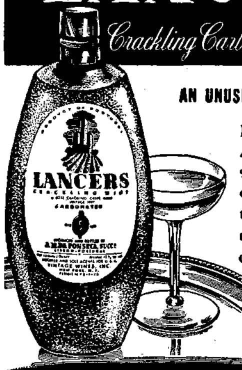

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do not regard this fact as an unmixed blessing. They do not cheat you, like the Neapolitans; they are not crabbed and avaricious, like the Tuscans, or rough and peppery, like the Romans, or business-minded and bouncy, like the Milanese. The Venetians are grave and dignified, full of ceremonious courtesy; at the same time, they are ironical and quick with a retort. They have become peaceful and passive—non-violent. There is very little crime in Venice, and no brutality. If you hear a couple quarrelling on the street, someone is quick to point out that they are Neapolitans, from their accent. This pacific temper, this dryness, this ceremony, all shadowed with a certain faraway sadness—these graven traits of character suggest a Jewish strain in the Venetian nature. The high-nosed, dark-eyed Venetian dignitaries painted by Titian and Tintoretto have the look of priests of the Temple; the Old Testament prophets in Venetian art are always completely convincing, as are the Biblical scenes of Jacopo Bassano, which are like sudden illuminations at night of a landscape in Canaan where patriarchal chieftains, with their wives and sons and concubines, graze their well-fed flocks. Set apart, much hated, the Venetian traders shared a strand of the Jewish destiny, which was interwoven with their own in a fabric commonly thought of as "Eastern." The Jews were the last representatives of the East to remain in Venice; when the Star of David set in the ghetto in the eighteenth century, the Venetian Republic itself was extinguished.

FROM the outside, as has often been observed, St. Mark's looks like an Oriental pavilion—half pleasure house, half war tent, and belonging to some great satrap. Inside, glittering with jewels and gold, faced with precious Eastern marbles—jasper and alabaster, porphyry and verd antique—and sustained by Byzantine columns in the same materials, of varying sizes and epochs, scarcely a pair of them alike, this dark cruciform cave has the look of a robber's den. In the Chapel of the Crucifix, with its pyramidal marble roof topped by a huge piece of Oriental agate and supported by six Byzantine columns in black-and-white African marble, stands a painted crucifix of special holiness, taken from Constantinople. In the atrium, flanking St. Clement's Door, are two pairs of black-and-white marble columns surmounted by wonderful lions' and eagles' heads in yellowish ivory; tradition says these

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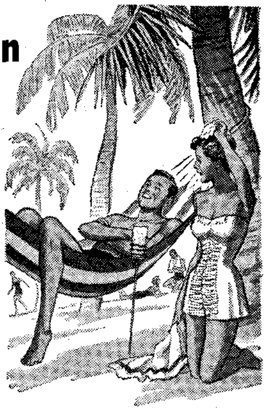

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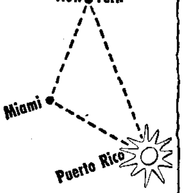

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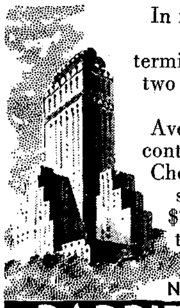

columns came from the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem. From Tyre came the huge block of Mount Tabor granite on the altar in the Baptistery—said to be the stone on which Christ was wont to pray. In the Zen Chapel, the wall is lined with slabs of onion marble and verd antique—reputedly the gravestones of the Byzantine Emperors.

In the Chapel of St. Isidore sleeps the saint stolen from Chios; he was hidden for two centuries, for fear he would be taken back. St. Theodore, stolen from Byzantium, was moved to the Church of San Salvatore. St. Mark himself was lost for a considerable period, after the fire of 976, which destroyed most of the early church; he revealed his presence by thrusting forth his arm from some crumbling masonry. He was not the original saint of Venice but, so to speak, a usurper, displacing St. Theodore. Thus, even St. Mark, the patron, was a kind of thieving cuckoo bird, and his church, which was only the doge's private chapel, imitated him by usurping the functions of San Pietro di Castello, the seat of the Patriarch and (until very recent times) the real Cathedral of Venice. In the same style, the early doges had themselves buried, in St. Mark's porch, in sarcophagi that did not belong to them, displacing the bones of old pagans and Paleo-Christians.

Venice, unlike Rome or Ravenna or nearby Verona, had nothing of its own to start with. As a city, Venice was a foundling, floating upon the waters like Moses in his basket. Cleverness and adaptability were imposed by the original situation, and the get-up-and-go of the early Venetian businessmen was typical of a self-made society. St. Mark's church is a literally shining example of this spirit of initiative, this gift for improvisation, for turning everything to account. It was built of bricks, like most Venetian churches, since brick was the easiest material to come by. Its external beauty arises from the thin marble veneers with which the brick surface is coated, just as though it were a piece of furniture. For the most part, these marbles, like the columns and the interior facing, were the spoils of war, and they were put on almost haphazardly, green against gray, against red or rose or white with red veining, without any general principle of design beyond the immediate pleasure of the eye. On the Piazzetta side, this gives the effect of a gay abstract painting—a Mondrian, if Mondrian were desultory. Parvenu art, more like painting than architecture (as Herbert Spencer might say), and yet it "worked." The marble

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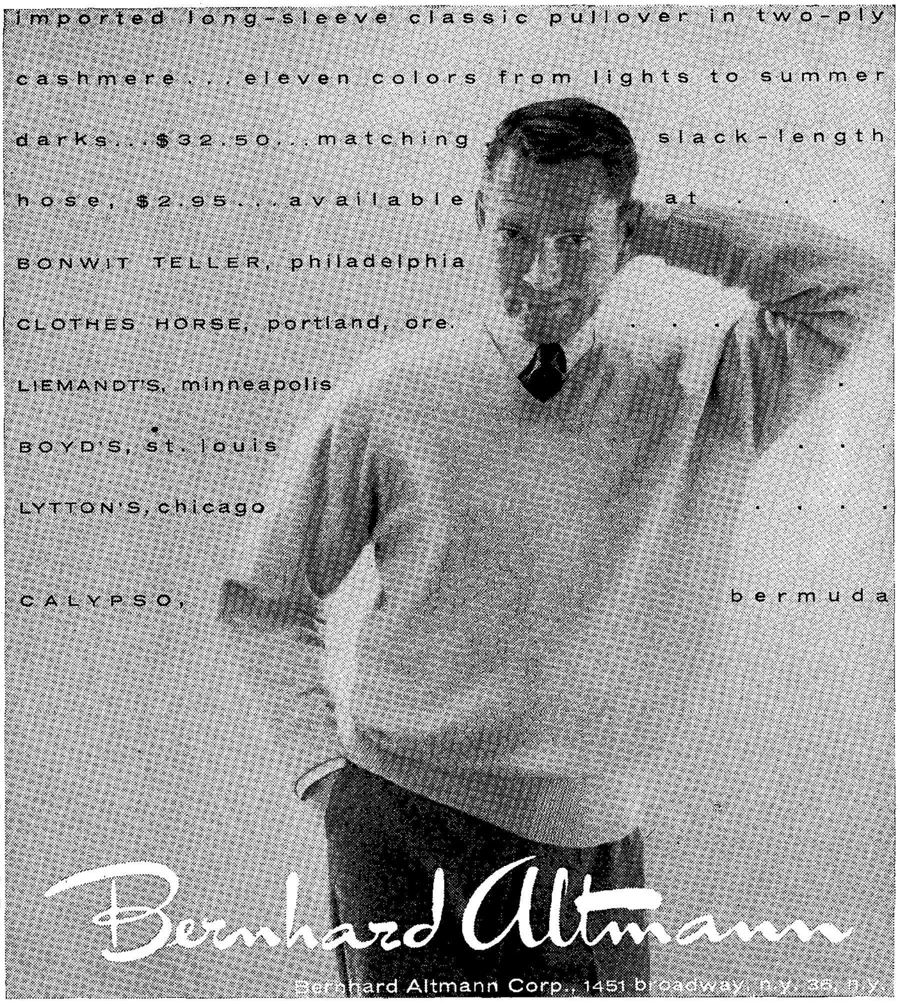
veneers of St. Mark's, especially when they have been washed by the rain so that they look like oiled silk, are among the most beautiful things in Venice. And it is their very thinness—the impression they give of being a mere lustrous coating, a film—that makes them beautiful. A palace of solid marble, rainwashed, simply looks bedraggled.

St. Mark's outer aspect as a whole, unless seen from a distance or at twilight, is not beautiful. The modern mosaics (seventeenth and nineteenth century) are generally admitted to be extremely ugly, and I myself do not care for most of the Gothic statuary of the pinnacles. The horses, the colored-marble veneers, the Byzantine Madonna at the front, the old mosaic on the left, the marble columns of the portal, the gold encrustations, the five gray domes, with their strange ornaments, like little girls' jacks—these are the details that captivate. As for the rest, it is better not to look too closely, or the whole will begin to seem tawdry, a hodgepodge, as so many critics have said. The whole is not beautiful, and yet again it is. It depends on the light and the time of day and on whether you narrow your eyes to make it look flat, like a painted surface. And it can take you unawares, looking beautiful or horribly ugly at a time when you least expect it to. Venice, Henry James said, is as changeable as a nervous woman, and this is particularly true of St. Mark's façade.

But why should St. Mark's be beautiful at all? Why should Venice, aside from its situation, be beautiful, a place of enchantment? One appears to be confronted with a paradox. A commercial people who lived solely for gain—how could they create a city of fantasy, lovely as a dream or a fairy tale? This is the central puzzle of Venice, the stumbling block that one keeps coming up against if one tries to *think* about her history, to put the facts of her history alongside the visual fact that is there before one's eyes. It cannot be that Venice is a happy accident or a trick of light. I have thought about this a long time, but now it occurs to me that, as with most puzzles, the clue to the answer lies in the way the question is framed. "Lovely as a dream or a fairy tale . . ." There is no contradiction, once you stop to think what images of beauty arise from fairy tales. They are images of money. Gold, caskets of gold, caskets of silver; the miller's daughter spinning gold all night long, thanks to Rumpelstiltskin; the cave of Ali Baba piled with stolen gold



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and silver; the underground garden in which Aladdin found jewels growing on trees, so that he could gather them in his hands (rubies and diamonds and emeralds); the queen's lovely daughter whose hair is black as ebony and whose lips are red as rubies; treasure buried in the forest, treasure guarded by dogs with eyes as big as carbuncles, treasure guarded by a beast—this is the spirit of the enchantment under which Venice lies, pearly and roseate, like the Sleeping Beauty, changeless throughout the centuries, arrested, while the concrete forest of the modern world grows up around her.

A wholly materialist city is nothing but a dream incarnate. Venice is the world's unconscious—a miser's glittering hoard, guarded by a beast whose eyes are made of white agate, and by a saint who is really an emperor who has just slain a dragon. A list of the goods in which the early Venetian merchants trafficked arouses a sense of pure wonder: wine and grain from Apulia, gems and drugs from Asia, metalwork, silk, and cloth of gold from Byzantium and Greece. These are the gifts of the Magi, in the words of the English hymn: "Pearls from the ocean and gems from the mountain, Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine." The Venetian mind, interested only in the immediate and the solid, leaves behind it, for our minds, clear, dawn-fresh images out of fairy tales.

—MARY McCARTHY

(*This is the first of two articles on Venice.*)

•

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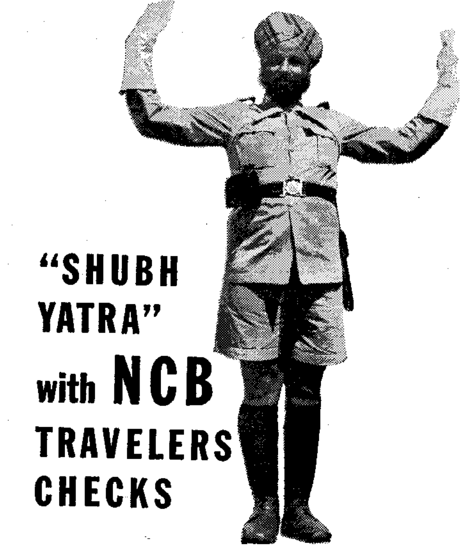

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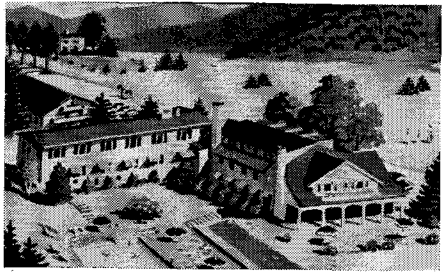

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"THE WILD OAT," a French film, is a comedy about provincial French life that dawdles along to no particular purpose, even though Fernandel, who is cast as its hero, does his galvanic best to infuse a bit of laughter into the proceedings. It seems that he is a baker in a town in Provence, and an upstanding, if somewhat irascible, member of the community. He has a son who is a pretty gay blade, however, and one day this young man slips into the chamber of a well-made village belle. Not long afterward, the youth

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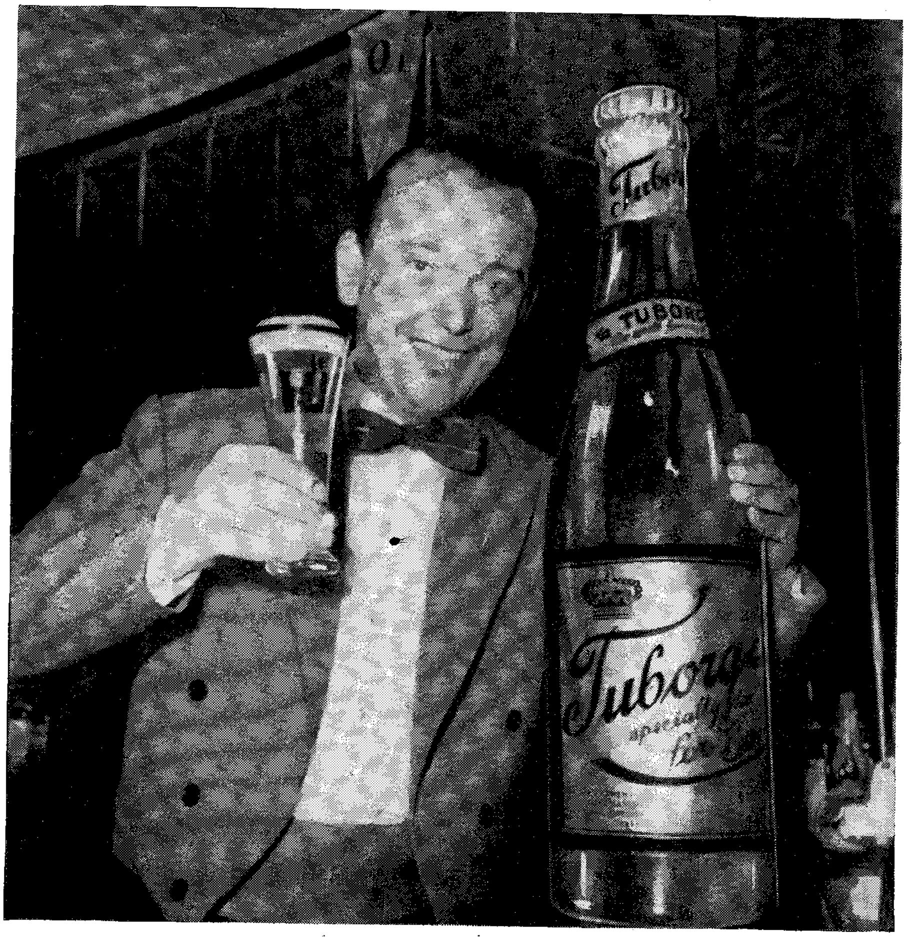

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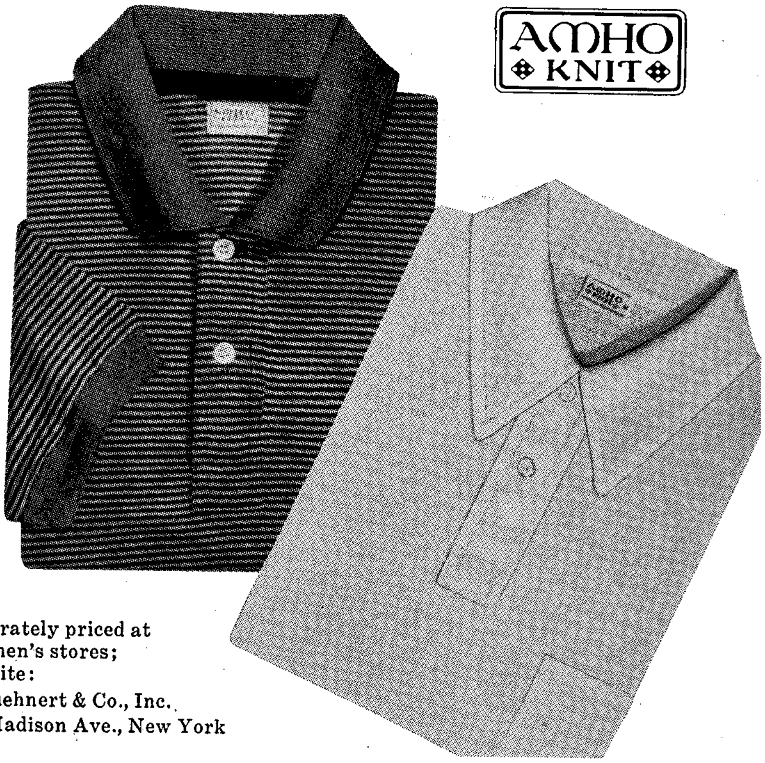

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is drafted by the Army, and in his absence his sweetheart comes down with child. As the rumor spreads that the baker's son is responsible for the imminent new arrival, the baker becomes more and more resentful of the way the family's good name is being kicked around, and by way of revenge he refuses to sell any bread to the townspeople he regards as scandalmongers. A crisis promptly ensues—bread being an absolute necessity in Provence—and the mayor of the town starts another bakery, under the management of a clod who knows little about ovens and eventually sets fire to the place. The fighting and feuding go on and on, and Fernandel occasionally provokes a bit of merriment with his tumultuous pantomime, but the picture is a far cry from the sort of thing Pagnol used to turn out, despite the fact that Henri Verneuil, the director here, has plainly tried to model his work on the Master's. The romantic team on view in "The Wild Oat" consists of Pierrette Bruno and Francis Linel. They don't hinder Fernandel, but they don't help him much, either. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

BACCALAUREATE

On the evening of May 13, in the Dubois Legion Hall, the graduating class of Dubois High School marched down the aisle to the strains of the Processional.

Rev. Wilson of St. Thomas Episcopal Church took his opening remarks from the Bible scripture, the book of Ecclesiasticus. His reading concerned the laws of Christ that we should follow and the punishments if we don't follow them.

The small chorus directed by Barbara Plomondon sang "Memories." Mr. Bauer then introduced Rev. Wilson as Baccalaureate Speaker.

Rev. Wilson spoke on three main points. His first, Take the world at face value. Second point was trust in God. Third was do what you think is right.

To illustrate his points he tore a five dollar bill in four pieces. These he presented to Valedictorian, Phyllis Hehnke, to treat the Seniors at the Drug Store. If the seniors paid strict attention to Rev. Wilson's speech, they should have truly benefited from it.—*From the Dubois (Wyo.) High School paper.*

So will the druggist, if he has some Scotch Tape and an even disposition.

•

Harriman announced Saturday his active candidacy for the Democratic nomination. Previously, he had called himself an "inactive" candidate.

He has said he regards Harriman as his main opponent for the nomination.—*Sarasota (Fla.) Journal.*

You know—every man his own worst enemy.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

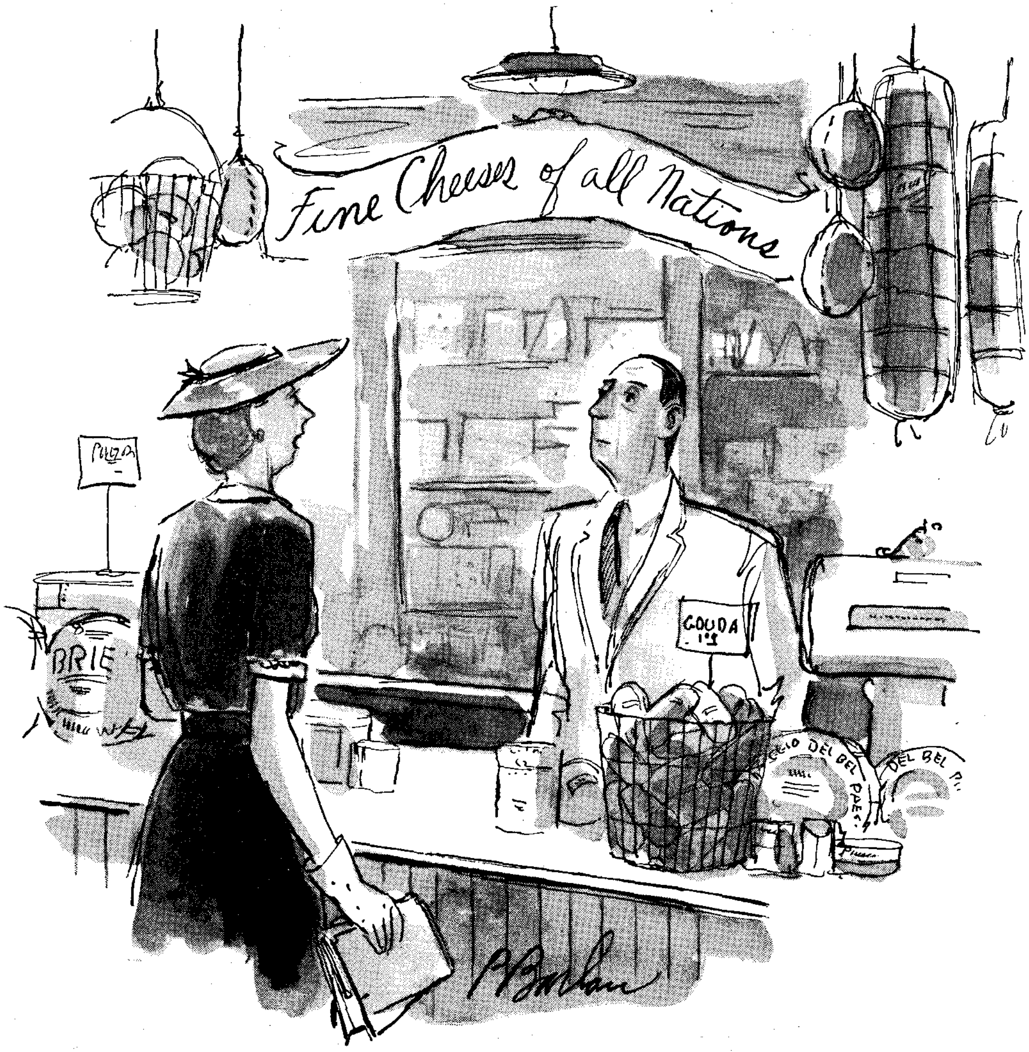
THIS AND THAT

Chequer, 816 Third Avenue (50th), is one of the many small specialty shops that dot the streets of the Village, and of the East Side up to the Eighties. To our mind, dropping in to these lively, decorative places is among the best of the many pleasures New York has to offer. The shops are all different. The things they sell are quaint, bizarre, daring, exotic, stark, sporty, handmade, homemade, bold, sweet, or smart, but although, as a customer, we have sometimes been disappointed, we have never, as a visitor, been bored. Many of the shops close for a holiday at the end of summer, but while they are open, they are positively open for business, and their stock is generally as fresh and varied in mid-July as it is at the start of the Christmas-buying scramble. They never seem to admit to an off season, and that is why, for improvident people like us, who never manage to assemble a decent array of clothes ahead of any season, these little specialty places are a godsend. We would be reluctant to advise gathering a complete wardrobe at any one of them; that would be like recommending a diet of all soup, or all lamb chops, or all marmalade. Each has something to offer, however, in the way of smartness or imagination or absurdity. The choice, and the anxiety and excitement of the choice, is up to the customer.

Anyway, Chequer has a Chinese banker's coat of natural raw silk that can be worn in the daytime or at night—as a coat or as a negligee. It costs $15. A brightly striped sailcloth sheath to slip over a bathing suit fastens at the shoulders with gold-metal balls and is slit at the sides from the hips to the hemline; $17.50. The same sheath lined with pale-blue terry cloth costs $24.95. A short burnous, adapted for our shores in striped terry cloth—Shocking pink, red, green, lavender, black, and gold, all laid on together—is $10.95. A hand-crocheted carryall of natural jute is $27.50, and matching jute espadrilles that tie at the instep with tasselled jute cords are $7.50.

Brett, 10 East 53rd Street, is a splendid place in which to seek out well-tailored clothes for an active summer outdoors. Among the trousers are man-tailored slacks of khaki-colored cotton poplin with cuffs of tan calf, tapered pants of plaid madras, and tapered slacks of olive-green or pink cotton-and-dacron; $16.95 to $22.95. Shorts of khaki cotton poplin are so abbreviated that they barely show below their companion middies, which are striped in a riot of colors, including khaki; $4.95 for the shorts and $12.95 for the middies. Madras hats, very mannish, with round crowns and narrow snap brims, are available in solid shades, mostly muted; $7.95.

Robert Leader, 141 East 54th Street, has a sleeveless sheath dress of black wool knit, with red and white stripes across the shoulders and just above the hem, that looks very much like an elongated Mack Sennett bathing suit. Mr. Leader calls this a tank dress, and if your figure can stand it, it's all right; $30. A bolero to match is $22.95. Another sheath, of royal-blue wool knit with three-quarter-length pushup sleeves, is accompanied by a deep, triangular scarf, lined with black wool jersey, that can be worn either as a bib or as a cape; $35 complete. A third sheath, sleeveless, with a stovepipe collar that can be draped into a wide turtleneck or pulled up into a tight hood, is made of wool-and-orlon knit, striped in the Neapolitan manner; that is, gaily. It's $35. Mexican-made shorts of handwoven gray-blue cotton are embroidered with pink-and-white blowfish and pink stars and waves; $17.95. A softly tailored shirt of Italian silk may be had in twenty solid colors, all lovely, as well as in white silk printed with red onions or with royal-blue and black bamboo shoots; $22.95. A shirt in two-tone cotton is printed with a design of what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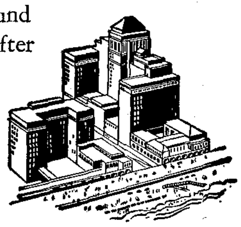

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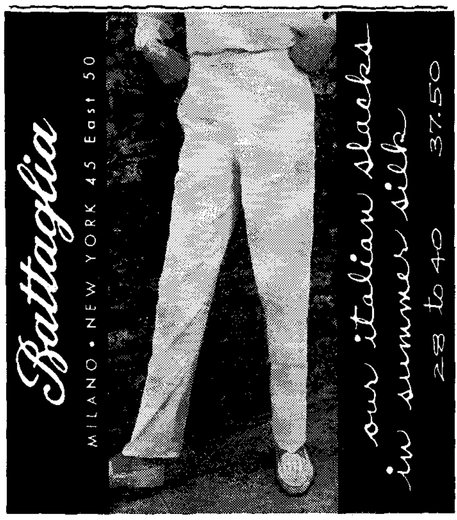

Battaglia
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our italian slacks in summer silk
28 to 40 37.50

appear to be medieval women musicians; $17.95.

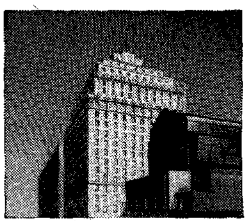
HANLAN'S new branch shop for fashions, at 51 Greenwich Avenue, has a workroom where the proprietors cut and sew blouses and skirts to their own designs. An overblouse, with or without sleeves and slim enough to go inside your waistband if you prefer to feel tucked in, is made up in raspberry, turquoise, or lemon chambray, in multicolored striped sailcloth, in striped hand-woven cotton from Mexico or India, and in striped silk from France or Italy. A four-gore skirt in fiercely striped India cotton comes with a matching shrug, which is reversible, with the striped India cotton on one side and American cotton in a solid American color on the other. Hanlan's separates begin at $8.95 and go up to $25.

HAND-WOVEN Mexican cottons are a year-round staple at the Pan American Shop, 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd). A bullfighter shirt of pale-blue cotton broadcloth with embroidered white ruffles is $12.50; a yellow cotton *guayaverra* shirt is $8.50; and a *charro* shirt of multicolored cotton vertically striped except down the spine, where the stripes temporarily change to horizontal, is also $8.50. A lime-green cotton skirt, made with eighteen gores and rising to a point above the waist in front, is $17.50.

ROSETTE PENNINGTON, 20 East 56th Street, has a wraparound sun dress of white cotton printed all over with a blue chicken-wire pattern that turns out, on close examination, to be rows of very small golfers; $20. For serious golfing, there is a low-necked, sleeveless dress that has a patch pocket covering one hip and is available in pink-and-white, yellow-and-white, and charcoal-and-white striped cotton shirting; $15. For dinner, there is a beautifully simple black cotton sheath, surprisingly caught up into a great pouf at the right side; $50. And for dancing, there is a black cotton broadcloth whose flared skirt is circled by ten wavy rows of black grosgrain ribbon adorned with white polka dots; also $50.

JIMMY CURLEY, 102 Macdougal Street, is a young lady with a talent for designing jewelry in silver. Her creations have a modern air, and everything she sells is handmade. She likes to stud her jewelry with semiprecious cabochons. A silver choker of irregular flexible discs is set at the front with an

Air-conditioned accommodations. Home of the superb new Embassy Club and Knight Box. Convenient to business, social and amusement centers.



The Ambassador
PARK AVENUE AT 51ST STREET
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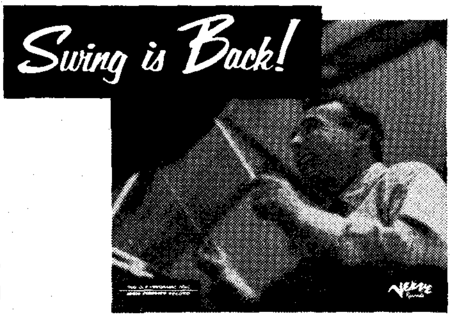

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aquamarine, a moonstone, and an amethyst cabochon; $85. A strand of silver wire set at intervals with small silver hemispheres that give off a pearly gleam costs from $20 up, depending on the length you like a necklace to be. Among a group of silver hairpins are a skewer with a scrap of onyx at the top, a prong hairpin set with a green tourmaline, and a square hairpin that flourishes a silver frond touched with pink coral. Prices here, which include the luxury tax, start at $4.40 and go as high as $300. The shop is open from three in the afternoon until nine, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Lord & Taylor, not a little shop at all, has heavenly nylon negligees flowered in faithful imitation of Indonesian prints. One, a surplice wraparound printed with yellow, chartreuse, and orange flowers, ties in a huge butterfly bow in front at the waist. Another, with a turnover collar and short puffed sleeves, blooms with Shocking pink, lavender, and pale green, and has nylon-covered buttons part way down the front. Either of these is $35. Two-piece pajamas from Hong Kong are made of gold pongee, and bound and frogged in turquoise blue; $19.95. Short Hong Kong kimonos of the gold pongee are $14.95.

Bergdorf Goodman's Cherub's Corner (to change the subject as abruptly as possible) will outfit little boys up to toddler-size 4 and little girls up to size 6X. The brother-and-sister sets include a girl's sun dress of navy pima cotton to which is attached a white piqué pinafore cross-stitched with red birds on green boughs, and a boy's suspender sun suit of white piqué with matching cross-stitching. A little girl's bloomer suit of aquamarine cotton twill sprinkled with white polka dots is piped with white piqué; her brother's counterpart is a white piqué suspender top attached to trunks of the twill. For little girls without brothers, romper suits of pink-and-white pin-checked cotton with pastel overstripes are equipped with overdresses of pink bird's-eye piqué. Box-pleated princesse dresses of white cotton printed with a miniature design of pink apples and gray-blue grapes tie at the shoulders with turquoise cotton bows. And a fluffy white organdie party dress is embroidered with an American Beauty rose at the right side of the bodice and another down on the hem at the left. Afterthought: the hand-knitted cable-stitch sweaters of white wool with red and navy bands, for future tennis champions who now wear infant sizes. The top price in the department, by the way, is $45.

Altman's Young Colony Shop has a good-looking suit of black chino cloth, consisting of a box jacket, belted low in the back, a straight gored skirt, and a red cotton tie-print shirt; $22.95. On the same rack is a black cotton suit in a petit-point weave, with a kick pleat in the skirt and with a box jacket, belted this time across the shoulder blades and lined with wildly striped cotton jersey to match the neat, close-fitting blouse that accompanies it; $39.95. These outfits come in junior sizes 7 to 15. On Altman's first floor, there are hand-whipped Mokalyn gloves of nylon that looks enough like suède to *be* suède; eight-button length, in white and a dozen colors, and $4. —M. M.

• •

BUNCH OF WILDFLOWERS

There's no arrangement. It is a thicket in little
of the nondescript, the riffraff of the field,
as miscellaneous here as where you found them growing.
In the glass jar of water, they look much
as when you broke them and carried them home in your hand.

Some would say "Weeds." They have the look of trash,
but this is simply the character of where they grew,
an asperity about them, stiff in spike,
stalk, leaf, and natively savage in purple
loosestrife, orange milkweed, and goldenrod.

What you brought back to stick in water is the field,
a part of the tangle and tramp of the afternoon.
They are the pollen and dust on your shoes, the insects
before you, the straw of summer wilderness,
the burn in your face, and, still, the sun in your eyes.

—Luke Zilles

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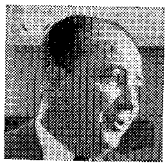

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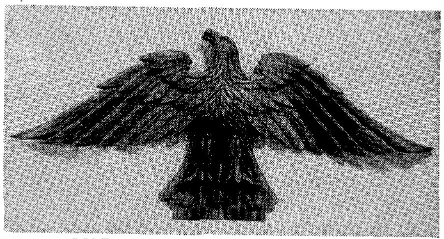

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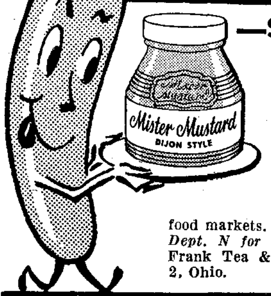

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FOR PICNICS, backyard cookouts or regular meals, nothing adds exciting flavor like zesty-hot "*Mister* Mustard". Made from an old Dijon, France recipe. It's America's finest. Now in the open refrigerator, dairy section of food markets. Get a jar today. *Write Dept. N for FREE Recipe Booklet.* Frank Tea & Spice Co., Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

Mister Mustard *says:*
"Keep me cold and I'll STAY HOT!"

THE RACE TRACK

Aqueduct in '58

THE big news last week, of course, was that the Greater New York Association, the nonprofit organization that conducts racing in the state, has finally decided that the new track everyone has been waiting for will be built at Aqueduct, which is to be done over from the ground up. Belmont Park, it announced, won't be changed much (at the most, it will get a mere face-lifting), and Jamaica will go into the discard, as was generally expected.

The merry business of razing Aqueduct will begin as soon as the State Racing Commission approves the program. Such approval is a foregone conclusion, since the Commission unofficially suggested in April that Aqueduct be rebuilt and Belmont remodelled. The dates for the forthcoming autumn meetings haven't been announced, but it's my guess that, with Aqueduct out of the running, Belmont will have the first six weeks after the return from Saratoga, and Jamaica the rest of the season, which will close on November 15th, as usual. Oh, we're going to see a lot more of Jamaica, no matter what.

Whether the new Aqueduct will be the completely lotus-drenched dream track that racegoers have been looking forward to for so long is something we won't know until it is opened—in 1958, at the earliest. According to the plans, though, it's going to be a real nonesuch—quite up to handling crowds of 60,000. It will have seats for 20,800 spectators—16,700 in the grandstand and 4,100 in the clubhouse section—and every seat will offer a good view of the races. It will have escalators and air-conditioned restaurants, and there will be easy access to the betting rings, the parking lots, and the subway station. (As you know, the price of a ride to Aqueduct is now one subway token.) There will be a saddling paddock in front of the stand, like those at Hollywood Park and Garden State Park. The main track will be a mile and a furlong around, and will have a turf course inside it; the infield will also contain the only figure-eight steeplechase course in the country. Lock, stock, barrel, and parking lots, the new Aqueduct will cost twenty-five million dollars.

By the way, Mr. Fitz can let Nashua

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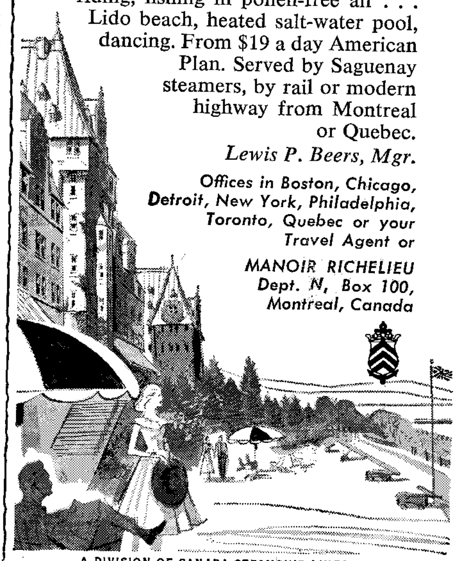

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STATE STREET
The Restaurant Landmark of
ALBANY, NEW YORK

and the rest of the horses he keeps at Aqueduct stay on until the end of the season. He and the other horsemen whose charges are stabled on the grounds will be able to use the track for training until the snow flies. When the time comes for him to move, he's going to miss the place. He has stabled there for close to forty years.

IT'S a pleasure to know that the racecourse at Belmont Park won't be changed—at least not right now. A lot of horseplayers don't like the straight Widener Course, but it's the only racing strip over which big fields of two-year-olds have a fair chance to run. Can you imagine what might happen in a race as important as the Futurity with more than twenty runners going hell-bent around turns? Just about all that is planned for the stately old place is the installation of escalators, which are badly needed; new seating arrangements (the Turf and Field Club enclosure will be eliminated, to increase the capacity of the grandstand); and larger parking lots and new entrance and exit roads for automobiles. It seems that nowadays the capacity of a race track is limited to the number of cars it can put in its parking lots.

As for Jamaica, it will be turned into a stabling area and training ground when Aqueduct is opened and Belmont is fixed up. After that, there won't be any more racing there. However, a horrid rumor is going around—it's only a rumor, though—that Jamaica might have racing during the month of August next year, at the same time as Saratoga. Let's hope that doesn't happen. —AUDAX MINOR

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Erie (Pa.) Times*]

ROCHESTER, N.Y. (AP)—"There was this thing on the side porch," said Christopher Brenner of suburban Greece. "It kept getting in the way."

Brenner had moved into the house a few months ago. He took a plumber's advice against throwing the "thing" away.

•

His face jutted from his hunched shoulders "like the carved head of an American hero from one of those giant cliffs in Utah." Mr. Mosley may confuse Utah with North Dakota, but he paints a graphic picture of his man.—*Lewis Gannett in the Herald Tribune.*

D'ya suppose Mr. Gannett may have confused North Dakota with South Dakota?

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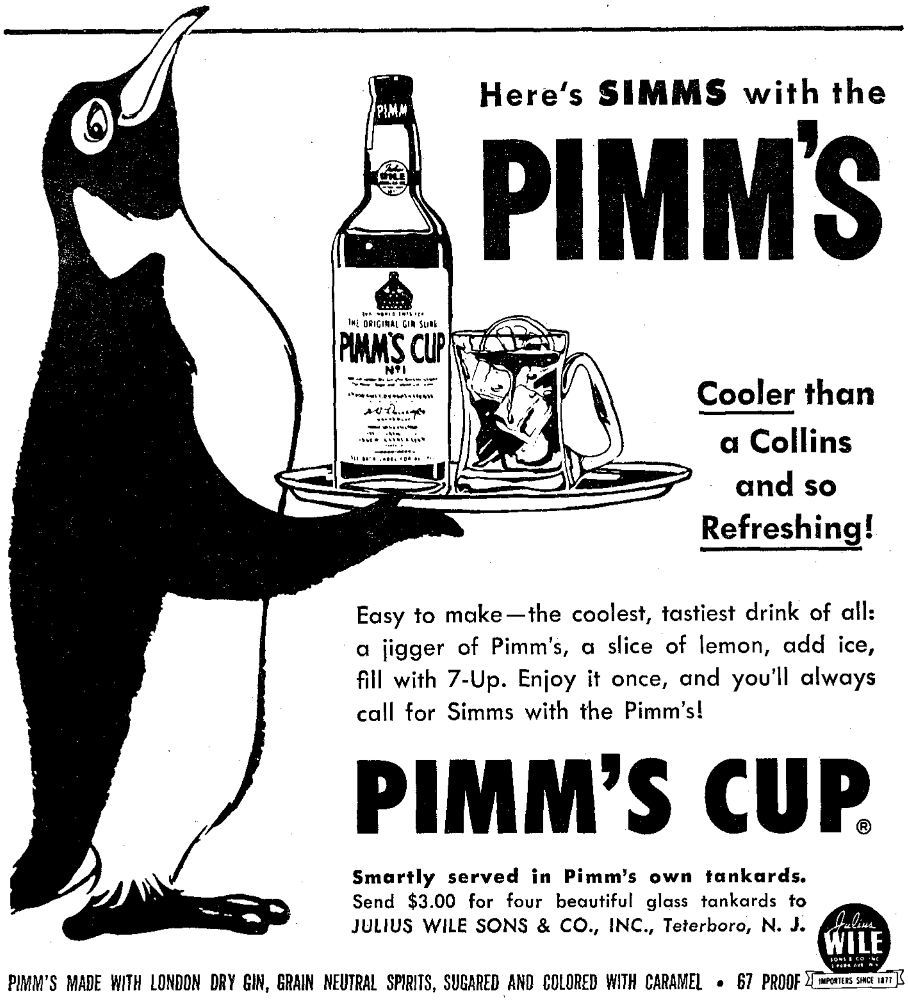
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THE SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA

I SOMETIMES think that the senior senator from California, the Honorable William F. Knowland, is one of the most frustrating men I have known. He is a person of consequence, of course, but for a long time I have been waiting for him to attain such preëminence that his name will be on everyone's lips at every social gathering. I like to drop names as well as the next man, and I have often imagined the talk turning to Senator Knowland, and some extremely pretty young woman saying, "I wonder what he's like—I wonder what he's *really* like." I say casually, "Well, he's a rather pleasant chap. At least, he was when I knew him," and all eyes turn toward me, and I am prevailed upon.

The story is no great shakes, I realize. It happened that at the end of the Second World War I was transferred from the Third Army to the same military outfit he belonged to, and that we shared an office for a couple of days, and were housed in the same quarters. I arrived at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, a suburb of Paris, in late August of 1945 to work for the E.T.O. Historical Section, then occupying a commandeered château just outside the town. After being assigned my billet, and leaving my bags there, I reported to the adjutant. He told me that I was to share an office with a Major Knowland. "You'll get along all right," the adjutant said. "He's a nice chap."

He was indeed a nice chap, as I found when I went to the office and introduced myself—a man in his late thirties, mild-mannered, very polite, with a slow but warm smile. "Nice to meet you, Lieutenant," he said to me, shaking hands. "Since I've already grabbed this desk, I suppose that one over there is yours."

The office was plainly furnished with a few chairs and two desks. Major Knowland's had a window behind it, and mine was against a windowless wall. There was little for me to do that first day, except go through some after-action reports in preparation for my assigned task. The Major, on the other hand, had a pile of work on his desk, and was obviously engrossed in it. Toward the end of the afternoon, he relaxed, offered me a cigarette, and asked me where I was billeted. I told him I had a room in a small villa near Louveciennes, two miles away.

"Does it overlook the Seine, and have an old player piano in the living room?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Then we're in the same place," he said. "That's a nice coincidence."

Soon we began trading facts about the field units we had recently come from. He had been, as I recall it, with a historical team attached to the Fifteenth Army. "I didn't have too much chance to do actual combat reporting," he told me, with evident regret, explaining that his outfit had been activated late in the war, and been kept in reserve during most of the last months of the war in Europe. "It must have been pretty hectic in Third Army," he added.

I said it had been, and we talked about that for a while, and then he went on with his work.

"Heading back to the billet?" the Major asked when it was close to six o'clock. "Doesn't look like too much activity on that desk of yours."

I agreed that there wasn't, and we went off together on the bus that made regular stops at the officers' quarters. We said good night at the door of ours, and a little later I met some friends and went into Paris with them.

THE next day, Major Knowland and I began using first names, at his insistence, and once again I found that though he was not loquacious—was, in fact, somewhat reserved—he was easy and friendly, and his quietness and modesty made him a good working companion.

That afternoon, an orderly brought him a telegram. He opened it, and I could see that whatever was in it had startled him. For a moment, I was worried for fear it contained bad news.

"Nothing wrong, I hope," I said.

"No," he said. "Not in the least." His voice was trembling. He took a deep breath. "I'm just very surprised, that's all. Would you care to take a look at this?"

He handed me the telegram with shaky fingers. It was from the Governor of California, and it said that Major William F. Knowland was appointed junior senator from California to fill the unexpired term of the incumbent senator, who had died a few days before. The appointment was already in effect, and it took precedence over any and all military duties.

"Didn't you expect this?" I asked.

"Not at all," he said. "I suppose I'd better go see the Colonel."

As he went to the door, I said, "Congratulations, Senator."

He turned and gave me a brief, almost shy smile.

I DIDN'T see Bill Knowland, as I now spoke of him around the office and the billet, for the rest of that day. I ran into him the next morning, though, when I missed the bus and had to walk the two miles to the château. As I started down the path from the villa to the road, he came hurrying behind me. "Have we missed it?" he asked.

"I'm afraid we have," I said.

"Mind if I hike with you?"

"Delighted."

We crunched along the gravel road in silence for a moment.

"Fine morning," he said.

It certainly was a fine morning, with just a faint haze over the Seine, but it seemed to me that our conversation ought to be a little more momentous. I didn't want to seem too curious about how he happened to be appointed, but I felt I might at least make an attempt to talk with him on a more senatorial level. "This may be a little early," I said tentatively, "but have you thought much about your policies, things you'll stand for?"

"Yes, I've given it a bit of thought," he said. "Naturally, the main thing is to represent my constituents as best I know how. But I wouldn't want to commit myself at this point—not until I arrive in Washington and have a chance to assess the situation at first hand."

I began to have the odd feeling that the man who was now walking beside me was not the same man I had talked with the day before.

"How do you feel about the Russians?" I asked. "Do you think maybe they could be worked with?"

"That is a most difficult question," he replied. "And there are a good many things to take into account before one

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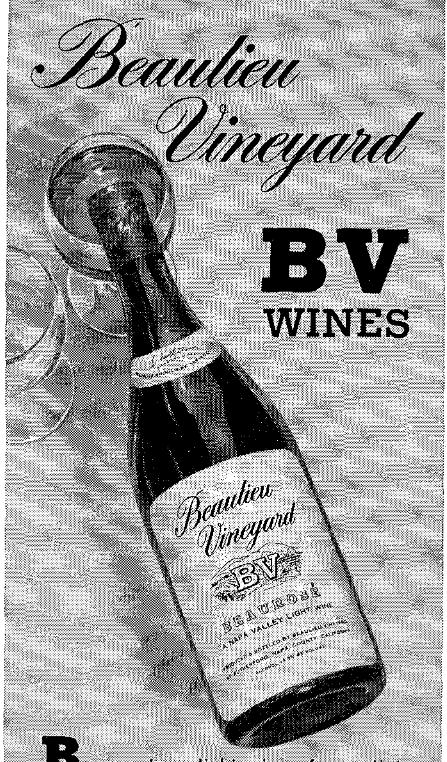

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can answer in a sensible fashion. Should the Russians evidence a spirit of coöperation, and if they can convince us of their sincerity, then I would say we might be able to work out our problems to our mutual satisfaction. On the other hand, there is the question of the atomic bomb. How will our unquestionable superiority there . . ."

He went on in that vein for quite a while. Good God, I thought, he's talking like a senator!

Since that time, Senator Knowland has, of course, made himself very clear on a good many issues, and his speech has, more often than not, been every bit as direct as Major Knowland's was. Nevertheless, it has always seemed to me that the senatorial part of his nature was born during that morning walk to the château. —HOLLIS ALPERT

•

As we go to press, I am in dreamland—looking ahead to Saturday night, to a wedding, to the fulfillment of a mother's hopes and exciting plans. Will you take my hand; will you join me in my mirage?

A miracle will happen on Collingwood Blvd. that night, strange and wondrous as it may seem . . . It will be nearly 8:30; the First Congregational Church will be slowly filling with the family, friends, and relatives of Tish Rainie and Bill Alverson gathering together for their wedding. It will be dark in the silent street. Suddenly, even the organist will pause perceptibly and a tremor will go through the throng, for the half-century-old, priceless, Tiffany stained-glass chancel windows will glow as though the rays of the western sun were sinking reverently through them. Will it . . . can it be . . . no, it will be 8:30 in the evening; it can't be the sun. Then, what is it? What is this miracle?

The fairy godmother, whose magic wand had created the illusion will smile secretly. She alone really knows what is transpiring; it is just one of many ideas come to life as reality, and formed in the creative mind of Tish's mother, Dorothy, who proudly watches her only daughter walk down the aisle on the arm of her father.

When Tish Rainie chose First Congregational for her evening wedding, the germ of an idea formed in her mother's mind: Could she make it possible to let all those present view the glory of the stained-glass windows even though darkness had fallen? She could!

The famous windows (thought to be the masterpieces of John LaFarge) were in the old First Congregational Church on St. Clair St. when the final service was held May 25, 1913. The following year, the site for a new church was decided upon uptown and dedicated in 1916 with the priceless glass installed there. This time a clause was put in the insurance policies to the effect that "the windows were too fragile and delicate to be washed and must, hereafter, be dusted only in cleaning."

Obviously, next to the bride, herself,

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the windows were the focal point in the church. So sunlight—in the form of Thomas Edison's heritage, 3,000-watt bulbs, erected on tall poles and placed outside opposite each window, serviced with "juice" from the main power circuit on Collingwood (in order not to risk dimming the lights in the church during the ceremony)—when only the moon should be bright and shiny will be just the beginning of the magic. But what a nice beginning!

After the wedding uniting Tish and Bill we will go to Valleyview Drive. There, on the lawn of the Walter Rainies' imposing home, under a white marquee, the long receiving line will form. Tubs of gladioli, in soft shades of pink and white, will be everywhere with floodlights highlighting, here and there, a particularly appealing tree or bloom of flowers. The pastel frocks of the 400-odd women guests will blend colorfully with the formal attire of the 400 men and the tinkle of crystal champagne glasses will be a welcome sound—and a distinguished and comforting companion while we wait to greet the bride and groom!

Here, the second of Dorothy's ideas will come to life and prove a lifesaver for the bride, her mother, and new mother-in-law. . . .—*Cissie Calhoun in the Toledo Blade.*

If Dorothy's coming up with another idea, *you'd* better take *our* hand.

◆

BEYOND THE HUNTING WOODS

I speak of that great house
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Odor of jessamine,
And roses, canker-bit,
Recall the famous times
When dame and maiden sipped
Sassafras or wild
Elderberry wine
While far in the hunting woods
Men after their red hounds
Pursued the mythic beast.

In all that great house finding
Not one living thing,
I ask it of a stranger,
Or of the wind or weather,
What charm was in the wine
That they should vanish so,
Ladies in their stiff
Bone and clean of limb,
And over the hunting woods
What mist had maddened them
That gentlemen should lose
Not only the beast in view
But Belle and Ginger, too,
Nor home from the hunting woods
Ever, ever come?

—DONALD JUSTICE

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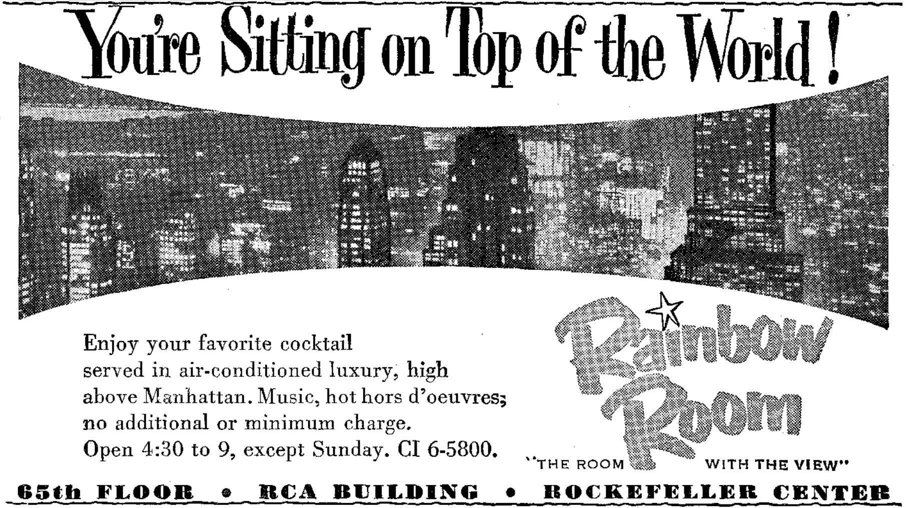

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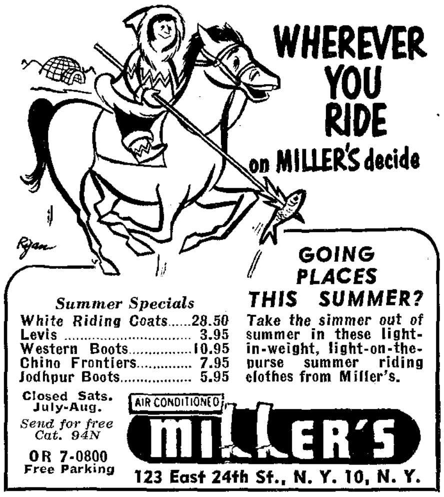

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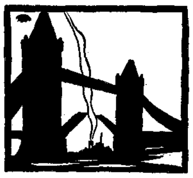
LETTER FROM LONDON

June 26th

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer, Harold Macmillan, has just announced a cut of seventy-six million pounds in the defense program as the first installment of the hundred million pounds in government economies he pledged himself to in his budget, and Prime Minister Anthony Eden, in a speech delivered over the weekend, promised a reduction in taxes as soon as Britain has won the battle of inflation and brought the pound out into the clear. These two items of news may lull some of the criticisms now coming from a hitherto staunch group of Government supporters—the long-suffering and heavily burdened members of the middle class, who are groaning for tax relief and have been bitterly disappointed by the Government's failure to do anything for them. The Prime Minister addressed his soothing words specifically to them—a measure of the anxiety the Government feels over their restiveness. To judge by the way people have been talking in shops and buses and pubs, this restiveness has been steadily increasing for a long while, but what finally blew the lid off and drew the attention of the highest quarters was the recent election in Tonbridge, a quiet town in Kent populated chiefly by professional and retired people. In the Conservatives' political calculations, Tonbridge has always been regarded as a dependable, true-blue stronghold, a corner of the electoral field that would be forever Tory. It was therefore a profound shock when the Conservative vote, though it won, fell off by a whacking, indignant nine thousand. What is more, behind the figures lay disturbing indications that numbers of the defaulters had not stayed home and weeded their gardens on polling day, which would have been bad enough, but had marched into the booths and voted for the Labour man. Since the Socialists have never shown themselves exactly tender toward the plight of the middle classes, the Tonbridge Conservatives who voted Labour were possibly engaging in a mere reflex action of disapproval of the general situation. But it made both parties sit up and take notice. The Liberals have sat up and taken notice, too, hoping to cash in on it in the future.



The official Conservative line has been to insist that elsewhere the Party ranks are holding firm and that the importance of the Tonbridge election has been exaggerated. All the same, many people feel that it has supplied interesting evidence of what could amount to a quiet and orderly revolution of the middle class—a turning of the worm in the frayed white collar. The root of the serious dissatisfaction among decent worried people that was revealed in the Tonbridge swing seems to be their feeling that they are simply being crushed to death by taxation, ever-mounting prices, and the high standards of living that are the essence of Conservatism. They fear that the Government has not been firm enough with the trade unions in the past and will not be firm enough now to hold out against the expected new summer crop of wage demands, which, if they are granted, will jam the white-collar workers (who have no such powerful organizations to go in and slog for them), the pensioners, the small businessmen, and other desperate groups even tighter against the wall. The Prime Minister is meeting with the heads of the nationalized industries this week, reportedly to tell them bluntly that another fattening of pay envelopes could be the often advertised beginning of the end for the national economy. Many Conservatives cynically recall that similar earnest exhortations in the past have not done much to stop the free-for-all over wages, in which it has been mostly the docile non-union bystanders who got hurt. As the members of the middle class see it, they are the section of the community that always stands to lose out. They are the people who wish to be independent and save (but see no chance of doing so), who scrape to give their children a better (and non-free) education, and who fork over their taxes without the benefit of any of the dodges that are possible for the rich business executive. For the first time, they are airing these grievances with passion. The *Sunday Times* has just printed some of the letters that flooded in following an editorial calling the Government's attention to the warning from Tonbridge. "We voted last time," one of them read, "for a Conservative Party with a Conservative policy, for more freedom and greater incentives to work and save, for less exaltation of the State and a fairer deal for the individual and the family, for a Government which in economic affairs would govern and not merely exhort: we asked for bread, we have been given a stone." And "Those who have shoul-

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dered their 'personal responsibility' and asserted the 'rights of the individual' find themselves worse positioned than those who have bilked the State at every turn." And "No section of the community appreciates more clearly than the middle class the necessity for and wisdom of the credit squeeze. None is more willing to shoulder its full share of the burden, but the middle class now perceives quite clearly that it is expected to subscribe to total self-extinction." And so on.

A thought-provoking sidelight on this sudden revolt among the Conservative Party's best-trained, most doggedly devoted troops is that organizations calling themselves the People's League for the Defence of Freedom, the Middle Class Union, the Society for Individual Freedom, and whatnot are popping up and reportedly attracting members. As in France, discontent has become a feature of the political scene.

THE British film industry, like the American, is beginning to feel the deadly effect of television. In spite of wide screens and all the rest of the marvels, people are obstinately choosing to stay home and see what the two television networks—the B.B.C. and the Independent—are going to dish out for nothing, even though a lot of viewers seem to agree that the quality of what they get often leaves much to be desired. The last set of figures released by the movie industry showed a big drop in audiences, and while the larger houses may be able to take the loss in box-office receipts, small neighborhood cinemas are said to be folding every week. There are, of course, people who claim that the industry is going through this crisis simply because films are less good than they used to be. Students of the question have a fine chance to make up their minds at the *Observer* Film Exhibition, now on view in Trafalgar Square, in a formerly vacant building that has been given a giddy modern façade for the occasion by Sir Hugh Casson, who was architectural director of the Festival of Britain. The show, which takes visitors through twenty rooms and sixty years or so of moving-picture history, finally allowing them to totter gratefully into a little screening room and revive themselves with swigs of vintage Chaplin, Lillian Gish, or Harold Lloyd, was arranged by the *Observer's* ballet critic, Richard Buckle, who also organized the paper's recent superb Diaghilev exhibition. The most fascinating section of the current show contains the earliest of the experimental models that culminated in the

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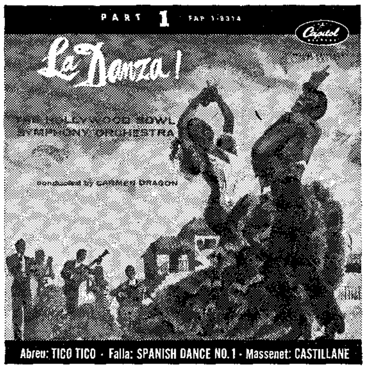
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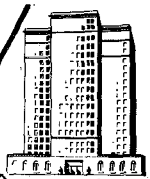

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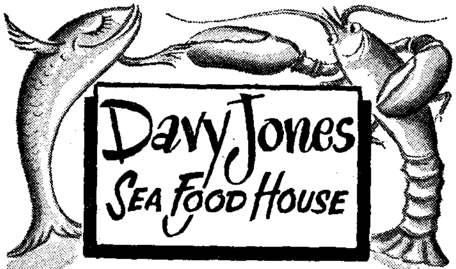

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magic lanterns of Edison and Lumière—fantastic optical toys, to which their nineteenth-century inventors gave such catchy names as thaumatrope, phenakistoscope, and dadaleum. The exhibit is really a nostalgic ramble back through the past, with stills from all the major landmarks—the early Georges Méliès and D. W. Griffith classics, the great Russian silent pictures, the brilliantly morbid German horrors of the twenties, the French masterpieces of Renoir and Clair. Among all the panda-eyed charmers of the first two decades and the pretty stars of today, Garbo's face alone stands out with an ageless, undated beauty. (Among the cinematic souvenirs is a narrow muslin Empire dress she wore in one of her Swedish pictures.) It's an interesting exhibition, and it seems to demonstrate that however much the cinema may have progressed technically, artistically the early film-makers still have a stylish something, which maybe explains those empty seats in the local movie houses right now.

THE death of Walter de la Mare last week, at the age of eighty-three, has removed perhaps the best-loved figure in English poetry. Of late years, his friends saw him only at his Twickenham home, and his public knew him only as a voice, surprisingly youthful and vital, occasionally speaking on the radio. After he died, John Masefield wrote him an affectionate farewell in verse, and the papers have been full of admiring essays on his lyric gift by brother poets, among them W. H. Auden and Stephen Spender. He is to be honored this week at St. Paul's Cathedral. Possibly the best tribute to him is that he will continue to be loved and read by people to whom his verse opens a door out of this singularly disenchanted world into another, completely magical and uniquely his own.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

But inspiring the seeming Stone-Age waving and shouting are subtly conceived mathematical offsets of sales and purchases at prices leaving the arbitrager his ¼ point ($2.50 per $1000 bond) profit as cleanly as a Beethoven sonata is concluded by its final note.—*The Times.*

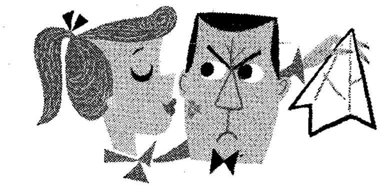
How are things otherwise?

•

It is nice to see Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Glover back in town after a winter spent on the Pacific coast in Florida.—*Wolfeboro (N.H.) Granite State News.*

Nice? It's wonderful!

SMEARY, DEARIE?



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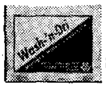

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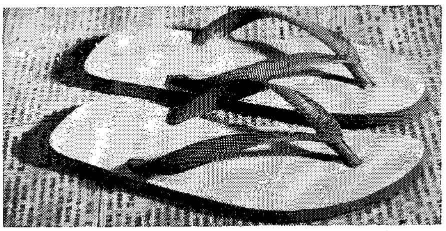

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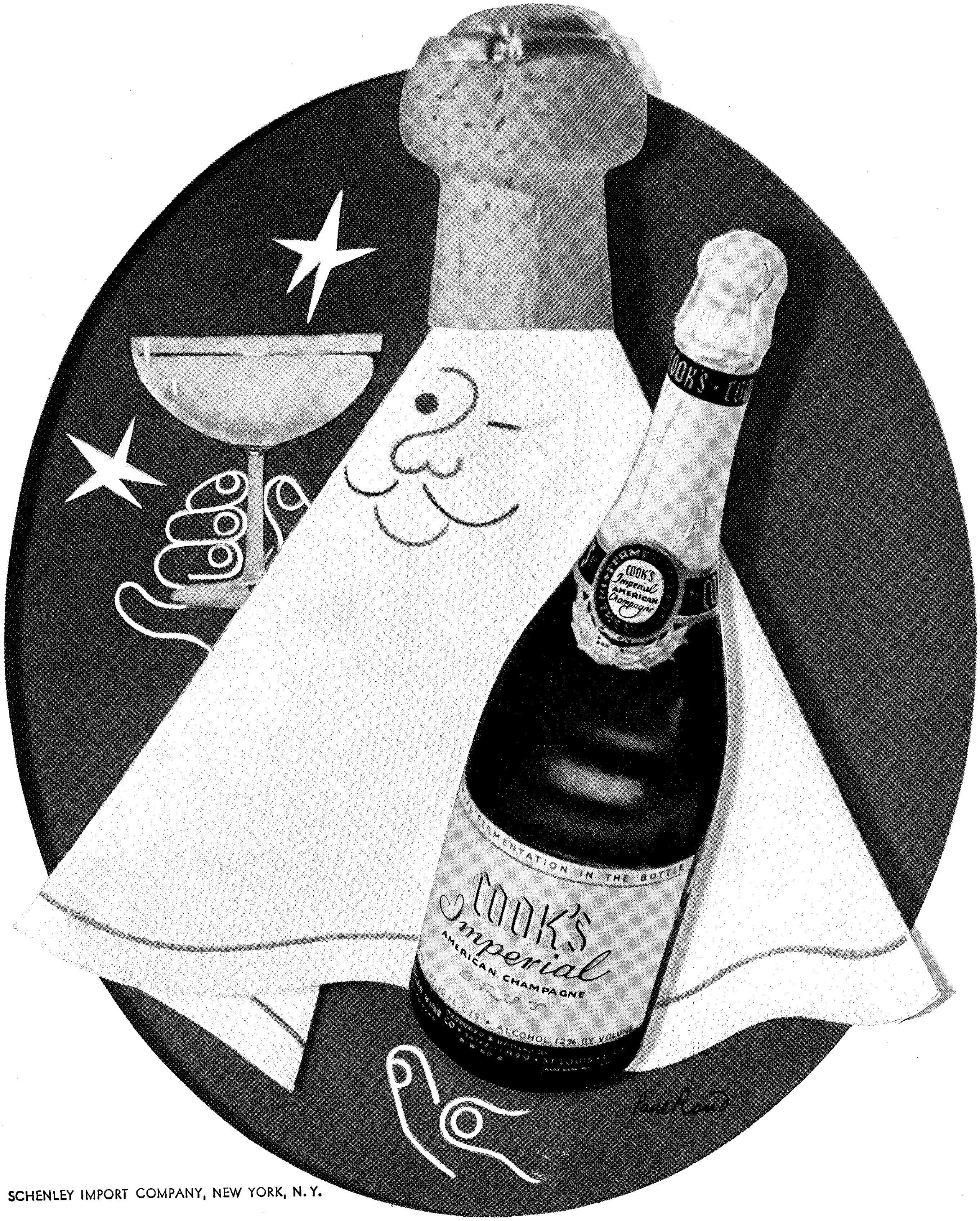
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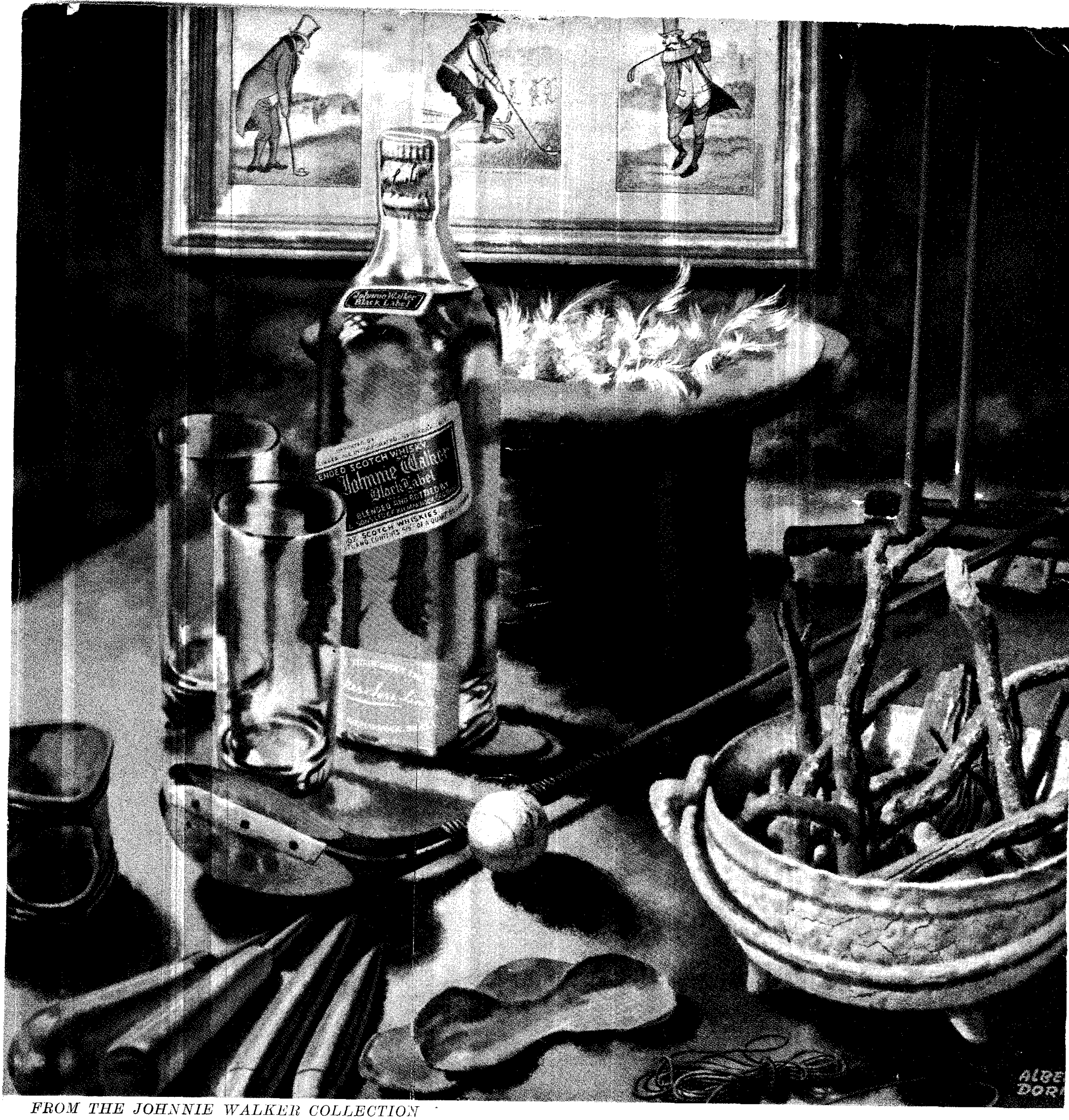

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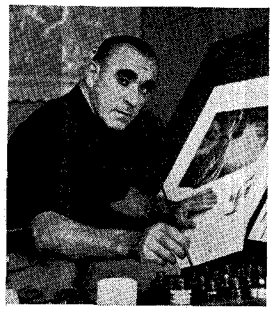

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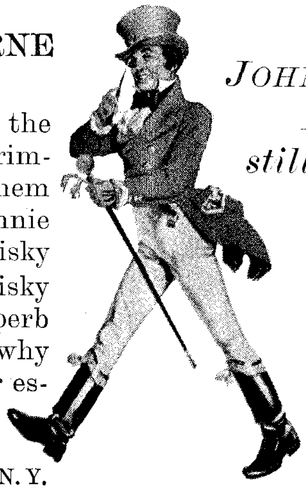

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